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FILM FUN

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined

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THE HUN AT PLAY

THE Boches were bored. To be shut up for three months in a deserted chateau in the heart of Normandy was no small hardship for five Prussian officers accustomed to the gayeties of Berlin. To be sure, during their enforced stay, they had found entertainment in acts of vandalism, after the manner of their kind. Mutilated family portraits, priceless Flemish tapestries cut to ribbons, fine old mirrors cracked by pistol bullets, and the hacked and broken furniture that littered the spacious apartments of the chateau, all bore eloquent testimony to the favorite pastime of the Hun. But even this sport for the moment had palled. Outside the rain descended in torrents. As the brandy and liqueur passed from hand to hand, suddenly the Captain has an inspiration. A soldier is despatched to a nearby city. In the evening he returns with five handsome girls. How the table is laid and the fun grows fast and furious as the champagne flows; how in an access of alcoholic patriotism toasts are proposed by the chivalrous Prussians reflecting on the bravery of the men and the virtue of the women of France; what happens to the Baron at the hands of one of the girls—a patriot even if a *fille de joie*—is told as only Maupassant could tell it in the story *Mademoiselle Fifi* found in this superb *Verdun Edition* of

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In comparison with his novels and stories all others appear artificial and labored. Maupassant does not preach, argue, concern himself with morals, and has no social prejudices. He describes nothing that he has not seen and shows men and women just as he found them. His language is so simple and strong that it conveys the exact picture of the thing seen. His choice of subjects is always redeemed by an exquisite irony and art.

The Best English Translation Complete—Literal—Unexpurgated

WHILE the eyes of the whole world are centered on our gallant ally, France, and her heroic struggle against a ruthless invader; with the ghastly picture before us of the brutal atrocities committed by an inhuman foe on her civilian population, her women and young girls; while the smoke still rises from her destroyed cities and profaned temples, and the crash and thunder of her guns is heard from Calais to the Vosges as she hurls defiance at her treacherous enemy — nothing could be more timely than the publication of this Complete Collection of the works of France's most gifted son, Guy de Maupassant, in whom realism reached its culminating point and the short story the perfection of its art, and whose stories of the Franco-Prussian War, told with relentless realism, will be read now with a new interest and a fuller appreciation of their verity in the light of current events. But if such stories as *Boule de Suif*, *Madame Sauvage*, and *Mademoiselle Fifi* first raised Maupassant to the highest pinnacle of literary fame, that position was rendered secure for all time by his other matchless series of novels and stories covering the widest range of human emotion and experience in which every kind of character, good or bad, yielded material for his art. Literally translated, all these will appear in the *Verdun Edition* which will be published soon in a form unapproached by any previous edition ever offered on this side of the Atlantic.

JAN -4 1918

PARAMOUNT APEDA

SESSUE HAYAKAWA

That "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet" would seem to be disproved by the career of this star of the silent drama. The deserved popularity of his work indicates that truth and artistry are recognized alike in all lands. "The Secret Game," his latest release, is a story of intrigue and diplomacy likely to contribute to the growth of friendly relations between the nations.

Film Fun EDITORIALS

Who Is To Blame?

VERY recently the statement was made at a meeting of the Women's Press Club in New York City, with many writers of prominence in attendance, that the elimination of the objectionable in films is hardly to be hoped for under existing conditions. The speaker said that the Board of Censors as now constituted is practically of no avail, as it is composed of members representing manufacturers, whose interests, of course, they respect. She has been engaged for some time, she said, in the work of suppressing the salacious in picture plays, and had found there are more of this character than there are good ones. Her interest in the matter was aroused by questions of her five-year-old daughter which could not be answered. She further declared that she had secured the condemnation of 110 pictures in the city of Brooklyn which the censors had passed, and had them withdrawn from exhibition in that city.

Now FILM FUN expects this to stir up a hornet's nest. That is our hope and purpose. We do not know whether the lady is right or not. We do know that, notwithstanding the able Board of Censors we are alleged to have, films without number are being released right along containing scenes shameful alike to actors and producers and that ought to be prohibited. Their effect is as harmful to moral health as the habit of morphine or cocaine is to bodily usefulness and well being. They poison life, and this generation will have to pay a price in vitiated manhood and womanhood which we cannot afford.

Somebody is to blame. We are willing to see scenario writers, producers, directors, stars and censors start a Kilkenny cats' encounter to place the responsibility where it belongs. We're able and anxious to referee the engagement. We believe good will come of it. That's why we started it. If the films, now so essential a part of life, are to aid as much as they ought to win the war and bring order out of the after-the-war chaos, they must stimulate clean living and right thinking. The morbid and salacious must be barred.

Who is to blame? We are trying to find out.

Is Resistance Useless?

THE CONTROVERSY regarding the war tax on films goes merrily on. The producers scored when Judge Phillips, of Cleveland, decided exhibitors must pay the fifteen cents a roll claimed by exchanges. Lively warfare has followed. An important meeting held in Washington is likely to result in remedial legislation, or at least an interpretation of some of the law's provisions which are inequitable.

But there seems a singular unanimity regarding the admission tax. "The ultimate consumer pays" is the decision arrived at and announced. FILM FUN'S seems, so far, to be the only dissenting opinion, but there has hardly been time yet for the fans to be heard from. The box-office receipts will tell their decision in regard to the matter. When picture theater patrons consider the fact that 25 cents, which is about the average price for admission with the tax added, will buy a war thrift stamp, they will probably decide to buy the stamp and stay at home. They're in earnest about Hooverizing and winning this war, and they are developing some ideas, too, about getting their money's worth. Profiteering is no more tolerable in pictures than in commodities. The odd cents added, in excess of the tax, by many picture theaters, total a very considerable sum, which goes into the coffers of the theaters. The public ought not to pay this.

Growth of the Industry

ELEVEN new corporations to engage in the film business in some of its branches were chartered from Albany, N. Y., the week ending October 20th. That seems to justify our prophecy that it was a business likely to prove attractive to investors. The largest of the new companies claims to have a million dollars to promote direct dealing between producer and exhibitor, eliminating the middleman and his tolls. One concern, perhaps, can't bring about so great a revolution, but it is a move in the right direction. Signs multiply that motion pictures are to be brought up to the common-sense level of business principles that prevail in other lines. It is a worth-while undertaking, but the elimination of waste will surely "make countless thousands mourn."

We've had words before, in these columns, about scenarios; we claim and believe that stars can, if they will, put a stop to objectionable photoplays by refusing to appear in unworthy roles. It is more important just now than you might think, unless you remember that plays that are good enough will go to the little theaters back of the trenches Let everything we send be as nearly as possible up to the standard of the men we send—fine, clean and wholesome

We're beginning a new year, and if FILM FUN has any brickbats or bouquets rightly coming from its readers, won't you take time to tell us anything you think ought to go into FILM FUN'S 1918 resolutions.

The real "All Alaska Sweepstakes" race is a glorious demonstration of dog ability, loyalty and enthusiasm. For the many fans and fanciers who for good and sufficient reasons cannot be "among those present" in Alaska, Thomas H. Ince arranged a reel encore performance at Truckee. Clara Williams claims she can manage 'em, all right, and that they're winners.

MENA

Lois Gardner, as "Eve," in the Mena Company's production, "By Superstrategy," is here seen picking her costume. She is pleased that the climate in which fig trees attain perfection makes such apparel comfortable.

Music at the Photoplay

By JAMES GABELLE

The villain's chased o'er hill and plain,
  The guns pop free on every hand,
I feel a thrill in every vein,
  The pianist plays "Kennst Du Das Land?"
The hero in the ballroom shines,
  The merry throng's a pleasant sight,
And now the lone piano whines
  "Oh, Where's My Wand'ring Boy To-night?"

The maid is in the villain's pow'r,
  Her shrieks, alas! no mercy win,
And then, in that exciting hour,
  We hear a selection from "Chin Chin."
The hero to her rescue flies,
  Low steals the sound of "Miserere."
But when the gray-haired father dies,
  Loud boom the notes of "Tipperary."

A reception now is at its height,
  The guests all radiate good cheer,
The pianist then with all her might
  Grinds out "The World Is Sad and Drear."
The play hastes to a happy end,
  The poor maid's woes at last are o'er,
And as we slowly doorward wend,
  The pianist plays "I'll Smile No More."

ARDSLEY-ART CAMPBELL

"MISS 1917"

The name part in one of the stage successes of the year, and the star part in a play she wrote, are honors which justify the hard work that goes with them, thinks this new star of the screen, Marion Davies whose "Runaway Romany" has lately been produced by The Ardsley Art Film Corporation.

My Experiences While Filming "Runaway Romany"

By MARION DAVIES

I AM a movie fan and have watched with open-eyed astonishment some of the daring feats performed by the frail heroines of the pictures, longing to do some of the stunts myself, but hardly hoping to so literally live the part as I have since done.

From time to time I have written short stories. One of them I rewrote in scenario form and showed it to some of my friends. They thought it was so good that they asked for the privilege of submitting it to one of the producing managers. The result was that the film corporation to whom my scenario was submitted accepted the story and gave me a chance to really be in pictures.

Their offer to have me play the leading part of my own story, "Runaway Romany," startled me. I had at various times thought it would be great fun to appear in a moving picture play, but when the opportunity came, I had real stage fright or something like it. The film people assuaged my fears; they were very kind and assured me that my story was really good and that they were offering me an exceptionally fine opportunity to be a regular star in the film world.

ARDSLEY-ART

I lived in an auto, and my clothes consisted of my gypsy costume and a pair of pajamas.

ARDSLEY-ART

As the heroine, "Romany."

In the play I am supposed to be rescued from an ocean liner. The director chartered a boat, and we went up the Hudson River, and I was told to jump into the water. I demurred. The river looked so far away. It may have been only 15 feet—it looked 100. The director insisted. Then I jumped. I took, they tell me, a beautiful dive; but can you imagine my feelings upon being told that the camera man had missed it? He had waited so long for me to make up my mind to make the plunge that, when I finally went over the side, his good right arm was suffering from camera cramp. The dive had to be repeated.

One of the most amusing experiences was when we went out into Westchester County to make

ARDSLEY-ART

Nothing in that constables' "Guide to Duty" indicated an exception in the case of film players. The train came and went, and not a camera crank was turned.

In Westchester County we filmed my escape from the gypsies.

ARDSLEY-ART

my escape from the gypsy camp. The director picked out a nice, quiet railroad station north of Yonkers and prepared to film me escaping on a fast express, while the chief, my gypsy admirer and other members of the cast pursued in vain down the platform. With me were other members of the company, including Joseph Kilgour, Pedro de Cordoba, Matt Moore and Ormi Hawley. We gathered on the platform of the Dunwoodie station. Timetables had been consulted and a ticket purchased for the hurried departure of Romany; but best-laid plans "gang aft agley." The plotters reckoned without the loyalty to duty of the Westchester constables. With unusual detective ability two minions of the law discovered that I was not a boy, in spite of my trousers. "There is a law against young women's masquerading in men's clothing," they stated with importance. In vain did I protest that we were film folks and that as soon as the scene was taken I was going to leave Westchester County, anyway. It was all of no avail. There was nothing in the index of the constables' "Guide to Duty" that indicated that an exception might be made in the case of a young girl who was merely playing at being a boy. The train came and went, and not a camera crank was turned.

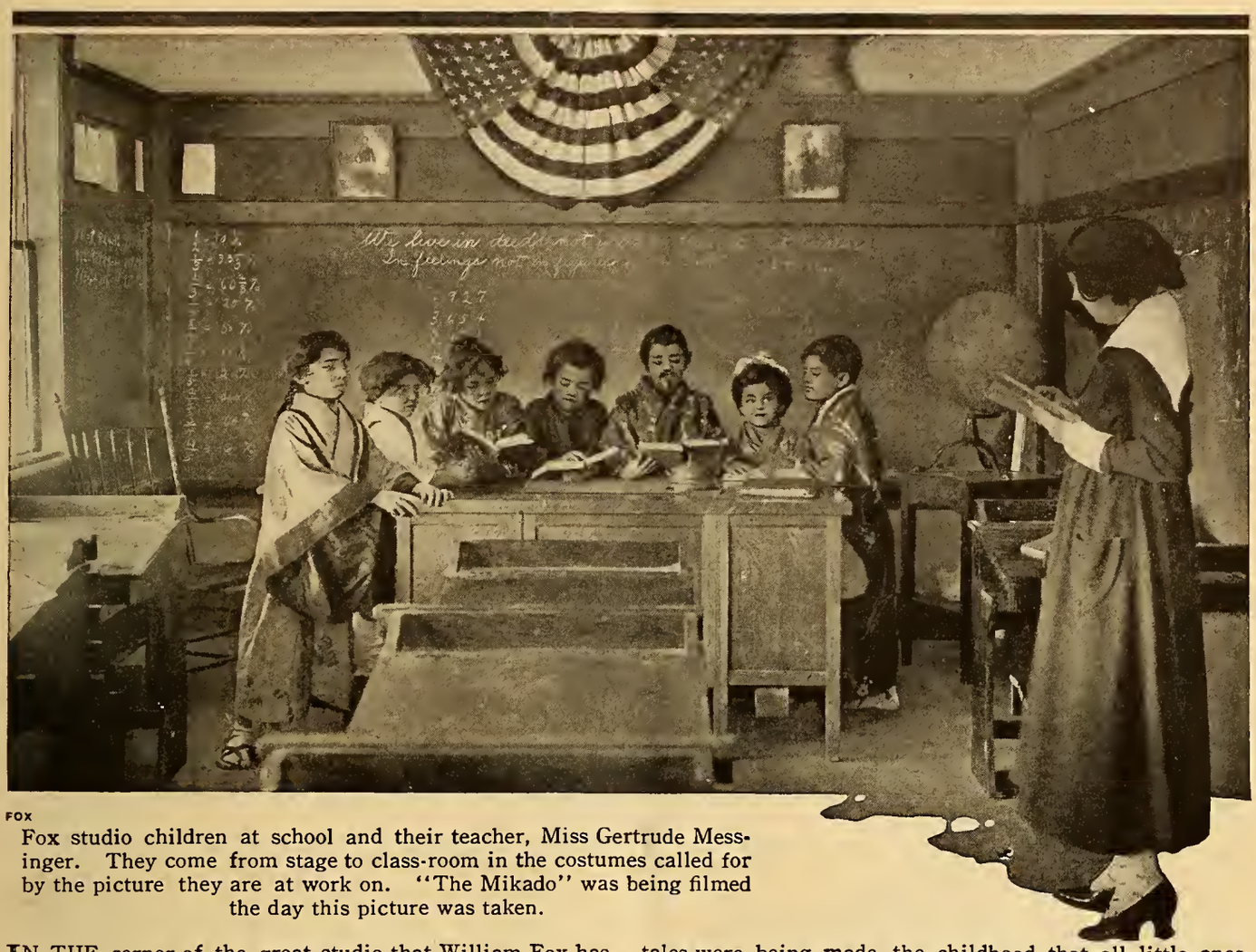
Two minions of the law discovered that I was not a boy.

Again was proved the magic of the pass good for two. Each constable was handed a slip of paper, entitling the bearer to two of the best seats at the opening performance on Broadway. For good measure the constables were permitted to be a part of the pursuing mob when the next train was finally allowed by war schedule to pass the Dunwoodie station.

Talk about work. Anybody who has the idea that a movie player's life is a merry one and nothing else is greatly mistaken. In one week I have acted on Long Island, in Connecticut, New Jersey and various parts of New York State from Manhattan to the Adirondacks. I lived in an automobile. My clothes consisted of a gypsy costume, a pair of pajamas and all sorts of things that actors of the speaking stage never wear in public. I celebrated the Fourth of July by doing a state ball in the grand ballroom of one of our best hotels, by filming scenes in the Pennsylvania Station, at a Chelsea village rooming house and in a crowded East Side street.

Playing the star of "Runaway Romany" was supposed to be my vacation, but it was one of the busiest and most exciting vacations I have ever experienced.

Live and Learn



FOX

Fox studio children at school and their teacher, Miss Gertrude Messinger. They come from stage to class-room in the costumes called for by the picture they are at work on. "The Mikado" was being filmed the day this picture was taken.

IN THE corner of the great studio that William Fox has erected in California, where the sun lingers longest, is the happiest place in all the world, for it is here that the children's theater has been made, with its big stage, its dressing-rooms, playrooms, and at one side the schoolhouse. The whole story of child life is contained in these structures, but they are built for a purpose that could never have been dreamt of until these days.

Here is truly the home of the fairy and the wonder people of the ages, for in it dwell, during all the hours when the sun is shining, the little people who spend their lives and who give all the joy of their being to the creation of wonderful pictures, that all the world may know, in a new form, the marvelous stories of the ages. Nothing like this was ever thought of before—the gathering together of children in their own studio, to make pictures that children love, so that all the world may be made happy.

For some time now these children have been together, making these wonderful pictures, living the lives of fairies, little heroes and heroines, villains, and all the other characters that go to make up wonder tales. Their success was such that it became evident they must have a place quite of their own, with all the big things that were necessary for their work, and all the little things that were essential to their comfort and happiness. For while the fairy tales were being made, the childhood that all little ones had a right to expect must not be taken from the little folks who make them. It was surely proper that those who were giving their lives in creating happiness should be happy themselves.

Very great care has been given to this corner of the studio. The stage itself is the very best. It is not merely a skeleton of steel and concrete, but it is an affair that has pretentions to good looks, where no cold iron shows, and no ugly corners are allowed to exist. All the things that men's minds have been able to devise to make it less difficult to create moving pictures is incorporated in it.

Just beside it is the schoolhouse, a real schoolhouse, with desks and benches, and a green blackboard which is quite the proper thing in blackboards, and globes, and all the books with big print by which little children are taught to be wise. And a really-truly teacher hears the lessons. There are the most wonderful playrooms, baths, a swimming pool, and between the buildings grass and flowers are planted. Outside is a great row of palm trees that gives it all a frame.

Here Jack began his career with the beanstalk, and Aladdin found his wonderful lamp. It was here that the brilliant story of "The Mikado" had its start, and "The Babes in the Woods" was filmed.

Comments of a Free Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH (MRS. DAVID W. GRIFFITH)

The writer is well known in the moving picture world. She began her career as a moving picture actress with the Biograph Company when it was the pioneer in this field of operation. She has since been prominently connected with the Kinemacolor and other companies and more recently was the star in her striking sociological play "Charity."

IT SHALL COME TO PASS

I AM SOMEWHAT surprised that my little comment in FILM FUN, under the heading "Don't Blame the Movies Too Much," should have led that eminent producer, Mr. Herbert Brenon, to conclude that I entertained some doubt as to the permanence of the motion picture business. Mr. Brenon writes me: "I snatch a moment to tell you how much I appreciate your monthly article in "FILM FUN. Keep it up. You are "one of the few fearless critics who "know what they are writing about "in the world to-day. You must "never, however, write such a sentence as this: 'If the movie passes "away, which let us hope it never "will do.' I am astonished. Don't "you realize that this is one of the "biggest steps forward in science, "and that we have not "yet touched upon its "greatest mission, the "spreading of great "messages, spiritual, "historical and moral? "The movies will never "die." Mr. Brenon does not believe in the permanence of the movies more than I do. Ten years ago, in the early days of the Biograph, which motion picture concern I was a part of, the struggle to secure public recognition of the mission of the movies began. I foresaw their mission and their future even as Mr. Brenon points it out. In this connection I recall an interesting incident that took place in these early days, when Mr. Griffith had been but a very short time with the Biograph Company. He was then considering his engagement in motion pictures only as a stepping-stone to better things on the stage—merely a temporary makeshift. He received an offer to play in a theatrical summer stock company at Peaks Island, Maine, and I remember I did quite a bit of talking to dissuade him from going there. Had he accepted that offer, the history of the motion picture would no doubt read far differently. No one had more unswerving faith, greater hopes or more confidence in them than the writer. My faith now in their permanence, not only as a mode of artistic expression, but also as a means of impressing great spiritual truths, of teaching historical subjects and presenting psychological studies, is stronger than ever. From the depths of my heart I agree with you, Mr. Brenon, "The movies will never die, but step forward and forward."

CAMPBELL STUDIOS
LINDA A. GRIFFITH

GILLAM SERVICE
David W. Griffith taking pictures at the front in France. No danger deters the man who believes that the mission of pictures is to teach the truth.

THE MAGAZINE ON THE SCREEN

Apparently the only mission of the first moving pictures was to excite the curiosity of the beholder and make him wonder how it was done. It is true that there was entertainment in all this, but the shock of surprise the visitor had on seeing the Empire State Express train seemingly bearing down directly upon him from the screen gave an unexpected thrill. I have been told this, at least, by several persons who saw this sensational film of the pio-

GOLDWYN
Mary Garden wears this gown in "Thais."

neer days. How far the movies have advanced since those days! How much farther they will go when they visualize the wonderful lessons that educators, teachers and preachers are now endeavoring, in the old, humdrum way, to impress upon a too often unimpressionable public! The tendency in every moving picture house of high quality at this time is to have at least one educational film. There may be filmed the drama, the comedy and the travelogue, the last with an educational quality; but there is also shown on the screen something that teaches both young and old an easy lesson in botany, ethnology, entomology, architecture or zoology. The wonderful thing about all this is the avidity with which the public devours these educational films—the same public that would not go across the street to hear the most cultured professor deliver a lecture on an educational subject. I notice in this connection the recent effort of the Paramount Company to establish, as a part of its regular service, an educational film, and in this connection to maintain a sort of contributing editorial department covering the field of science, art and the whole realm of public interest in pictorial displays. That the subject is not taken up in a haphazard way is disclosed by the first announcement just made by the Paramount that it has selected, as its advisers or contributors in its educational department, the following well-known editors: Gertrude B. Lane, of the *Woman's Home Companion;* Carl Hovey, of the *Metropolitan;* John A. Sleicher, of *Leslie's;* E. F. Warner, of *Field and Stream;* Waldemar Kaempffert, of the *Popular Science Monthly;* and Bruce Barton, of *Every Week.* Good work!

JUSTIFIABLE PROFANITY

"The Price Mark," a Paramount-Ince release, is sufficiently boring to discourage any but very brief comment. The acting and the action are so insufferably slow throughout the five reels, it seemed as though there must have been twenty-five. I couldn't help but think of the story told about the late Bernhard Gillam, the eminent cartoonist of *Judge,* who suffered so keenly at the theater when witnessing a play of inferior quality. As the acts progressed and things grew worse, he would bow his head in his hands, keep quietly repeating at regular intervals, "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" and finally rise and make for the door with long strides. Only consideration for my neighbors kept me from the same exclamation, for, of course, it would be so much more noticeable when viewing the silent drama. Perhaps wondering what in the way of classic English the next sub-title would bring forth kept me in my seat. I certainly did not blame the heroine for saying, after this pretty phrase had been flashed upon the screen, "As the returning sun kindles the voices of the morning birds," "Oh, my God, what is there for me to do?" I presume, as "The Price Mark" was shown at the Rialto, it was passed by the National Board of Censorship. Why, I wonder?

DOES GOD FORGET?

As a child at school I was very fond of my history. It still remains a fascinating subject, reading like a romance of intrigue, ambition, victory and defeat. What is the matter with the motion picture when it portrays history? Thinking over the historical film subjects I have seen, there stand only two as having a great, big appeal. These two are D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" and Benjamin Chapin's "Lincoln Cycle." Here are two photoplays, es-

PARAMOUNT
This costume Geraldine Farrar wears in "The Woman God Forgot" is mostly feathers and breastplate.

PARAMOUNT

Miss Farrar, as the daughter of Montezuma, has a wealth of material to draw upon.

sentially historical. To be able to sit through a showing of either one dry-eyed, one must have a heart of stone. 'Way back in my motion picture memory there rises up another historical picture, one of the finest and greatest ever shown on a screen, a Pathe Film D'Art of nine years ago, called "The Assassination of the Duc de Guise." There was a plot to that story, but most of all there was acting—acting that gripped and fascinated you. I believe Le Bargy was one of the cast, but not alone he, but everyone in the cast was a great actor. Surely history lends itself as few other subjects do to screen portrayal. Then why must we sit and suffer through such nonsense as Theda Bara pathetically attempting to interpret "Cleopatra" and Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman God Forgot"?

I remember very faintly General Wallace's "The Fair God," but remember it well enough to recall that it is a very lovely story. The legends of the Aztecs and the story of Cortez and Montezuma are full of such rich romance that it would seem not a difficult task to make an interesting picture from the wealth of material one has to draw upon. But the same old story is rehashed in "The Woman God Forgot." Miss Farrar plays the daughter of Montezuma, and Wallace Reid a young officer of Cortez's band. How could they participate in a historical picture and not be shown representing different countries and meeting and falling in love? Of course they did! There is the inevitable stupid love story, and then the inevitable battle scenes. Warfare of all the ages has not been neglected by the makers of motion pictures. Battles! Battles and then battles! To digress for a moment, I might observe that we have one thing to be grateful for: when they come to tell the history of the present world war in motion pictures, we won't see the son of the Kaiser having a mad love affair with our President's daughter. Women now have the vote and probably will make history in a different way than by having amours with foreign potentates, and rulers of nations will not let their countries go to ballyhack because of affairs of the heart. But to resume:

How long is the poor, long-suffering public to have thrown at it these spectacular pictures, containing thousands of feet of film showing the method of fighting olden battles on land and sea? "The Woman God Forgot," showing life in the time of the Aztecs, is one of the stupidest conglomerations it has ever been my misfortune to see. Are we never more to have acting in pictures? Miss Farrar surely didn't act. Wallace Reid didn't act. Nobody gave us any acting, for there wasn't any in the picture, except the bit contributed by the little slave girl. Is the motion picture to develop into an exercise for strengthening the optics? We have hearts and brains besides eyes. Are there to be no stories to touch the heart or appeal to the mind? This "Woman God Forgot" was mostly feathers and breastplates.

I am so tired of looking at motion picture stars nude from the waist up, with the exception of breastplates and huge headdresses! Too bad Comstock is dead! But if we *must* have partly nude movie actresses who never act, then for pity's sake aren't there any to be had with physical beauty? Pictures like this Lasky one certainly need a beautiful woman star, for, I repeat, we aren't asked to

think or feel, only to look! If Miss Farrar would only sing! But she is dreadfully silent on the screen. I can only conclude that the movies must pay her much better than the opera. I hope she goes on making money. As long as she is a money-maker both for herself and for the company that presents her, she has my best wishes, for I only have to see her once. I confess to a little prejudice against Miss Farrar after I had read in the public prints that she had refused to stand up when the Star Spangled Banner was played. This prejudice, however, does not animate me in what I have had to say about her appearance in "The Woman God Forgot," because, following my rule, I give my calm, unprejudiced judgment of the merits of the case.

But what does the title mean—"The Woman God Forgot"? Our Scripture tells us that even the hairs of our head are numbered, and that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge. Surely if even the identity of a sparrow is maintained in God's universe, where does "The Woman God Forgot"—the God that does not forget anything—come in? It certainly won't be a hard task for me to forget "The Woman God Forgot," for it certainly was a picture that art forgot.

MISS COWL'S MISFIT.

"The Spreading Dawn," a Goldwyn feature, makes its chief appeal through beautiful settings and a faithful reproduction of old-time atmosphere. The story, from the pen of Basil King, is told on the screen through the reading of a diary method. Times without number have elderly gentlemen, seated around the fireplace in their luxurious club rooms, smoking expensive cigars, listened to a story from one of the group which began, "When I was twenty-one." Then immediately it "faded out" and "dissolved" in the youth of twenty-one, who tells the first chapter in the story of why he is now either a sour old bachelor, a roue or a sad-faced, snowy-haired, kindly old gentleman. Women have not been as guilty as men in this regard, possibly because they do not consider old age as attractive as men do, and feel they are not as interesting to the public as grandmothers or old maids as they are as a sweet young thing.

On the screen youth is more valuable to the woman than the man. Many stars do not care to have the public see them "made up" as old women and Jane Cowl had courage in hiding her beauty under the grease paints that produce an old-age make-up. Her characterization of the cynical, elderly Patricia Vanderpyl was very well done. As young Patricia her performance lacked softness and feeling, and was too coldly modern. She was always so self-assured and master of herself that it was impossible for her to evoke sympathy. She never gave the impression of loving deeply, of being tender or giving much to the man she loved. Her make-up as young Patricia was possibly somewhat to blame for this, especially the stiff 1917 way of doing her hair. Her corsetless figure, in a day of stiff stays, was entirely out of the picture. This was particularly noticeable in the archery scenes. Miss Cowl is not as effective or clever on the screen as she is on the stage. She brought no tears, though she had ample opportunity for doing so. Neither is Miss Cowl as beautiful on the screen as she is on the stage. Most people do not know that once before and previous to her Goldwyn affiliation she had appeared on the screen. Some years ago I saw Miss Cowl in her first movie, "The Garden of Lies"—a very bad picture, the one redeeming feature of which was Miss Cowl's beauty. Perhaps in the intervening years we have become more accustomed to beauty on the screen. The acting throughout was in competent hands. Orme Caldara was very convincing as Anthony Vanderpyl. Mabel Ballin has much charm. Besides a very sweet, youthful beauty, she possesses great tenderness and sympathy, and in a minor role brought much to the picture. If sorrow had come into her life, it really would have hurt, and everyone in the audience would have wanted to help her.

As to the story, it doesn't seem a bit probable that a woman would have so hardened her heart to the man she loved as to keep unopened through forty or more years his letter to her, written as he was dying. Even though she believed him false, even though he were false, she showed herself far from the ordinary "human" in so doing. The direction of the picture was clean-cut. The photography was beautiful. Some scenes in "The Spreading Dawn," were they "still photos" and not moving ones, would be worthy of a place on the walls of one's home. The love scenes by the lake, the ballroom scenes and the wedding deserve favorable comment. The floral decorations in the last two were quite as pretty as any I have ever seen in a motion picture. I would like Miss Cowl much better if she were not so perfectly marcelled at 4 a. m.

S. L. Rothapfel, on a recent visit to California, paid a visit to the Fairbanks studio, where he was warmly welcomed by "Douglas D'Artigan" and his director, Allen Dwan. It would seem from the picture that Mr. Rothapfel would make good bayonet bait for some wild "Hun" and at the same time live to stage another of his famous shows at the Rialto.

Winners in the New

MUTUAL

The "American Maid," with Edna Goodrich as star, begins the action in the front-line trenches in France and is destined for a *finale* in the trench theaters. Maybe the boys are so fed up on realities that the battle scenes will only appeal to 'em as fit background to show by contrast the use and beauty of home life in the weaving of destiny.

METRO

Ethel Barrymore, star, and Frank Mills, in "The Eternal Mother," lately released by Metro.

SELECT

"Fisherman's Luck," a scene from "Shirley Kaye," Clara Kimball Young's latest pictureplay. There are two rods in sight, therefore it is probable she had help; but at that it's a good catch, not counting "the big one that got away."

VITAGRAPH

This rather touching scene between Wallace MacDonald and Agnes Ayres, of Greater Vitagraph, attains to near-perfection, he says, because it was sufficiently rehearsed.

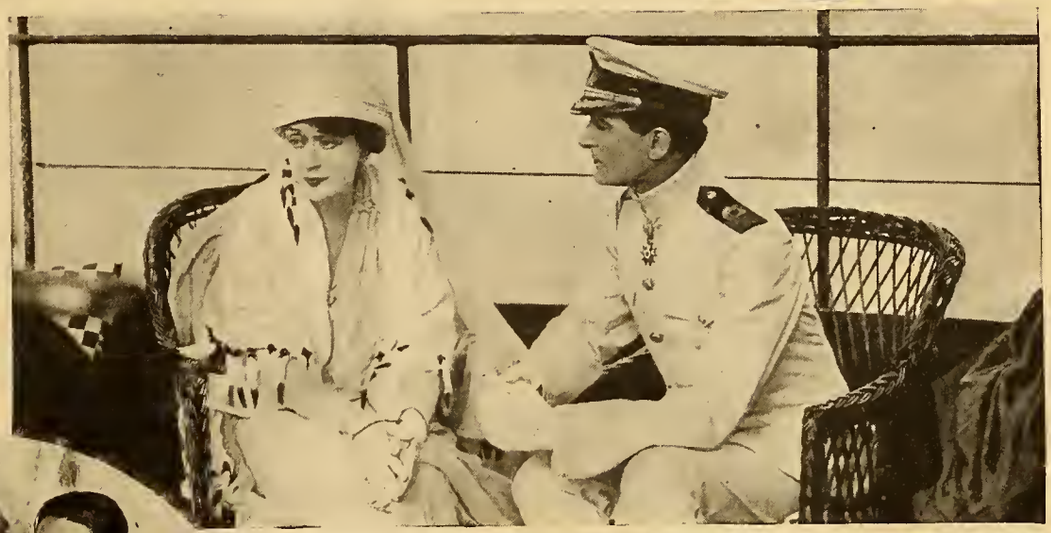
Year's Popularity Contest

PARAMOUNT-BLACKTON

Wilfred Lucas and Violet Heming, in "The Judgment House," the first of the series of Gilbert Parker stories picturized by J. Stuart Blackton. You can see there's a storm brewing, and no wonder; the other actor is named CrazyThunder.

PARAMOUNT

Ann Pennington, in "The Antics of Ann," never gives her family time between pranks to realize how altogether adorable she is. ➜➜➜



PETROVA

"A Daughter of Destiny" is the first picture Petrova has made since she became star of her own company. What's the old adage —"A willful woman will have her way" —yea, verily.

PARAMOUNT

Jack Pickford and Louise Huff, in "Jack and Jill." He's telling her a fairy story about how to make a fortune, but you can see they both believe it.

AMERICAN-MUTUAL

Mary Miles Minter, in "The Mate of the Sally Ann," is a willing performer, but patience and fortitude must sustain her audience.

"When a Man Marries His Trouble Begins"

"THE HONEYMOON" In Which Constance Talmadge Takes the Shine Out of the Moon and Puts It Back Again.

Honeymoons are supposed to be made of treacle and whipped cream, but this one wasn't. Constance found a minister in her bathroom, which was no place for a minister to be, and she told him so.

SELECT

Here she has just heard that her lawful wedded husband, Earle Foxe, is nothing of the sort, and her honeymoon seems in danger of eclipse—also the clerk.

SELECT

After starting off on a second honeymoon, she is overtaken by a flock of well-meaning relatives and told that the divorce she applied for when she caught Earle in a chorus girl's room has been granted and that she isn't married after all.

SELECT

The first day out, when everything looks like smooth sailing, even over Niagara.

'Tend to Your Knitting

TRIANGLE

AMERICAN-MUTUAL

Many a soldier in the trenches this winter will be made comfortable by garments knitted by these actresses, at the Triangle Film Corporation's Culver City, Cal., studios. Belle Bennett and Irene Hunt play star parts in this as in the photoplays staged here. That they all accomplish much and enjoy it is very evident.

PARAMOUNT

Here's evidence Secretary Daniels was wrong when he intimated knitting would keep women out of mischief. Mary Miles Minter has finished many garments in the army gray, but the mischief, well——

Madge Kennedy, Goldwyn's delightful comedienne, can't take even war work seriously. Her smile goes as a good-will offering, with the fruit of her industry.

GOLDWYN

FOX

Pauline Frederick aids the cause in three ways: plays she stars in go to trench theatres; generous donations go to relief funds, and in leisure hours she knits for the Red Cross.

"It's always summer weather" when June Caprice gets busy with these winter garments for the boys in the trenches. Is she dreaming of some particular star in the Fox service flag?

Guarding the Front for

VITAGRAPH
Edward Earle has entered the aviation corps and is waiting to be called. Meanwhile, by way of rehearsal, he played as an aviator in the picture play, "For France."

METRO
First Lieuter James M. Loug ough, formerly Metro publicity partment.

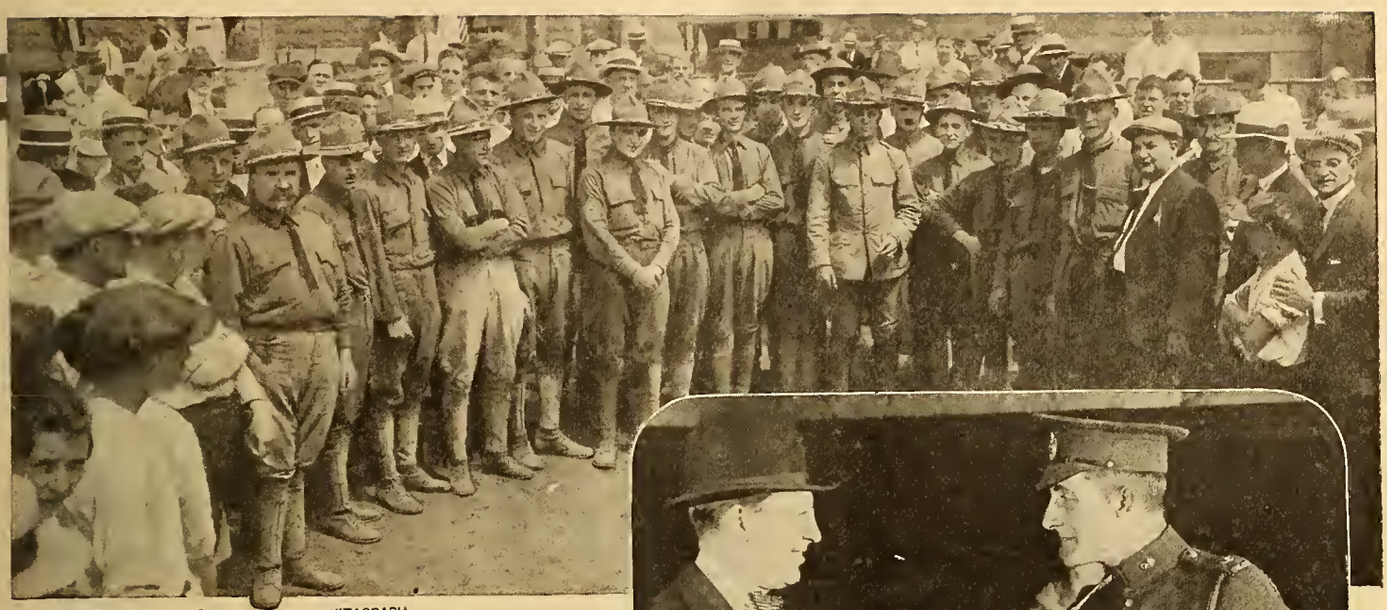
PARAMOUNT WHITE
Hector Trumbull, hitherto in the scenario department of Paramount.

Lieutenant Edward Wales, formerly of the American Film Company's force at Santa Barbara, Cal. He is explaining things to Edward Russell.

TRIANGLE
H. H. Barter, technical expert at Culver City, now with U. S. S. Emergency Fleet Corporation.

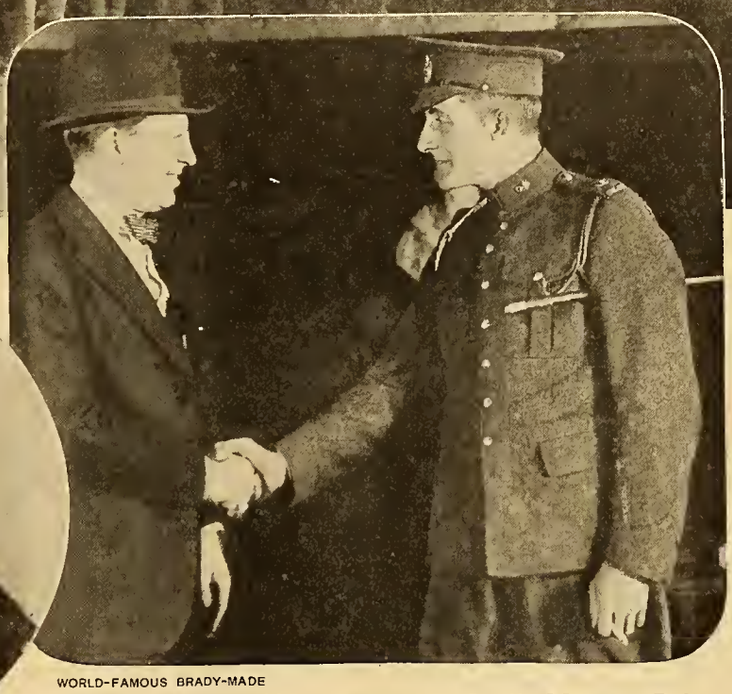
PARAMOUNT
Tom Forman, star of Hollyw forces, enlisted in the Coas tillery when war was decla

e Freedom of the World



VITAGRAPH

Victor Smith, the smiling man in the center, is a brother of President A.E. Smith. He's a corporal now. He used to be producing manager.



WORLD-FAMOUS BRADY-MADE

George Cowl, in uniform, talking to Studio Manager Robert S. McIntyre. A Canadian sapper.

NCE-TRIANGLE

Rowland Lee, in training at Plattsburg. A winning smile will be useful in the trenches.

VITAGRAPH

Wesley Ruggles, Vitagraph director, a private in the U. S. Army, is shown here with his draft papers in hand, bidding good-by to his two stars, Edward Earle and Betty Howe.

TRIANGLE WITZEL

Ray Griffith, in training at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington, which is a long way from his birthplace, Boston.

Guarding the Front for the Freedom of the World

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Edward Earle has entered the aviation corps and is waiting to be called. Meanwhile, by way of rehearsal, he played as an aviator in the picture play, "For France."

METRO

First Lieutenant James M. Loughrough, formerly of Metro publicity department.

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George Cowl, in uniform, talking to Studio Manager Robert S. McIntyre. A Canadian sapper.

MPG

Lieutenant Edward Wales, formerly of the American Film Company's force at Santa Barbara, Cal. He is explaining things to Edward Russell.

TRIANGLE

H. H. Barter, technical expert at Culver City, now with U. S. S. Emergency Fleet Corporation.

PARAMOUNT

Tom Forman, star of Hollywood forces, enlisted in the Coast Artillery when war was declared.

NICE-TRIANGLE

VITAGRAPH

Wesley Ruggles, Vitagraph director, a private in the U. S. Army, is shown here with his draft papers in hand, bidding good-by to his two stars, Edward Earle and Betty Howe.

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Ray Griffith, in training at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington, which is a long way from his birthplace, Boston.

A Roll of Honor

FILM FUN, in the course of its news gathering, discovered that a surprising number of men from every department of the motion picture industry have answered the call—actors, directors, camera men, operators, mechanics and craftsmen. The per cent. of patriots seems higher, and the assay in slackers lower, than in almost any other industry. For instance, five out of seven camera men for Chester, Inc., are in the service. All the returns aren't in yet; we will supplement this from time to time. The lists so far received follow.

GOLDWYN. John Melchoir Zwicki, Jr., formerly auditor, now first-class yeoman, paymaster's division, U. S. Naval Reserve; Edwin Robert Bergman, clerk, now chief yeoman, supply division, U. S. Naval Reserve; Tom Powers, actor, after completion of "The Auction Block," enlisted in the Aviation Corps.

METRO. James M. Loughborough, formerly publicity manager, now first lieutenant in the regular army; James Kertyn, accountant, now with Naval Militia; William Canter, operator, and Alexander Duane, clerk, both now infantrymen; Charles Jacobson, purchasing agent, now corporal quartermaster's department; Bennett Molter, assistant director, lieutenant Aviation Service; William Sweeney, studio assistant, James and John Sweeney, property men, Harold Wenstrom and Sherrie Harris, assistant camera men, Arthur Herman and Alfred Dagostine, property men, are all in the Navy; Jack Lamond, assistant camera man, is with the Marine Corps, making motion pictures for the government; Frederick Sittenham, assistant director, aviator, Navy; S. Rankin Drew, director, is now an aviator; Lester Cuneo, actor, and Louis Klopsch, publicity writer, are infantrymen; William Laird, bookkeeper, is in the Naval Militia; Louis Hooper, casting director, is with the ambulance corps (Canadian); John Waters, assistant director, and Samuel Herbert, shipping clerk, are infantrymen; Hartley McVey, secretary, is a first lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Corps; Frank Cummings, assistant camera man, Aviation; Dwight Bergeman, camera man, and Irving Flisser, electrician, are now in the Navy; Andrew McDonald, electrician, Benny Pierpoali, assistant camera man, Carl W. Kimm, film cutter, Wells Pettibone, carpenter, Jack Christianson, assistant property man, William Brown, scenic artist, and Earl Morris, chauffeur, are all infantrymen.

PARAMOUNT (Eastern studios). Hector Turnbull, formerly with Scenario Department; Adolph Menjou, actor, now First Lieutenant, U. S. Ambulance Corps; Albert Bassett, actor, private, 107th regt., U. S. A.; Harry I. Day, Serg't., U. S. Ambulance, formerly editor *Paramount Progress;* Lloyd Robinson, Publicity Dept., first-class yeoman, U. S. N.; Phillip Desmond, 9th Coast Defense, 14th Co., formerly ass't. to Mr. Day; L. O. Bull, shipping dep't., Corporal 22d Aero Squadron, U. S. A.; Chas. Gartner, advertising dep't., Co. K., 71st, N. G. N. Y.; James H. MacFarland, U. S. S. *Narada,* formerly in printing dep't.; Wm. J. Moore, shipping dep't., Serg't. 69th N. Y. infantry; Arthur Ryan, ass't. camera man; Joseph Goodrich, ass't. camera man, Sergeant Signal Corps; George Vanderminden, properties dep't., private 12th Coast Artillery; Paul Vogel, ass't. camera man, private 12th Coast Artillery; Jos. Hannafin, shipping department.

UNIVERSAL. Universal City already has contributed a large number of men to the Liberty army. Many had enlisted long before Uncle Sam issued his stentorian call for the selective force, all being eager to serve as defenders of their country against the Teuton. The employees who enlisted are Maurice Blache, Douglas Bronston, J. R. Davis, Frank F. Elliott, Captain Sterret Ford, Chas. J. Gillman, John Goodrich, Bert Howell, H. Lee Huganin, Eric Richard Meisel, Joe Parker, H. B. Pritchard, Cecil Reed, P. L. Rhodes, Earnest Shields, Chas. Allen, Ted Brooks, Chas. Catron Casey, Cuthbert S. Fitz, Henry Gunstram, Carl W. Prager, W. Pasquette, Victor Rottman, W. Tomlinson, Clyde Gineyard, Dan Welsh, Allen Watt, Jos. Neary, J. Hutchinson, S. Quincy.

Universal Company's employees who responded to the first selective call to date are E. L. Berry, A. E. Buchner, Wm. Carlock, R. L. Cline, L. T. Clappam, Robert Cummings, Tony Dellerocca, Eugene Dure, Clifton Godwin, W. V. Hemsley, Pierre Hungate, T. A. Johnson, Herbert Kirkpatrick, Clarence Kolster, A. C. W. McFarland, Stanley Mack, Mann Celia, Edward R. Meeker, Wm. Ormond, Donald Stewart, Harry Tryck, J. J. Waddell, H. H. Brown, Frank Barney, F. MacMasters, Frank Tedrick.

At Universal City the following are called on the second draft: H. Murray, F. Uecker, S. Rockwell, J. M. McCloskey, J. McDonough, Edward Laemmle, R. E. Hodge, A. H. De Bur, Curley Stecker, C. Lacasse, Tony Ramirez, Joe Jarez, J. W. Carson, Jack Geurin, B. R. Paxton, Karl Bolzig, R. L. Brookbank, B. F. Reynolds, Harry Maguire, Ira B. Hoke, Roy F. B. Sofield, L. J. Dusseau, Arthur Smith, G. Washburn, W. Kirkpatrick, A. Tierney, H. R. Gollings, F. H. Marton, C. S. Monroe, E. W. Monroe, W. R. Munroe, C. Bardwell, John C. Geurvorst, H. Hassenberger, H. Mesick, M. Menasco, Henry Stahl, James Callahan, J. W. Neff, R. Snodgrass, Newton Koon, Tom Gibson, Wm. Gibson.

Among those of the Universal's Home Office now in Uncle Sam's service are E. O. Guerney, Charles Wallach, John L. Schroeder and Joseph McKeever. The Leonia laboratory employees who are now seeing service are Edward Carey, Joseph Durkee, William Bengel, Max Estreich, Ed. Simone, Jos. D. Ward, Albert Wolman, A. Applustille, D. Mannkin, R. Cameron, Oscar Cardenas, John Wormecke, William Roth, T. Kelly, Louis Barard.

Intimate Interviews With Stage Stars

METRO

"Your flag and my flag," says little Ivy Ward, who divides the honors with her co-star, Mabel Taliaferro, in "Draft 258," a popular Metro war play lately released.

PATHE

Bryant Washburn interviewed these papooses by special appointment. He says they're "Good Indians."

PARAMOUNT

Plots and plotters! The camera man caught George Beban and his small son at work on a new scenario. You can see how utterly impossible it would be for so well considered a theme to be other than a conspicuous success.

BALBOA

Gloria Joy, leading lady for Balboa, and her director, Robert Ensminger, quitting work for the day.

PATHE

CREIGHTON HALE

The life of the hero in a motion picture serial calls for calm and nerve. Plays such as Pathe's "The Seven Pearls" in which this popular youngster—beg pardon, young star—appears include real as well as "reel" hairbreadth escapes enough to satisfy the yearnings of the most adventurous. You can guess from the picture that Creighton Hale takes his work just seriously enough.

Are We Downhearted?

PARAMOUNT

This picture doesn't require a caption, but if you've traveled much in the Arizona desert you will know how wise these folks are to "pack their troubles in their old kit bag and smile." The Fairbanks smile is contagious.

FOX

"The Queen of the Sea," whose stage name is Annette Kellermann, is impersonating a liberal provider for the studio folks on location.

PATHE

Frank Keenan, in "Loaded Dice," is receiving the congratulations on his election as Governor when in walks the gentleman who knows that the leading man once committed a crime. 'Twas enough to make a man downhearted, but it didn't.

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

Little Tula Belle and Robin McDougall, appearing as Tyttyl and Mytyl in "The Blue Bird," Maeterlinck's masterpiece, filmed under direction of Maurice Tourneur.

TRIANGLE

An entire class of U. S. war fliers from the North Island aviation training camp, San Diego, flew in to the Culver City studios and witnessed filming of "The Gown of Destiny." Belle Bennett, the star, welcomed them.

The Camera Man in the War

Thanks to the camera man no war has ever been so graphically recorded as this one. Ever since the beginning of hostilities in Europe the sharp-shooters of the camera brigade have been at the front on the job taking pictures, not only for the leading governments of the world to file away for future generations, but also for the folks of today to study when they open their morning paper, favorite magazine or at the movies. Shooting the day news has become, since the war, a highly skilled occupation requiring nerve, courage and skill, yet its work that few of us know much about.

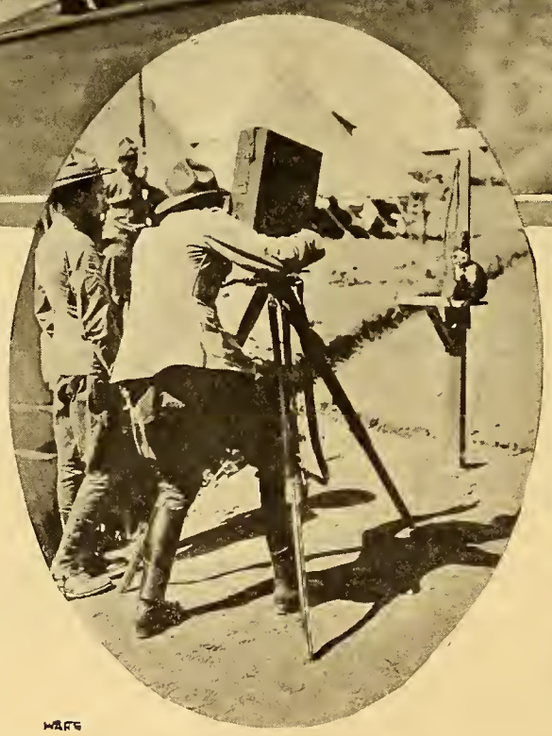
IT WILL be but a few years before the present war will be discussed in the past tense, and for those who did not participate in the actual fighting there will be need for something to tell graphically the story of the war as it was.

The boys who are there now will be classed as veterans in the future. The children of to-day will have grown up and be reading the history of the greatest changes ever recorded in the world. If you did not have the chance to get into the thick of the fray, you must have some means to communicate to your children the events that are now taking place.

There is not a government of the world that does not realize this, and while histories innumerable will be written, what every nation is depending upon to tell briefly and accurately the war history to future generations are photographs of the battles and the thousand and one incidents and activities of the war, for by a glance they clearly visualize a stirring action it would take many hundreds of words to describe.

Truly the war has brought the golden age of the sharpshooters of the camera brigade.

Uncle Sam fully appreciates this, and following the example of the governments of Great Britain, France and Italy, a complete pictorial history of our participation in the war is now in process of manufacture.



GILLIAMS

WARE

The work has been assigned by the Secretary of War to the Signal Corps of the army, but the actual recording of events will be done by special units attached to each division. These units will consist of one motion picture operator, with rank of sergeant, and an assistant who must be an expert developer, and one "still" photographer, who may be a sergeant or corporal, with a developer as assistant.

The pictures taken by these men will be carefully guarded until they arrive at the War Department, where an elaborate index system will keep record of every fact in connection with their making.

To get expert men for this work not long ago the War Department sent out a circular to the photographers and moving picture operators of the nation, asking them to enlist their cameras, lenses and services in the war.

While the leading governments of the world are getting marvelously complete pictorial records of the war and filing them away for the reference and benefit of future generations, there is another—a civilian—army of camera sharpshooters, who are employed in taking thousands of war pictures for the benefit of the present genera-

tion, those who for one reason or another are obliged to remain at home.

These folks must depend upon the daily papers for their war news and pictures or upon occasional visits to the movies, but they are being well supplied in both directions.

It is a question if many people, when they open their morning paper at a very interesting series of war photographs, ever pause to consider how a photographer happened to be on the spot to get these wonderful snapshots. As a rule, it did not "happen" and was not a "lucky accident," but was carefully planned.

Nowadays, wherever there is an event of any sort taking place of any possible human interest, there will be found the news photographer, an active, cool-headed young man of astonishing nerve and fearlessness, ready to snap a picture.

Some of these photographers are attached to the staffs of the daily papers, but by far the greater number are employed by the various news agencies and syndicates, which sell their output to the newspapers, weekly publications and monthly magazines throughout the world.

While it sometimes happens that a rank amateur gets a most important news picture which would do credit to the reputation of the best professional news photographers, as a rule it is the veteran who captures the prize.

There is probably no branch of news gathering which requires greater skill or longer experience for reliable results. The modern camera used for the securing of newspaper illustrations is really a very complicated instrument, requiring weeks and months of use by the operator before he can hope for even a reasonably fair percentage of results under the very trying and difficult conditions he is obliged to work.

Then, again, there are other things which go toward the successful make-up of a news photographer. Courage is as necessary as skill, for naturally in taking war pictures the operator's work takes him into tight places. On some precarious perch, poorly hidden by hasty camouflage, perhaps of his own manufacture, he is obliged to dodge shot, shell and shrapnel while getting his pictures.

These once taken, his work is by no means over. Competition in war photographs, as in all other lines of news photography, is keen, and next to getting the picture, speed in developing it and then making a train or boat with the film, so that it arrives at the home office at the earliest possible moment, is the all-important thing. A few hours one way or the other may make all the difference in the world between a total loss and a handsome sale.

Not a few civilian picture makers taking pictures under fire have been badly wounded while traveling the battlefields of Europe, and some have been killed; yet others have immediately arisen to fill their places, no more disturbed by the danger than they are by the click of their camera shutter.

Here is the story of a news photographer's experience in photographing General Pershing, now in supreme command of our forces at the front.

"About three years ago," he said, "I arrived with my camera at El Paso. General Pershing was in command at Fort Bliss. That day El Paso was celebrating a holiday, and the military men gave a field day in the park. I had been grinding out pictures for half an hour when an orderly stopped me.

"'General Pershing wants to see you,' he said.

"I didn't realize he had delivered a lighted bomb. I picked up the fuse, so to speak, and also my camera.

"General Pershing was sitting in a box with some ladies and surrounded by officers. I thought what a fine, soldierly picture he would make. Then I noticed the severity of his gaze. His first words struck the thought of Pershing as a film star entirely out of my mind.

"'What do you mean by taking pictures here?' he demanded.

"Very much embarrassed, I named the officer who had allowed me to work.

"'I want you to understand that Captain So-and-So has no right to authorize you to take pictures at this post. I am in command here.'

"The general's indignant tone upset me so that, under the fire of all those official eyes beside him, I didn't know which way to look nor what to think.

"'I've a good notion to put you out.'

"His tones cut like a saber, but at least they admitted freedom of a sort. I looked at Pershing. In the instant his face changed. A genial, good-fellow smile spread from lips to eyes.

"'Just go ahead and take everything you want,' said he, in that tone which has won so many men's hearts; 'and if there's anything else you'd like to have—any fancy stunts—just call on me, and I will have them done for you.'

"He was all graciousness. I began by making a picture of Pershing and his aides, with their guests. This was, perhaps, the last happy picture made of General Pershing, for not long after his wife and three daughters lost their lives in a fire at the Presidio, California."

Another class of news camera men who have been working in the war zone so that those at home may gain some knowledge pictorially of the war are the moving picture men, those who take the views for the various pictorials and war plays thrown on the screens of our moving picture houses.

Some of these men have set up their cameras in the first line of trenches, within fifty yards of the Germans. Such work requires the nerve of a veteran soldier, for the Boche bullets do not discriminate and are no respecters of noncombatants.

One of these men, with a large staff of expert assistants, for several months has been taking pictures in the allied trenches and vicinity for a screen play on the war. He says that only a motion picture camera, which has ten thousand eyes, can see the war. Some of his stars were taken to England and France to be filmed amid ruined villages and battlefields. Recently he returned to this country and had this to say regarding his personal experience:

"As an American the British and French people accorded to me every privilege possible. This meant much, for the presence of a non-military personage in the trenches

(Continued in advertising section.)

PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

The success of this latest Mack Sennett comedy is due to clever Louise Fazenda and her riotous raiment. "Are Waitresses Safe?" We leave it to you.

GENERAL FILM

This is not "The Price They Paid" — it is a scene from "The Lonesome Road," one of the latest O. Henry pictures, with Frances Parks as star. More than forty of these stories have been filmed and are justly popular.

METRO

"Henry, he's a wonderful child and the image of you," were the glad words with which mother-in-law establishes herself as a favorite with the family in "A Close Resemblance," one of the best of the Drew comedies.

PATHE

"The Little Patriot," baby Marie Osborne star, a Pathe picture, recalls Kipling's lines about "The uniform they wore was nuthin' much before," etc. The supporting cast is able, and the little colored boy a born comedian.

HORKHEIMER-MUTUAL

Jackie Saunders must have starred in "Betty Be Good," at the Horkheimer studios, before Hooverizing discouraged so costly a necklace for her pet.

Have you wondered where Charles Spencer Chaplin attained that sylph-like waist line? Behold him emulating the flying swan!

MUTUAL-CHAPLIN

GENERAL

A scene from "What Transpired after the Wind-up"—one of the enjoyable series of George Ade's "Fables in Slang."

CENTURY

Alice Howell, in "Neptune's Naughty Daughter," goes to a cabaret and is pursued by the villain through two far from sober reels.

CENTURY

Alice Howell already has four comedies ready for release. "Auto-maniacs" is the second.

MUTUAL-STRAND

The youth and buoyancy of Billie Rhodes go a long way in making enjoyable those comedies in which she appears. Her latest release is "A Two-cylinder Courtship."

GENERAL

The O. Henry stories are being screened in a manner that will delight lovers of that master story teller.—Carlton King, in "Little Speck in Garnered Fruit."

Not all, but a large part of Paddy McGuire's brains are in his feet, and many a young man would be willing to be in Paddy's shoes, if it meant pulling down the salary he does for making them misbehave.

VOGUE-MUTUAL

Isn't It One Grand Job That Requires the

SELECT

Contrary to the adage, this leopard will change its spots when Clara Kimball Young goes to the tropics to film "The Savage Woman."

PARAMOUNT

And that other old saw, about clothes making the man — isn't this gown that Julian Eltinge wears in "The Clever Mrs. Carfax" proof positive that clothes make the woman?

PARAMOUNT-HARTSOOK

Kathleen Clifford, star in the first Paramount serial, "Who Is Number One?" wears jumper and overalls like these.

HOFFMAN-FOURSQUARE

GOLDWYN

One instance of squaring the circle—Ruth Roland, Hoffman-Foursquare star, in "The Fringe of Society."

The Red Cross of Serbia and the French Wreath of Patriotic Devotion—are Mary Garden fashions we like.

Wearing of Working Clothes Like These?

FOX

We're bothered to know why is a gown like this appropriate to a play called "Conscience." Gladys Brockwell wears it, however, so it is surely the right style.

Belle Bennett surely looks like a dainty maid from the Flowery Kingdom, in this gay little business suit, bedecked with chrysanthemums of fur. Her latest release is "Because of a Woman." This is the answer.

TRIANGLE

PARAMOUNT

Most beautiful of women, Lina Cavalieri, in her first screen play, "The Eternal Temptress," wears this chinchilla coat—a temptation to envy, if ever there was one.

PATHE

"The Spring of the Year" is the play made from Henry Kitchell Webster's story "The Painted Scene," in which Bessie Love wears this.

There isn't a harder-working player in filmdom than Louise Glaum. She's careful about her clothes and scrupulously neat, Louise is. And she designs her costumes.

TRIANGLE EVANS

America Divided—

Do You Want It?

IN this time of unprecedented national peril and world peril, do you want America to be *one nation*, strong with the strength of unity?. Or do you want America split with perhaps half a dozen sections, weak with the ills and evils of sectionalism?

This last is no danger born of hysterical dream, America has been committed by act of Congress to a course leading toward such a disastrous result, and this split in national life will begin July 1, 1917—unless the present law be altered.

Here is the situation:

Modern nations are bound together not so much by the machinery of government as by Ideas. Fundamental ideas held in common by all, fully exchanged so that distantly placed people may understand and sympathize with each other—these are what bring a nation together and what hold it together.

The greatest instrument and medium for the constant dissemination of these big nation-binding ideas is the press—particularly the weekly and monthly periodicals. These periodicals have not local or sectional bias; they go to all parts of America, and serve all parts alike; their great service is in helping bring all parts close together into one through a common understanding.

These nation-binding periodicals are confronted with certain injury and destruction—which means loss to you personally, and loss to your country. Postal legislation was introduced in the present Revenue Bill, and is now law, which divides the country up into "zones" and increases the average carrying charge upon magazines and periodicals about 300 per cent—as much as 900 per cent for the more remote sections of the country. This increase varies from 50 to 900 per cent.

This tremendous increase in rates is not necessary for the business solvency of the Post Office Department. Last year the Post Office Department earned a surplus of nearly $10,000,000.

This measure is a tax-gathering contrivance. *It is a tax upon ideas*—upon that spreading of ideas which hold us together and inspire us as a nation. The Post Office was never designed as a tax-gathering contrivance; it was basically designed to give service to the people—*to all the people at the same rate.* The Post Office should not be perverted from its noble purpose.

And any such method of taxation is not necessary in order to tax the publishers' profits. The publishers are not trying to evade taxation. They will gladly accept any rate of tax upon their profits that may be levied. Most of them have gone on record as being willing to turn over to the Government their *entire net profits* for the period of the war.

This measure, through its "zone" system, will have the following disastrous consequences:

1. It will destroy a large part of the periodicals of the country. You will lose the magazines that have kept you informed on your country's problems, that have helped you in your work. Your children will lose the clean publications that have entertained and help educate them. And eventually such magazines as do survive will have to pass their unnecessary increase in cost on to you in case you live at a distance from any publishing center. It amounts to this: *You are fined because your occupation or your preference prevents your living in New York.*

2. Infinitely more serious, this "zone" system will result in dividing the country into sections, each developing its sectional ideas. The nation will be split into an East, a Middle West, a Pacific Coast, a South, a Southwest. And this split will be made in the world's greatest crisis, when we should be striving for union rather than disunion—when North should be bound to South and East bound to West by the constant flow of ideas—*National Ideas.*

This is the time of all times when America must be a *united* America—*one nation* strong with the strength of unity.

Let *your* influence be used to that end.

The Authors' League of America, Inc.

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Write your Congressman and demand the repeal of the iniquitous postal amendment

No. 2

The Camera Man in the War

(Continued from a previous page)

is usually not welcomed with any degree of cordiality. A major in the British army helped me with my camera work, and he took me wherever I wished to go. In fact, we got so close to the enemy at times that I was wounded twice by shrapnel, while on another occasion I was given a baptism of mud when a huge shell struck a few yards in front of me, killing several men; but it was all in the day's work, as there was no other way of getting the pictures I wanted."

While no doubt those taken by our own government movie men will in time equal them, it is a fact that since the outbreak of the war the official French photographs have been particularly good and illustrative. The reason for this is to be found in the fact that all the operators were expert photographers before the war. Now they are all enlisted men, who go about their work under the direction of their officers as part of their army duty, and, like good soldiers, do not consider the risking of their lives when necessary. As a matter of fact, not a few have been killed while at work. When necessary, the French movie operators use big army automobiles to convey them quickly from point to point. Frequently the tops of these cars are employed by the men to furnish the elevation which is often necessary in the taking of good photographs.

In Our Town

By JAMES G. GABELLE

Ken Jacques has decided to be a motion picture actor. Maxwelton Macgregor says he has a great aim in life, but is too slow on the trigger.

Elmer Smith has also decided to become an exponent of the shadow art. He says it is only right that someone bearing the grand old name should be represented on the screen.

Deacon Gubsing is reel generous to his children. He allus tells 'em if they'll be good, he'll take 'em to see the pictures of the moving pictures.

Purfessor Fisher says the possum has the least brains of any creature on earth. Hen Reardon gives it as his opinion that the learned purfessor ain't never seen a motion picture censor.

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Dr. James Louis Beyea, for fifteen years Adjunct Professor in the New York Homeopathic Medical College, says:

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Dr. H. B. Vail, Medical Examiner and late of the Baltimore and Columbus Hospitals, says, "Time and again, I have prescribed organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and surprised patients at the rapidity with which the weakness and general debility were replaced by a renewed feeling of strength and vitality. One man 47 years old who had practically worn himself out with stimulating medicines and nauseous concoctions came to me recently after a month's course of Nuxated Iron and declared: 'Doctor, I feel as full of life and energy as when a boy of 21.' When you compare a product like Nuxated Iron which is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, with the older forms of inorganic iron which upset the stomach, ruined the teeth and passed through the body without doing any good, it is not surprising that millions of people annually are now taking Nuxated Iron and physicians everywhere are prescribing it."

Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of the City of Chicago, says: "I am well past my threescore years and want to say that I believe my own great physical activity is due largely to-day to my personal use of Nuxated Iron, and if my endorsement shall induce anaemic, nervous, run-down men and women to take Nuxated Iron, and receive the wonderful tonic benefits which I have received, I shall feel greatly gratified that I have made an exception to my life-long rule in recommending it. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it should be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

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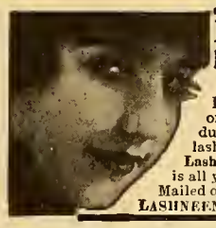

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Sunny "It" in Reel War

By WILFRED NORTH

A VERY funny incident happened in the taking of the "Greater Vitagraph's" military drama, "Soldiers of Chance." A battle scene was arranged for a certain day, and Director Scardon, with his usual executive ability, had everything cut and dried; the location was perfect, and the agent was on the job, with several hundred extra good supers, for the scene was an important one, where the insurrectoes were making a last desperate attempt to attain the supremacy over the loyal troops, and the loyal troops were just as determined they should not attain that end.

But, alas! the weather was dull and gloomy; so much so, that someone in authority dismissed the army of supers. Fifteen minutes later out popped "Old Sol," and in half an hour the day was all that could be desired for good photography.

Mr. Scardon hurried down from his office, to find that his super army had fled. At his wits' end, he ordered his assistant to go down to the docks and dig up as many husky Italian longshoremen as he could find and bring them back with him. The assistant succeeded admirably in his quest, and there was a likely-looking array in the yard for inspection, all decked out in faded overalls and cotton hooks.

The padrone in charge asked, "Wata disa worka?" "Moving pictures." "Oh, da mova da pict! How mucha you pay?" He was told; then followed a lively debate in Italian, followed by a swelling chorus of "No, no! Fordy centa hour!" The price was finally compromised, they got into the uniforms, and then the fun began.

There is no wonder that General Cardona's men are doing so well at the Italian front, judging from the way those Wops entered into the spirit of the thing. In fact, there was no holding them; they fairly ate it up. They went through the enemy's line like sunshine through a summer mist. There was no surrender; the only way was to knock them on the head. Well, to save the opposing army's life, Mr. Scardon very diplomatically divided the Italians and let them fight each other, and, believe me, they did in a manner to suit the most exacting.

In one scene the building of a barricade was required while the camera was in motion. The Italians arose to the occasion and began running into the scene with bales of hay on their shoulders that would have taken the strength of two ordinary supers to lift.

After several battle scenes Mr. Scardon decided that he would not need all the Italians for the rest of the shots and tried to send some of them back to the studio. There was an immediate protest, which, when interpreted, simmered down to the fact that none would be allowed to go back before the rest, for fear that he would pick out the best suit of street clothes that the others had left in the dressing-room. This also was arranged to their satisfaction.

They were just starting to take a scene arranged around an angle of a building, and when, from around the other angle of the building, bang, bling, blang, blinkety, slam, zowie! The scene stopped, and Mr. Scardon and the others in the cast ran around the angle, to find that the Italians had chosen up sides and were pulling off a battle scene on their own account and were at it full tilt. They were finally pried apart and quiet restored, but not until several very good shots were taken of the impromptu scene.

The upshot was Mr. Scardon declared he had some of the best concerted action he ever obtained, which only goes to show that necessity is the mother of invention, even in the movies.

Movie Problems

"What's puzzling the director now?"

"Here's the problem—we got a scene at the Pyramids."

"Well?"

"Now, would it be cheaper to take 3,000 people to Egypt or build a bunch of pyramids outside Los Angeles?"

Stupendous

Moving picture director—I tell you I don't want any more of these Jules Vernes photoplays beneath the sea. I'm sick of shark fighting and all that.

Scenario writer—But my play is different; it is full of beautiful swimming maidens. I have named it "Twenty Thousand Legs under the Sea."

Who's Who and Where

Wheeler Oakman, until recently in Universal Bluebird pictures, has joined the Metro forces. He will play opposite Edith Storey.

Tom Mix will henceforth until further notice belong in the Fox constellation at Los Angeles. He will have as director Edward J. Le Saint.

A. H. Woods, prominent theatrical producer of New York, and S. L. Rothapfel, director of the Rialto, were visitors at the Hollywood studios recently.

They are having a laugh at the Mutual studios in Chicago because, at the time Edna Goodrich was filming Hamilton Smith's play, "Her Second Husband," Olive Tell had just completed "Her Sister," and Ann Murdock was at work on "My Wife." It looked like a family affair.

The sixth picture for the Empire All Star Corporation has lately been completed under the direction of Dell Henderson, and the filming of "The Girl and the Judge," the Clyde Fitch play in which Olive Tell is to star, is now in progress. The cast includes a number of well-known British players. David Powell is Miss Tell's leading man.

Peggy Hyland's latest pictureplay is "The Other Woman," a screen adaptation of A. H. Wood's stage success. The Pathe presentation is supervised by Albert Parker, who has worked out most successfully some novel ideas in light effects. Pathe has lately added to its list of stars Fannie Ward, Bessie Love, Bryant Washburn and Frank Keenan.

"Tom Sawyer," recently released by Paramount, is to be followed by a second five-reel picture of the later adventures of Tom and Huckleberry Finn. The scenario follows with fidelity this boyhood classic of Mark Twain's. Jack Pickford said he had the time of his screen life while filming these pictures in the neighborhood where the events really happened, down in Missouri.

Movies on the move has become a winter fashion. Following the holidays, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton goes to California to film the third of the Gilbert Parker novels, "Wild Youth," at the Lasky studios. The Empire All Star goes to the American Film Company's studios in California, to produce Mrs. Humphry Ward's famous novel, "Lady Rose's Daughter." Clara Kimball Young goes to the West Indies to stage the "Savage Woman." Wallace Reid goes to Truckee, Cal., to make snow scenes for "Nan of Music Mountain."

One of the best of the holiday picture plays is "The Little Patriot," a five-reel comedy-drama, in which Baby Marie Osborne, Pathe star, plays the lead. Equally enjoyable is "The Littlest Scout," the first release of Pauls Blackton's Country Life series of picture plays. The small son and daughter of Director J. Stuart Blackton play leads in a picture that is sure to arouse to duty all laggards, slackers and stay-at-homes, for, of course, its theme is the Boy Scouts as home defenders. Spy catching and a motor-boat race incident thereto are decidedly thrilling.

Here's a little heart-interest story about Warner Oland's "Non-Booze Club," which has a membership of several hundred already and is growing fast. He helps think up new stunts for "The Fatal Ring," and in a recent "thought expedition" he had for helpers three friends—two civilians and one soldier. A soldier may not drink any alcoholic beverage while in uniform, so the others, as a comradely tribute, decided to abstain for the duration of the war. Then and there the "Non-Booze Club" started, and it is "going strong" with film folks all over the country.

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies, we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; at times both may be at one address.

American Film Mfg. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill. Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).
Artcraft Pictures Corporation (Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, et al.), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Hollywood, Cal. (s).
Balboa Amusement Producing Co., Long Beach, Cal. (s).
Brenon, Herbert, Prod., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).
Christie Film Corp., Main and Washington Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.
Cosmofotofilm Co., Candler Building, New York City.
Clara Kimball Young Company, Aeolian Hall, New York City.
Edison, Thomas, Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).
Educational Films Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Empire All Star Corporation, 220 S. State St., Chicago, Ill. Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L.I.(s).
Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill. (s).
Famous Players - Lasky Film Company, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 128 W. 56th Street, New York City. (s).
Fox Film Corporation, 130 West 46th St., New York City. 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s). Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
Gaumont Company, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. Flushing, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).
Goldwyn Film Corp., 16 E. 42d St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
General Film Company, 440 Fourth Ave., New York City.
Horsley Studio, Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.
Kalem Company, 325 West 23d St., New York City. 251 W. 19th St., New York City. (s). 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s). Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s). Glendale, Cal. (s).
Keystone Film Co., 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Kleine, George, 166 N. State St., Chicago.
Metro Pictures Corp., 1476 Broadway, New York City. Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 West 61st St., New York City. (s). Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s). Quality Pictures Corp., Metro Office. Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).
Morosco Photoplay Company, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City. 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Moss, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Mayfair Pictures Corp., 10 Wall St., New York City. 515 W. 54th Street, New York City.(s).
Mutual Film Corp., Consumers Building, Chicago.
Paramount Pictures Corporation, 71 W. 23d St., New York City. 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Peralta Plays, Inc., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Pathe Exchange, 25 West 45th St., New York City. Jersey City, N. J. (s).
Petrova Pictures, 25 W. 44th St., New York City. 807 W. 176th St., New York City. (s).
Powell, Frank, Production Co., Times Building, New York City.
Rothacker Film Mfg. Co., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).
Selig Polyscope Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago. Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago.(s). 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Select Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 807 East 176th Street, New York City. (s).
Signal Film Corp., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Talmadge, Norma, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 318 East 48th Street, New York City. (s).
Thanhouser Film Corp., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).
Triangle Company, 1457 Broadway, New York City. Culver City, Cal. (s).
Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City. Universal City, Cal. (s). Coyetsville, N. J. (s).
Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City. E. 15th Street and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (s). Hollywood, Cal. (s).
Vogue Comedy Co., Gower St. and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.
World Film Corp., 130 West 46th St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

A. E. K., Terre Haute, Ind.—Yes, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Viola is nineteen and Shirley sixteen.

J. O'D., No. Philadelphia, Pa.—Your list of photoplays makes us think you must be as busy as we are. We are pleased to know that FILM FUN is a help to you in scenario writing.

Mrs. M. S. L., No. Irwin, Pa.—Mr. Ben Wilson will probably receive mail addressed to 2024 No. Canyon Drive, Hollywood, Cal. We hope to hold your good opinion throughout this new year.

N. M. Nihoubashi, Tokio, Japan.—Miss Grace Darmond was on the stage several years before she began her picture career with Selig. Her first screen play was "Black Orchid." The last, so far as we know, is "The Gulf Between," a beautiful photoplay in natural colors, made by the Technicolor Company of Boston. The other stars you speak of will appear in FILM FUN during 1918.

R. T., Perth, Kan. — Screen stars grant many requests for photographs. You might write to those you name. Mary Pickford's address is Hollywood, Cal. Louise Glaum can be reached in care of Ince, Culver City, Cal. Helen Holmes lives at 4555 Pasadena Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. Norma Talmadge is now at work in the studio at 818 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

F. B., Oklahoma.— We like Pearl White, too, and would gladly use her on our cover page, but for the time being we have discontinued photographic covers in favor of drawn ones. However, we will try to use a nice inside picture of her some time soon.

A. H. R., Chicago, Ill.—William Russell is with the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, Cal. Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokio, Japan. He had six years' stage experience in Japan before coming to this country. Marguerite Courtot has completed a picture called "The Natural Law," produced by France Films, Inc., Suite 608, 220 West Forty-second Street, New York. Most screen stars are very generous about sending out photographs. Perhaps she will.

M. L., Austin, Tex. — George Periolat was on the speaking stage for eighteen years. He made his camera debut in 1909 and has been with Essanay, Selig and Universal. He can now be reached in care of the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, Cal. Doris Kenyon may be addressed in care of the Pathe Exchange, Inc., 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York.

"WALL-NUTS" "GOOD-NIGHT, NURSE"
By James Montgomery Flagg

"ARE MY LIPS ON STRAIGHT?"
By James Montgomery Flagg

"REDDY MAID SUITS"
By Mary Lane McMillan

"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME"
By Paul Stahr

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Conscious Evolution Kills Old Age

By DONALD RICHARDSON

THERE is nothing more certain than that the fountain of youth is in each human being, and that each human fountain of youth dries up just as any other, and all powers of body, and personality, recede and disappear, through failure to capitalize and properly use them. Failure to realize and act on these facts and immutable laws causes all who die of old age to be broken-hearted men and women. For, who can bear lightly and without a broken heart to become a victim of the nightmare of old age.

It was not given to humanity to really and economically drink to the full of the spirit of the fountain of youth, until Conscious Evolution and its creator blazed the trail which led and leads not through tropical jungles or over desert wastes to some inaccessible region of the universe, but to a proper understanding of our own evolutionary resources, and to the means of their cultivation through the use of our own powers of evolutionary creation.

The mere fact that we know that billions of cells in our bodies must be healthy for us to enjoy unusual health gives us poor consolation until we realize that it is possible for us to consult a benefactor of the human race. This man who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell, as none other, with the discovery of the means by which its health, life, youth and potency can be multiplied; who, by reason of study, experience and extraordinary genius shows us how we can put unusual health, youth, and greater life in every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body its maximum of health, life and power, is indeed a benefactor of the highest type of humanity. This man is Alois P. Swoboda.

A Great Secret of Life

Alois P. Swoboda shows how without inconvenience, without drugs, without study or loss of time, we can put unusual life and health in our vast multitude of cells and do this in a perfectly natural and easy and practical way. This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a fascinating little booklet written by Swoboda, the pioneer in the realm of conscious and scientific self-evolution. Some day the complete history of Conscious Evolution and its creator will be recorded with all of its immense significance and ramifications, for Conscious Evolution means the highest type of freedom, the highest type of liberty, the highest type of civilization, the highest type of science, the highest type of philosophy, and thus the highest type of consciousness. In this article, however, but a brief outline can be given.

The story of Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin of Conscious Energy—live energy—and the laws governing its evolution and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully in over a quarter of a million instances, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's Hall of Fame. He did not merely write a book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some battle. Swoboda's fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body—the wizard of the science of evolutionary creation—the wizard of the science of perpetual youth—the wizard of the science of life. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life—perpetual youth.

Swoboda not only re-creates men and women; he makes them more powerful, capable, alive, and happy than they were before. Swoboda has revolutionized the methods of energizing the body and mind, and thus has multiplied the powers, and life and years of men and women. Swoboda advances men and women a tremendous way along the line of human development, in the direction of a higher creation. The man himself—as well as his hosts of enthusiastic followers—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness and substantiality of his science.

Conscious Evolution Means Evolution Consciously

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality. His whole being pulsates with unusual life and energy. His mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the sciences of biology, physiology, histology, morphology, or on the new and original "with himself" science of energy, as well as on the science of Conscious Evolution, which embraces the principles of all other sciences, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all important subject. Start him on his particular specialty—the development of the human powers, and the possibilities of self-evolution—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent self-creative possibilities of man under the guidance of the laws of Conscious Energy. You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a most remarkable personality—a superior product of the conscious system of body and personality creating. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed personality the best proof of the correctness of his philosophy and science and of the success of his Conscious Evolution.

Swoboda Is Centuries Ahead of His Time

Swoboda has no equal as a scientist, philosopher, and psychologist, dealing with conscious evolution. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary biologists, psychologists, philosophers, mentalists, physicians, faddists, or those whose aim is merely the development of the physical. Neither his philosophy or science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plans comprehend the complete development of the human being—increase of internal power, more body power, more brain power, more evolutionary power, more conscious power, more creative power, and in fact greater capacity to live, succeed, advance, evolutionize and enjoy in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller, and more complete life—a higher evolutionary, scientific self-creation.

Swoboda is the kind of a personality that never can be satisfied to merely accept a fact without knowing the fundamentals of its existence, the fundamentals of its origin and the fundamentals of its ultimate destiny. One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well and vigorous and ambitious—in short, you are only half as alive bodily and mentally as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living—that you are living an inferior life. No one can read his booklet without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Youth At Any Age

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be, we can through the conscious use of the principles of evolution make ourselves full-powered dynamos, with every part and wheel, and power-belt thoroughly in trim working smoothly and at maximum capacity—one hundred per cent—at any age. If you believe you have developed to the highest degree your vitality, energy and powers of living and enjoying, you are according to the Swoboda standard demonstrably mistaken. Conscious Evolution can lead you to a new and greater realization of health, energy, power, life and pleasure.

IF YOU ARE PAST THE AGE OF THIRTY, CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION MUST ESPECIALLY APPEAL TO YOU. Conscious Evolution is an antidote to old age in its every form and variety of conditions. It turns the dial of physiological time in the direction of youth, efficiency, vitality and greater pleasure.

When Swoboda attacked the problem of the cause and eradication of old age, he directed his penetrating mind into the recesses of nature, and became conscious of all of the laws and principles engaged and involved in the production of living organisms, and their evolution and decay. Conscious Evolution is a revelation in perpetual youth. It is not enough to say that Swoboda is an authority on the subject of evolution, youth, growth, and ageing. He is the master of the science of self-evolution.

Thousands of men and women between the ages of thirty and ninety have been rejuvenated, and made again actually young through this evolutionary science at home, quietly, secretly, easily, without self-deception, without faith, without make-believe, without pretense, without appliances and without inconvenience of any character. Conscious Evolution will enable human beings to live to the age of more than one hundred and be as active and alive as at thirty-five to forty-five.

No one who is energized through Conscious Evolution can be subject to indigestion, bowel sluggishness, nervous exhaustion, brain fag, sleeplessness, nervousness, old age, weakness and deterioration, or any functional difficulty of any character.

Swoboda Has Written a Wonderful Booklet

Swoboda has written a wonderful explanation of the human body and its evolution. This book explains Conscious Evolution and the human body as it has never been explained before. It explains the Swoboda theory and laws of mind and body. It startles, educates, and enlightens. It explains as never before the reason for the evolution of the mind and body. It tells how the cells and their energies build the organs and the body, and it tells how to organize the cells beyond the point where nature left off for you. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain through reading all of the books of science and philosophy on the subject of the body and mind, because it explains principles that have never before been explained by scientists or philosophers. It is impossible to duplicate elsewhere the information it gives, and the value of the information is beyond estimate.

Swoboda has written a simple, but the first really scientific and philosophical, explanation of the actual evolutionary cause of old age. This essay is a classic. It will stand for all time throughout all ages as the first basic and real analysis of evolution and ageing of the cells of the human body. It explains the psychological and evolutionary errors and elements involved in the production of ageing.

Without being compelled to study text-books on psychology, philosophy, biology, histology, etc., you will, through reading this brief analysis learn fully what is nature, when is nature not nature, what is the cause of growth, maturity, evolution and decay. Swoboda has the happy faculty of being able to put a whole science in a comparatively few words. This essay will interest not only men and women who are merely interested in avoiding the nightmare of old age, and those who realize constantly that they are growing older in body, but it will also interest the scientist, the philosopher, the psychologist, as well as the pure speculator on the subject of life. I predict that every man and woman will read this work and profit by it. It is the A, B, C, of perpetual youth. It will mean astonishment to the scientist. It brings confusion to those who practice self-deception. It brings embarrassment to those who believe old age necessary. It seems bold, but this is only the effects of mis-conceptions concerning the necessity of old age.

The Fountain of Youth—the pursuit of perpetual youth—has always been very alluring, but here we have a guide to its source. No intelligent human being will need coaxing to drink of this fountain, for its spirit gives life, and arrests decay and destroys the nightmare of old age. Perpetual youth will mean to the human race more than is the power of any human being to estimate. Imagine what it will mean to double, triple, or even quadruple the length of human life and multiply human energy.

You owe yourself a reading of this essay on the Swoboda philosophy and science. It will put you favorably in touch and in harmony with your creative forces. You will harness them, capitalize them, and employ them. The result will amaze you. This essay which Swoboda has written and copyrighted will be sent to you free of charge and free of any obligations to Swoboda, if you will write for it. Just write your name and address on this page, tear it out and mail it to Swoboda, or draw a ring around your name on your letter-head, or merely send a postal, giving your name and address. Do it today. Read it, and learn how to be perpetually young, for you cannot afford to grow old. Address Alois P. Swoboda, 2088 Berkeley Building, New York, N. Y. (Advt.)

FILM FUN

And The Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined

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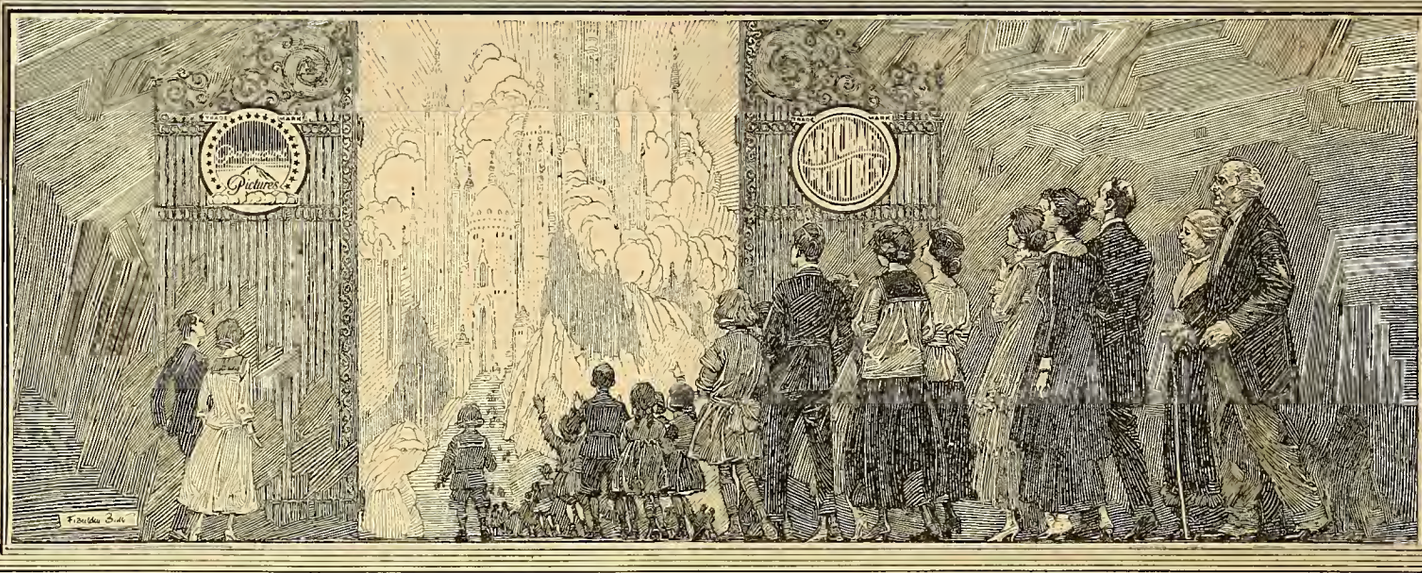
A MOVING PICTURE

A fortune awaits the person who films this scene



Come: let's go back to the Land-of-Beginning-Again!

BEDTIME stories over, tumble-time all through—good-night to Johnnie and Dollie.

7:30 by the clock.

"What shall we do? That's it! And it will be good because they show Paramount and Artcraft pictures. But hurry—we don't want to miss a minute of it."

* * *

You don't know exactly how it all comes about. And what's more you don't care. But before you realize it those vexatious big little things that were so important at a quarter to six aren't of any importance at all.

You slip out of yourself. And your mind is all dressed up in a pinafore or knickerbockers. You're headed hot-foot back to the Land-of-Beginning-Again. The Land where things are what they ought to be—the land of Fancy-Free, of Youth—the wonderful land of motion pictures.

You sit there for two hours that tick off faster than anything you ever believed possible—absorbed and lost in love and adventure, romance and fun—feasting your eyes on gorgeous spectacles that whirl you off into strange worlds.

And you agree that Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures are good company to keep as you go back to Johnnie and Dollie, wiser in the wisdom of the Land-of-Beginning-Again—with a mind even more ready for understanding their problems and a surer, closer comradeship with these keepers of your hearts.

* * *

Of course, you will remember Paramount and Artcraft as the better motion pictures—better in everything that makes a picture worth while:

foremost in their stars
foremost in their direction and mounting
foremost in their literary and dramatic standards

And you will remember the theatre, too, where you see them.

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

Three Ways to Know *how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures*

one By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

FEB -6 1918 / ©CLB408233

VITAGRAPH

CORINNE GRIFFITH

This young star is at work on a patriotic photoplay, written by Robert W. Chambers, to expose the spy system and aid in suppressing it. The scenes along the Erie Canal, filmed in the worst of the zero weather, entailed such hardship that Miss Griffith is justified in feeling that she has been doing her bit heroically. This is her first winter in New York. Her home is in the Lone Star State, and Texas is proud of her.

Film Fun
EDITORIALS

An Ark of Safety

IF ANY fractional part of the deluge of disaster that is foretold for the film industry is to arrive on schedule, it is urgent that we organize for safety.

The fifth largest industry in the country has involved in its destinies an enormous number of people, but its growth has been so rapid that such unessential things as statistics have been disregarded. It is estimated that some sixteen million people are directly concerned in transportation matters, that being second in volume and importance in the country's industries, and for present purposes it may serve and not be far from the facts to estimate that the livelihood of some five million or more people will be affected by this flood – if the storm breaks.

Safety can be assured if this army of film folks is thoroughly organized and goes systematically about getting what it wants. Among the things it wants is, first, of course, an enrollment which will demonstrate its strength and ability. It ought to be possible to form an association on such broad lines as will bring into membership all the film folks, in every branch of the business—men and women, producers, distributers, writers, camera men, mechanics and the hosts of craftsmen of one sort and another whose prosperity is so important, not alone to this industry, but to the communities they live in.

A fund can be created that will be no burden on anyone. Scores of thousands of us can manage "a dollar down and a dollar a month" almost any time, without serious financial embarrassment even in these war times. An organization with five million members, or even half that number, paying dues at that rate, would soon become a power for good. So many of the boys are in the service that it might be well in the beginning to devote our energies and our funds to war purposes—along lines similar in a general way to the Stage Women's War Relief work. Or it might be wise to build a home for film folks to use at need, whether the need arises from old age or illness or accident or other incapacity. A big, beautiful hotel-and-office building, to contain every requirement for members, would probably be self-sustaining from the start; but apart from such a building and in connection therewith there should be established a hospital and a training school, where the boys who come back from the war needy may regain lost ground, and where their dependents may be equipped for the big battle to win bread without inordinate hardship, for the worst of war always follows the cessation of hostilities and falls heaviest on the weak. It might be well to plan for twin establishments, one on the east and the other on the west coast; for it is a safe guess that the greater part of production will always be in California, where the year's average of camera days is 312, and the peak of the load of distribution will always be carried in New York.

A membership might carry appropriate privileges, in a general way, like the Travel Club confers, or insurance or indemnity or an annuity. Also it might be wise to incorporate the tenet of the Rotary Club, "All for each and each for all," as a working principle.

The big idea is the strength and the power for good that such an organization will surely develop. FILM FUN is willing and anxious to do its "two bits" in perfecting such an association. What do *you* think of such a plan?

Loving Our Enemies

ONLY the Irish seem to understand how this can be, and ought to be, done. Everybody else seems to think criticism necessarily implies censure and enmity, but not so the son of Erin. An amiable altercation is better than the breath of life to him. If you yield to his argument to-day, by to-morrow he will have shifted ground and will hold forth valiantly for the point you conceded. It is a good arrangement, when you get used to it.

This is by way of excuse to some good friends who want us to go on record as to the censor. We don't know. We wish we did. We're ready to argue the question from any angle. Judging by the crying abuses in photoplays, something ought to be done; but if their accomplishment to date be an indication of the worth of their work, then the effectiveness of censors is away below zero.

The responsibility should be fixed wherever it belongs, and transgressions should be punished. The police, it is generally understood, are charged with the duty of keeping youth out of danger. It might be a solution of the problem to enlist the co-operation of the chief of police and get him to detail a board of censors from his officers—members to be changed weekly or monthly, to insure a fair deal for all—and let these experts in public welfare decide what is detrimental in films to the good health and good conscience of the community.

There is no doubt in the world that they would suppress much that now gets by. This may not be the right solution, but it is worth consideration. It would surely lessen the confusion that now prevails, due to so many attempting the same thing, with the result that nothing is done, and there's nobody to blame.

FILM FUN MAGAZINE will be issued the 10th of each month, instead of the 1st as heretofore.

FLASH BACKS

AFTER Ella Hall appeared in the Little Orphan, six hundred and forty fellows wrote to her, offering to adopt her.

Charlie Ray, announcing the marriage of his sister, says she is now an X-ray. Rather clever of Charlie, don't you think?

That sorrowful, pleading expression you so often see in Charlie Chaplin's eyes is not acting. He's afraid Eric Campbell will fall on him.

Theda Bara asks $100,000 damages because Major M. L. C. Funkhouser, of Chicago, has criticised her attire in various plays. So much for so little!

"Ralph Ince will direct his wife, Lucille Lee Stewart, in her new screen vehicle, "Step by Step." Ya-as, he will! Who ever heard of a man *directing* his wife!

Fannie Ward took a two weeks' vacation to heal an injured shoulder. Mack Sennett hopes the idea won't spread in his camp, where a bruise goes with every laugh.

Visitors at Chaplin's studio notice in his dressing-room a glass case containing many rows of books. They marvel that he has time to read them. He don't—they are bank-books.

Mary Pickford plays the two principal characters in "Stella Maris." Fine! We like lots of Mary in her pictures. None of us would complain if she played *all* the characters!

Jack Pickford and Louise Huff's appearance in a love-story picture called "The Varmint" has caused a crusty old bachelor to say that at last somebody has called Cupid by his right name.

H. C. O'Livin, an "extra" on the Laskey lot, has petitioned the California Legislature to change his name. He claims every time he shows up for work, the other "extras" try to mob him.

You can't keep the airy Douglas Fairbanks down! He asserts that next year will find him flitting in France as a flier with the Allies. Not to be outdone, Roscoe Arbuckle claims he is going to enlist as a tank!

Theda Bara claims to be a reincarnation of Hoo-Sis, a daughter of one of the Pharaohs. It looks as though she may be able to get away with it, too, because no one can prove she isn't.

Charlie Ray has some cousins who are continually sending him presents along with their hintful hopes of getting into pictures. Charlie says he at last understands the meaning of "diplomatic relations."

Rufus Steele, whose preparedness film, "The Eagle's Wings," is still running strong, tells us all his ambitions are "up in the air." He made a number of flights, and now he just hates ground traveling.

Wallace Reid likes to go duck shooting. We go as far as anybody in our faith and admiration, but that yarn of his about bagging the limit, and "then that somebody stole all of 'em" sounds awfully like a fish story.

Constance Talmadge is haunted—by the skeleton she has lately discovered in California. The ruins of Babylon, the set in which she worked as the Mountain Girl in "Intolerance" a year and a half ago, is still standing.

Leander Richardson must have been some peeved when he wrote of a "male star of considerable candle-power manufactured by the producer's publicity bureau." He mentioned no names. Maybe you will know whom he meant.

Mack Sennett has every male moveite in the U. S. raving over his bunch of bathing beauties. No wonder the population of Los Angeles is increasing! As for the writer of these lines, he would rather be the Pacific Ocean than President!

Leon Trotzky, now so prominent in Russian politics, was at one time a moving picture actor in this country. He appeared in "My Official Wife," with Clara Kimball Young, and his salary, it is said, was just five dollars a day—the days he worked.

During the big Red Cross drive a woman at Hollywood offered $100 to the fund if Douglas Fairbanks would jump from the roof of the stand. He did—a distance of twenty feet. Five dollars a foot. Doug says he is glad the lady didn't offer a thousand dollars.

Anita Stewart has a contract with Vitagraph calling for $1,000 per week salary and a guaranteed royalty of $75,000 per year. And Anita wishes to break that contract! It is news like this that causes the $8 per week shopgirl to swallow her gum and go into hysterics!

All the way from Balboa, at Long Beach, Cal., comes this suggested amendment to the Hoover schedule: Cheatless Sunday, Treatless Monday, Meatless Tuesday, Wheatless Wednesday, Sweetless Thursday, Heatless Friday (this is every day in New York just now) and Eatless Saturday. We're in favor of somebody else trying it.

Clara Kimball Young engaged Norman Selby (Kid McCoy) to play the part of the detective in "The House of Glass," and it is related that on his return from his first day's work, he found that his rooms had been rifled of jewelry, clothing and $200 in money—real, honest-to-goodness money. He's sleuthing now on and off the job.

Tell us how you like this page.

The Beautiful in Picture Plays

By PEGGY HYLAND

Miss Hyland believes, as FILM FUN believes, that fine, clean plays which fathers and mothers can enjoy in company with their daughters of any age, will prove as strong from the box-office view point and as popular with the public as those that feature the salacious. That's why we asked her to write this story. The success of her late film plays, "Persuasive Peggy" and "The Other Woman," prove our point. Next month Winifred Allen will tell all about how she likes working in Florida.

Pleased with her purchases and the fact that "Dad" arrived from London in time to help her go shopping.

PATHE

BEAUTY is always refreshing. With the memory of some beauty in our heart, it is easier to overcome difficulties and battle discouragement, and in this old workaday world the time to search for beauty is all too fleeting. Only in the recreation hour, knowing the day's labor has been completed satisfactorily, may we seek it with an easy conscience.

Realizing this, I come to the point of my little chat with you. I found myself longing to pass this beauty along to others. When this desire was first born, I spent days wondering how I might in some way win my purpose. I reasoned it out to myself somewhat like this:

The artist strives to give us the beauty of marine scene. Day after day he sits before his canvass, palette and brush in hand, making a change here and there, touching up the crest of a wave just about to break, in order to make the spray more natural. He endeavors in every way to convey the pure beauty of the scene before him to others.

The poet sings of the beauty he sees—it may be in the woodland. He describes the great solitude of the scene, with the only living sound that of the birds' songs pealing from among the green of the towering trees; of the flowers springing from the soft, brown earth; the little brook rippling over the rocky surface. Somehow he makes us feel the presence of old Mother Nature herself.

And then the musician—how he takes us away from the workaday world, giving us the glory of the sunset as the big ball of fire sets behind the hills, twilight enveloping the world—all by drawing his bow caressingly across the strings of his violin! So, in every walk of life, we find our fellow-men lending their efforts and talents in bringing the beauty they find in their world to others, who might perhaps walk past the scene itself unheedingly.

And it seemed to me that the screen serves as a mirror to life itself, reflecting both the desirable and undesirable; but apparently the only stories available reflected the sordid —not what I wanted to reflect—not the little humorous in-

"The Other Woman" presents the old problem in a new light.

PATHE

MAYFAIR LUMIERE

PEGGY HYLAND,

As "Persuasive Peggy," doesn't have any difficulty in convincing her audiences that a wily woman's winsome ways are all the equipment she requires to insure her victory in any engagement.

MAYFA R

Friend husband is learning never to be surprised, whatever happens.

cidents so prevalent in our lives, to which we are blind because of their proximity—not the great studio of nature and attractive flashes of happy, innocent children and romping animals.

I knew there were such stories galore. I had read many of them myself. And then and there was born a determination to screen the wholesome topics and shun the sordid and sensational.

Life itself is a drama—one in which we all play a part —and I felt sure that my friends would enjoy the sort of entertainment which I had in mind in their recreation hours. Human nature is the most attractive thing imaginable, and, therefore, I felt sure a human-interest comedy drama with pretty settings would be pleasing. Thus was born "Persuasive Peggy," my first offering under the Mayfair banner.

"Persuasive Peggy" is an "honest-to-goodness," true-to-life story, showing how a sweet young bride ties her blustering boy husband to her chariot wheels in so diplomatic a way that he still believes himself the master. It depicts the first year of married life—the hardest one to live through without acquiring scars. One by one the young wife places the bricks of faith, consideration, co-operation and understanding in her little dream house of matrimonial happiness. And love, of course, is the corner stone. In the end she and her boy husband learn that home is where love abides.

Of course, my pictures must be entertaining as well. In every case the story must have an original plot, pretty frocks must be in evidence, and pleasing people cast in the roles to make the offering attractive. But it need not contain anything not wholesome and refreshing. The beautiful in motion pictures has enormous undeveloped possibilities, and I hope to exhaust every one of them before I say "die."

Romance will always be present, for it is romance that makes life worth while. When we do not crave romance, we have lost the very spirit of the drama of life. And love—love must always be portrayed as an ethereal and elusive thing, but, nevertheless, it must always be there, for it is love that makes the world go round, whether it is the love of mother, child or sweethearts.

And so, dear friends, these plans are the realization of my dreams. Like the artist, poet and musician, I purpose in my humble way, through the wonderful medium of the screen, to bring to you in your recreation hour all the beauty I am able to glean in stories, acting, frocks and settings. I hope that many stars may join me in this rebellion against the sordid and sensational in picture plots. If we unite in a determination not to appear in bad plays, the question of censoring will be settled. And I hope my pioneering may furnish box-office demonstration that my theory is sound.

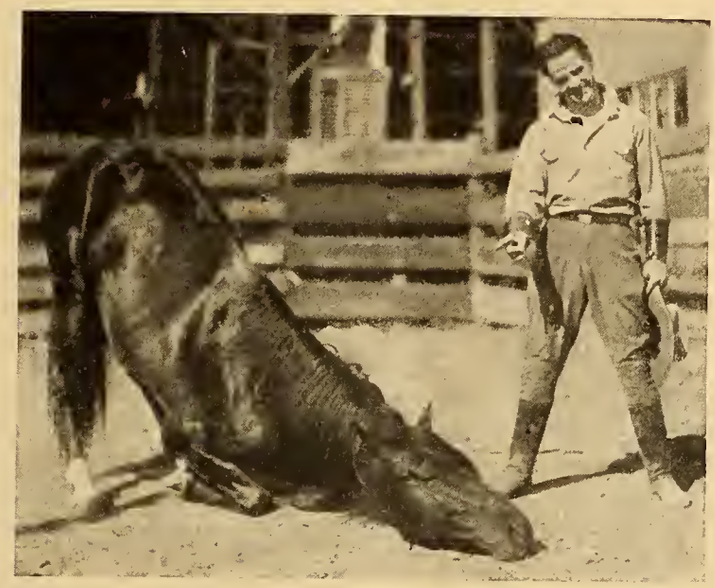
"Jackpots" likes to have Peggy talk over her troubles with him.

MAYFAIR

Exclusive Fashions of Some of Our Friends

METRO

Lieutenant Hartley McVey, aviation section U. S. Signal Corps, a brother of Mrs. Sidney Drew and formerly Mr. Drew's secretary is used to being "up in the air."



AMERICAN

William Russell wanted us to have this, so we would know what a real animal trainer he is, out on his California ranch. He's a "regular fellow," Bill is, and a mighty clever comedian. Next time he comes to New York, we hope he will stay longer.

HORKHEIMER-MUTUAL

Genuine, all wool and yard wide, supporting Jackie Saunders in "Betty Be Good." Anybody would be, Jackie says, who had Mammy's care cooking.

VITAGRAPH

Bill Duncan, in a "Darn It" pose, directing in the new serial, "Vengeance and the Woman." Life isn't all sunshine, even in California, out on location.

PATHE

Baby Marie Osborne, the little Pathe star, and Toto, the famous Hippodrome clown, as they appeared at the Red Cross benefit recently held in Los Angeles. Toto is a screen scream.

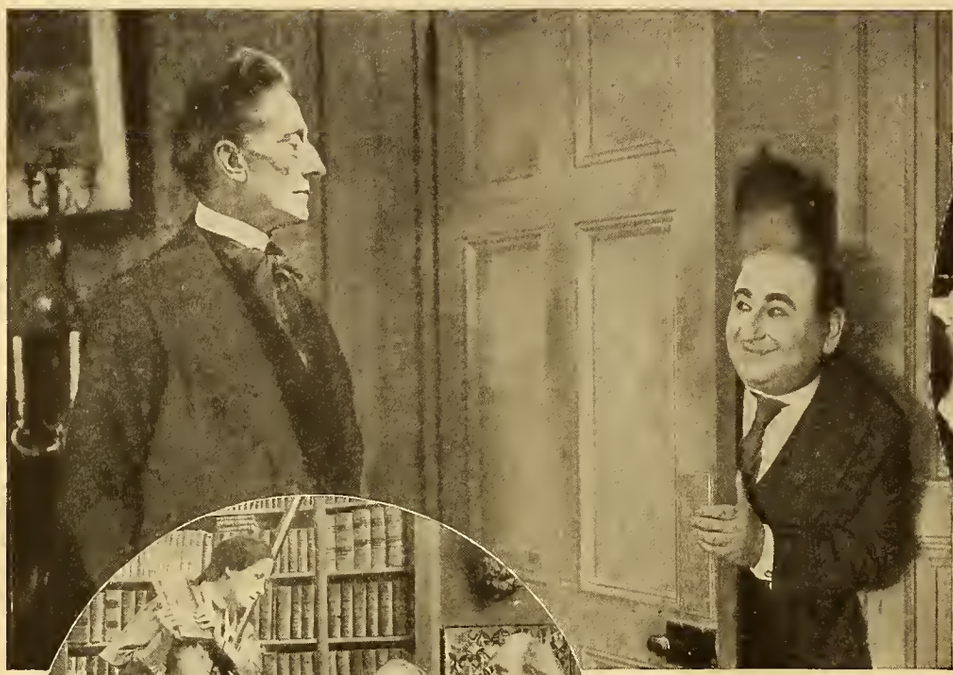
METRO

Harold Lockwood, toreador. He had a lot of fun and became very popular with these pets of the lumber camp in the White Mountains, where Metro staged "The Avenging Trail."

SELECT

Constance Talmadge went to California last month to film "The Shuttle." She was having one great day going over old trails with Earle Foxe when this was taken.

Old Friends From the Stage and the



HERBERT BRENON

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Sydney Golden, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," a Herbert Brenon production.

GOLDWYN

"The Cinderella Man," Mae Marsh, star, awakens the beholder to a frame of mind that recognizes the truth and beauty in make-believe.

CLARA K YOUNG

Miss Young, in the convent dress she wears in "The Marionettes," seems to be having a disagreement with Director Chautard and her father, Edward M. Kimball, but it's all in the picture.

METRO

Emily Stevens, in "Alias Mrs. Jessop," a recent Metro success, plays the game of chance.

PATHE

This doesn't look like the foreword to a tragedy, but it is. The picture is "Her Sister's Rival," produced by the Russian Art Films Corporation.

PARAMOUNT

In Dorothy Dalton's recent photoplay, "Love Letters," occurs this tense moment when the old gardener remembers who wrought his ruin.

Five-Foot Shelf of Books Appear in Films

PARAMOUNT-BLACKTON

They are all star performers in this rousing scene, which comes near the end of J. Stuart Blackton's great picture, "The Judgment House," a film version of a Sir Gilbert Parker novel, lately released.

PARAMOUNT

Vivian Martin, as Octavia Basset, "The Young Barbarian," is a terrible trial to her English small-town relatives.

Taylor Holmes, in "Uneasy Money," with Virginia Valle, is registering devotion. Really a smile of woe, for the coffee is cold, but he doesn't know she knows it.

METRO

Ethel Barrymore, in "An American Widow," is a revelation. Her most ardent admirers were not prepared to see her in a comedy role—that of a dashing young widow, with definite ideas as to her requirements for a second husband, working confusion to all who oppose her.

PARAMOUNT

Dainty, clever little people — these that appear with Marguerite Clark in "The Seven Swans." This shows how happy they all were before the wicked spell was laid upon her little brothers. Wouldn't you weave nettle garments to win them back?

How to Help Uncle Sam

★★★

Comments of a Free Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH (MRS. DAVID W. GRIFFITH)

The writer is well known in the moving picture world. She began her career as a moving picture actress with the Biograph Company when it was the pioneer in this field of operation. She has since been prominently connected with the Kinemacolor and other companies and more recently was the star in her striking sociological play "Charity."

CAMPBELL STUDIOS
LINDA A. GRIFFITH

A REVIEW OF THE RIALTO

VISITORS often wonder what particular part of the program brings the crowds to the Rialto. Glancing over a recent program, I notice: First, the overture, selections from "Aida" by the orchestra. No criticism except the most flattering could be offered on the work of this splendid orchestra. Second, came the Rialto Animated Magazine, which included striking scenes of the advance of the French troops at the Aisne Canal, tanks going into action, followed by an infantry charge. The audience viewed these pictures with keen interest. Third, singing by the Rialto male quartet. Fourth, "Venice, the beautiful." At a time when the world is hushed with fear and awe lest Venice fall into the hands of the Hun, these scenes of its beauty certainly made a striking appeal. Fifth, came the feature picture—the part of the program which cannot be said to hold up to the high standard of the rest of the entertainment. This particular week the feature happened to be Lina Cavalieri in "The Eternal Temptress."

THE UNCONVINCING TEMPTRESS

Temptresses are so unconvincing, so old-timey and so stupid that I cannot get up any enthusiasm for them. But as long as the producers insist upon serving us these opera singers and one-time beauties under the "star" plan, one can only be patient and suffer in silence. When we have had them all, perhaps we can have some nice, good, wholesome movies once more.

The story of "The Eternal Temptress" is stupid and tedious. Lina Cavalieri is no actress. As far as screen beauty is concerned, I saw nothing to rave over excepting one lace gown and a wonderful chinchilla coat. Cavalieri also wore an ermine coat, but as ermine is a part—and a very ordinary part—of nearly every movie actress's wardrobe, no comment is necessary on that. After this boresome feature, more good music, and then, like a refreshing shower at the end of a humid August day, came Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in one of their delightful comedies, "Wages No Object." After suffering through five reels of impossible stuff like "The Eternal Temptress," believe me, the Drews call forth earnest and heartfelt thanksgiving. They themselves are, first of all, "human beings." They act like human beings. Their little photoplays, whether original with them or scenarioized from stories, are always clean, wholesome and interesting.

LOVE FOR THE SPICY

A mad city like New York is no doubt supposed to have many temptresses. They always, at least according to the movies, settle in a metropolis to do their dirty work. Perhaps that is why, being so fed up on "temptresses" by the movies, we inhabitants of a wicked metropolis crave the simple and natural. I understand that out in the small towns of the middle West Olga Petrova is very popular, because she seldom if ever portrays a virtuous woman. I presume Lina may become a favorite out there as well as Olga. The long winter nights out on the lonely plains give one much time for reading. Those who have never left their small communities have no doubt read much of the beautiful Cavalieri. But here in New York City, where so many of us are supposed to be more or less sirenish, we cannot be expected to take

PARAMOUNT
Lina Cavalieri wears wonderful gowns in "The Eternal Temptress."

alluring, vamping temptresses seriously. To realize how childish this "Eternal Temptress" photoplay is, all one needs to do is to visualize it as spoken drama. Wouldn't it be funny?

A GREAT NOVEL ON THE SCREEN

It is no easy matter to take a novel of the length of "Les Miserables," with its plots and counterplots, containing such an endless wealth of material, and make a clean-cut adaptation, as Frank Lloyd has made of Victor Hugo's epic. For his adaptation, as well as for his fine direction, he deserves great credit. This photoplay version of "Les Miserables" is one of the very best ever made from a classic. There have been numberless classics rendered into movie form. Some of them have been so distorted in the process as to make one weep and gnash one's teeth. Shades of Sir Gilbert Parker's "Right of Way" rise before me! Given, first, a magnificent story out of which a splendid scenario is constructed, given good direction, photography and acting, the result can only be a perfect production, such as is this one of "Les Miserables." Why is there only one William Farnum? The ranks of the movie actors can make room for so many more! One feels so comfortable seeing a real man like Mr. Farnum on the screen, an actor who looks like a man and acts like one. His work throughout the picture sustained an even note; his characterization of both the uncouth criminal Jean and, later, the softened, kindly Monsieur Madelene is of the same high grade. There is only one criticism —that is as to make-up. Why does an artist like Mr. Farnum wear a wig of thick, straight hair in the prison scenes, when his hair is so irrepressibly curly? If, as I suppose, it was meant to denote the cropped head of the convict, why not a wig with closely cut hair?

FOX
William Farnum has never done better work than in this pretty scene between Jean Valjean and Cossette.

The entire cast was an exceptional one. Hardee Kirkland as Javert ran a close second to Mr. Farnum. He *was* Hugo's creation come to life. I liked his characterization, his work and his make-up, all but the bunch of thick black whiskers in the center of each cheek. Sonia Markova as Fantine was sweet and appealing. I understand she is to be a future Fox star. This is well, for, besides looks, she has intelligence and personality. Kittens Reichert as the child Cosette was very winsome, and in her scenes with Mr. Farnum brought many a tear. Particularly touching and beautiful were their scenes by the spring where they first meet and when they leave the Thernardier's. Valjean, with Cosette in one arm and the huge doll he has purchased for her in the other, presented one of the most exquisite pictures ever seen on a screen. Jewel Carmen as Cosette grown up was beautiful and quaint in her old-fashioned clothes, but her very pretty blond hair did not correspond to the dark hair she had as a child. Harry Springler as Marius, Dorothy Bernard as Eponine, Anthony Phillips as Gavroche, and the Thernardiers as played by Edward Ellis and Mina Ross deserve more than a group mention. Each one gave an intelligent interpretation of the respective parts. The sets were true to the period, and many of them beautiful. The scenes of the revolution were very well handled. Why does the orchestra continue to ring church bells after the church bells have stopped ringing and been flashed off the screen and the villagers in the public square have turned from their devotions to merrymaking?

THE MOVING PICTURE MOVES

Lust for filthy lucre has always led the moving picture manager along the primrose path of dalliance with the sensuous and the sensual. There is more than one public for the movies. There is, generally speaking, only one public for the spoken drama. The movies can bring to their theaters all publics, even those that only portray the $2.00 a seat spoken drama, if they felt there was a movie worth spending two dollars on. But how many are? How many are even worth fifty cents? There is a big class of really intelligent people who would like to attend the movies, but they want to see something that will not insult their intelligence. The time must come, if the movie is to occupy the high estate that by its infinite possibilities it can so easily fill, when it must consist of something more than spectacular effects, expensive settings, battle scenes and a flimsy story to exploit a star, whether she be a disgusting, nude vampire or a brainless, curly-headed doll. The public wants plays with ideas, plays with human interest, plays that have suspense; but, first, last and always, the need is for stories with ideas. An experience a clever scenario writer once had with Mr. Fox will point one reason why stories are of such poor quality. This person wrote to Mr. Fox, saying he had a scenario he thought might interest him, to which Mr. Fox replied that he had

all the scenarios he needed for a year. At this time an opportunity presented itself for this same writer to speak of this to three Fox directors, and each one of them was desperately in need of a story. When the movies bring forth men in their branch of art who will have the same perception and artistry as Joseph Conrad and Will Levington Comfort have in their line, then we may say that the industry is holding its own. But from the present look of things, that day seems a long ways off.

WHO PAYS FOR MOVIE COSTUMES?

The alarming threat that movie stars would have to go gownless, because of a strike by the garment workers, brought me an inquiry as to who paid for the dresses that moving picture actresses wear. In my old Biograph days, when pictures first began to make an impression, an actress was often engaged for a part if she had an evening gown of her own. I recall this particularly in regard to Jeanne MacPherson, now the author of scenarios in which Geraldine Farrar appears ("Joan the Woman" and "The Woman God Forgot" to her credit), for she played regularly in ballroom scenes in that day long ago, in the old East Fourteenth Street studio, merely because she possessed a pale blue evening frock. And I recall one young man who always could get a day's work because he possessed a good-looking tan overcoat. One could be "atmosphere" in those good old days and earn "five bucks per" if one possessed good-looking raiment. At that time the principals had to have real acting ability. Mary Pickford was called upon to try to portray Glory Quayle, in Hall Caine's "The Christian," and to be something besides mere "type," which is about all that is asked of any actress these days.

If you are neither a "vamp" nor a "Fox baby doll," where do you come in, anyhow, in the movies? As to wardrobe, I purchased the first wardrobe of which the Biograph was the proud possessor, at a little secondhand shop on Sixth Avenue, New York. This wardrobe was of much help, especially to the "principals," although occasionally an "extra" who had a place of prominence in an ensemble scene would be loaned an outfit from it. As no "principals" were getting over twenty-five dollars a week then, they could hardly be expected, out of that meager salary, to furnish elaborate gowns. The first Biograph picture that was really well dressed was one called "Over the Telephone." In this picture Mary Pickford played a child of wealthy parents, and as she had no wardrobe with which to dress the part and nothing in the stock wardrobe sufficed, Mr. Griffith, the manager, gave me twenty-five dollars to buy an outfit for her. That was "going some" in those days, and there was much comment in the studio over such gorgeous apparel as this twenty-five dollars purchased. Four years from that time, as a member of the Klaw and Erlanger-Biograph Company, I wasn't a bit perturbed over being given four hundred dollars with which to purchase two or three gowns to wear in a five-reel feature. Whatever an actress purchased for a picture in the way of clothes went into her special wardrobe. Sometimes, when a particular frock appealed very strongly, she would buy it back from the firm for her personal use and charge a small rental for wear and tear during the taking of a picture. Actresses were always willing to fill in from their own personal wardrobe when a part required numberless changes of clothes.

DRESSING AN ACTRESS

In the old days, when actresses in the legitimate drama were not seeking stellar positions in the movies, and salaries for stock leading women were one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a week, clothes were willingly paid for by the managers; but as time went on, the thrifty ones, finding a plethora of those who sought work in motion pictures, began to do what they have always done—put as much of the burden on the public as the public would bear. It gradually became the custom for actresses to furnish their gowns. Managers know the actress's vanity and that not one will appear in a gown not the most becoming she could afford, and often more than she could afford. Proper dressing is a vital part of a movie actress's work. She will run into debt if need be to be well gowned. The movies follow the legitimate more closely in the matter of furnishing clothes. Few theatrical firms furnish wardrobe, except for the chorus of musical comedies. What, then, is the small-part actress on a small salary to do when shoes alone cost eighteen dollars per pair? I ask you, Mr. Hoover or Mr. Shoever!

FAKERS OF THE MOVIES

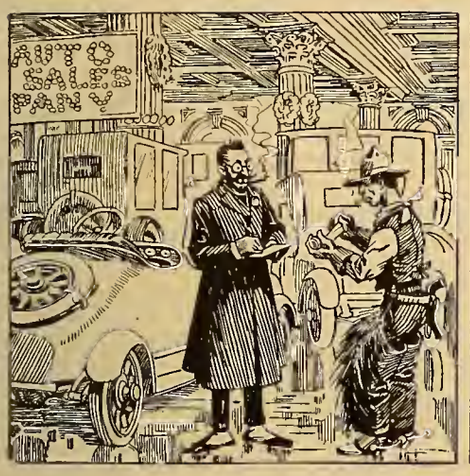
An inventor of motion picture submarine photography has sued the Universal Film Company for a larger compensation than he received for producing under-water fights with sharks, devilfish and submarines. In the course of the trial in the courtroom, J. Ernest Williamson, the inventor, described how these fights took place, the making of the octopus, the blowing up of the yacht and the construction of the imitation submarine. Because of his revelations, the movies have been criticised as "fakes." Did anyone imagine who saw Jules Verne's adventures portrayed on the screen that actors had really dived to the depths of the ocean with knives in their teeth to grapple with a real, live octopus? One of the Williamson boys did a wonderful fight with a shark in their first undersea picture, and there was no fake about it; but the devilfish is another kind of a "critter." The submarine or underwater photography is a wonderful thing. The construction of an enormous octopus or imitation of one, with its six arms (it makes no difference that there should have been eight) cleverly manipulated by six men while it was really at the ocean's depths, was in itself a mighty clever piece of work. This octopus apparently was engaged in a death struggle with the adventurous intruder upon its domain. There was a submarine in the picture, also cleverly constructed of canvas and other non-sinkable material, which, on the film, looked for all the world like a submarine. The devilfish did also, and aided in giving a performance on the verge of realistic. This isn't "faking." It is "camouflage"—the threadbare word whose use every good writer now seeks to avoid. I do not know any of the merits of the lawsuit but whatever is paid would be a good deal less than I would do the trick for.

VITAGRAPH

HEDDA NOVA,

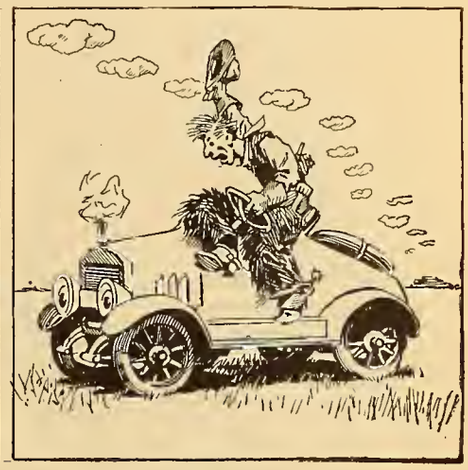
Russian actress, who is to star in special Vitagraph productions, opened those eyes in Odessa not many years ago. She came to America in 1915 to fill a vaudeville engagement, but the screen folks saw and claimed her. Her first appearance was in "Light of Dusk." Later she played in "The Barrier" and "The Bar Sinister."

Broncho Billy "Gentles" His New Steed

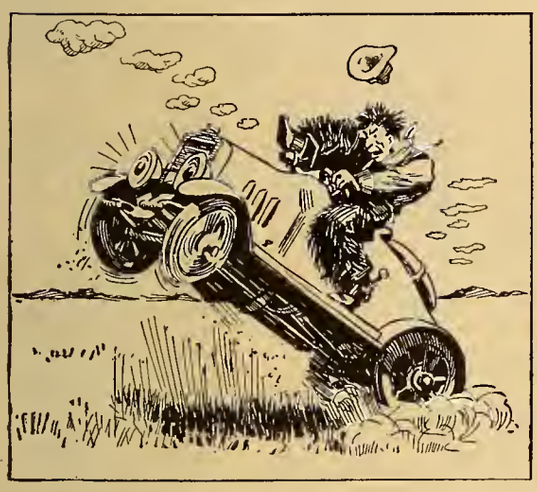


1. *Broncho Billy*—I'll take that there one. Ship it to my ranch to-morrow.

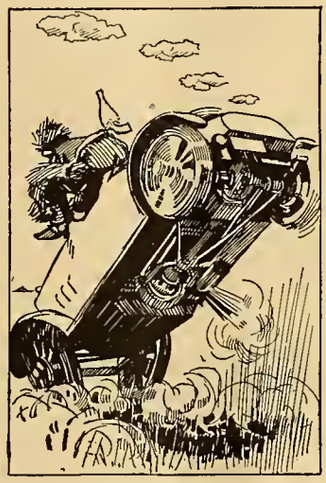
2. Yes, stranger, I see how she works.



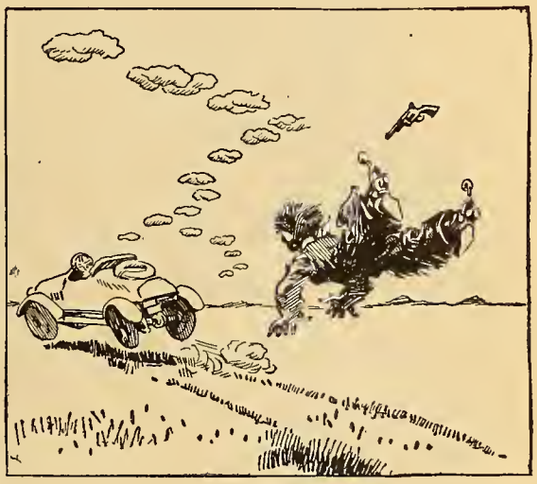
3. Whoopee!



4. Jump, ye cloud-duster, jump! Ye can't make me——



5. Pull leather!



6. ! ! ! ! ! !

©

7. *Chauffeur* — Say, have a heart! What are you trying to do? Kill that little car?

8. The poor thing! Why, you had your emergency on! Watch me!

9. *Broncho Billy*—The way he starts, I believe that fellow ain't a-comin' back.

HOW WE LOOK BEFORE and AFTER

PARAMOUNT

HARTSOOK

Winsome Marie Doro, looking her loveliest, doesn't "favor" this picture of poor little Oliver Twist, which she thinks is one of her very best plays.

GENERAL FILM

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Bernard Siege plays leading par in many of the O Henry picture As Old Behrma the painter i "The Last Leaf, he makes up lik this and does som of the clevere work he has ev done.

GOLDWYN

Isabel Berwin has probably "mothered" more stars than any other mother in the movies. She is made up as mother to Mae Marsh in "Sunshine Alley" in the picture on the left. On the right is the snowy-haired young grand dame as she really is.

It might be said of these two pictures of Wynne Hope Allen that she posed as her own mother. If coming events cast so lovely a shadow before, she can welcome what most women dread —life's afternoon.

Dick Barthelmess, his good looks camouflaged by bone-rimmed glasses, a feline mustache and bandages designed after the best hospital models, as "Dickey," the brother of the "almost bride" in Goldwyn's "Nearly Married," bears a sort of family resemblance to the portrait.

METRO

The twin pictures are Joe Welsh and A. Lloyd Lack, the latter called upon to substitute for Welsh, suddenly incapacitated when the picture, "The Peddler," filmed by the U. S. Amusement Company, was about half finished. Does the man in the circle look lak—I mean Lack looks — oh, what's in a name, anyhow?

MISHKIN

OLDWYN
ATIONAL

PARAMOUNT

America's Sweetheart has recently "put one over" on her admirers in "Stella Maris," a late release, in which she plays two parts. You do not quite see the likeness, do you, of the maid with the market basket to "our" Mary Pickford, who posed for both pictures?

Elizabeth Risdon, star in George Loane Tucker's feature, "Mother," makes up and plays a part that suits this gay little star to perfection.

McCLURE PICTURE

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McCLURE PICTURE.

Fads, Fancies and Frivols of Fashion

SELECT

Can you seem to see Norma Talmadge in this dancing girl's frock of orange chiffon over white satin, with spangles girdle? She wears it in "Ghosts of Yesterday."

VITAGRAPH EVANS

Nell Shipman, Vitagraph star, is at work again after a long rest, which must have been devoted to the achievement of real, royal raiment, judging by the evidence.

Helen Connelly, able support of her talented youngerbrother, Bobby Connelly, shares honors with her elders in charming attire.

VITAGRAPH LUMIERE

FOX

Theda Bara, in one of the beautiful gowns she wears in "Du Barry."

FOX

Nevertheless, Virginia Pearson is a living proof that the new fashions are more becoming than anything the old times produced, when a real artist appears in them.

AMERICAN-MUTUAL

Margarita Fisher is always getting into some sort of scrape. You can see she's all ready for trouble, right off, in "Molly Go Get 'Em."

Dear, dainty and delightful Clara Williams danced her way into the affections of a large audience in "Carmen of the Klondike."

VITAGRAPH

Somebody else said, "I'd rather be right than be President." Alice Joyce, applies that principle in choosing her frocks.

MYRTLE STEADMAN FEATURE CO.

"Adventure" nowadays is the middle name of screen stars. Miss Steadman's raiment in the feature film of the automobile industry, staged by Detroit manufacturers, is—everything it ought to be.

PATHE EVANS

"Miss Innocent" is the name of the play in which Fannie Ward wears this, and other costumes of unique design.

PARAMOUNT

LOUISE HUFF

Doesn't often get a chance to appear in fluffy ruffles and furbelows like these. She can perfectly well afford them, and you can see that she surely knows how to select and design what is becoming, but being pals with Jack Pickford, as she is in "Jack and Jill," compels her to lead an active, alert life and to dress the part appropriately.

PHOTOS AMERICAN

"Praying hands," yes, surely, if it be true, as Mary Miles Minter believes, that willing, efficient work is the sort of prayer that brings the greatest blessings.

Mary Miles Minter and Her Hands

THEY DENOTE A WELL-BALANCED AND CAPABLE PERSONALITY AND A WONDERFUL CAREER

"MY HANDS?"

Mary Miles Minter gazed somewhat ruefully at her sturdy little digits and then at her visitor.

"Hands? Now, who could expect me to have good-looking hands when there is so much to do with them? There's my knitting and my gardening and my cooking and to find recipes to conserve food—and—and—my car—and everything."

The idea was to get a story of the famous little American Film Company star's hands. The caller had gone purposely to the Santa Barbara studio to get the story. A sort of a white, slender, fragile and beautiful affair, it was expected to be. And to tell the absolute truth, the famous Minter hands turned out to be capable, efficient little hands that looked remarkably—just then—like a little boy's fist just after he had been climbing a tree.

Here was a good story all gone to smash.

Miss Minter wasn't half so worried over the happy-go-lucky condition of those little hands, that have brought so much joy and happiness to everybody with whom she comes in contact, as she was at the disappointment of the caller, who tried hard not to show it. It wasn't polite, anyway, to look disappointed because a famous screen actress did not possess white, slender, fragile, lily-like hands.

"If you want a story of a beautiful hand, just come over and look at my sister Margaret's hands," said this generous little sister, dragging her caller over to where Margaret sat with a bit of dainty lace mending in her white fingers. Margaret's hands are beautiful — true. They are the very white, slender—and all the rest—that the caller had hoped to find in Mary's paws. But the story must be about Mary's hands, and not about her sister's—beautiful hands though the latter might be. Mary was rehearsing "The Mate of the Sally Ann" at the time and was clad in the queer little shapeless middy and one wide trouser leg that she wore as the mate on that ill-fated boat, the *Sally Ann*. She tossed her tawny mane back over her slender shoulders and sat down confidentially, not at all unhappy because her hands were strong and capable rather than beautiful and useless.

"You know, Bernhardt Wall made a cast of Margaret's hand one day," she said, "and I was only a baby then, and I cried like sixty because I wanted to have my tiny paw taken, too. I suppose I must have made considerable fuss about it, for Mr. Wall indulgently took a cast of my hand—just sort of half open and not a bit graceful and artistic like sister's. You know, sister Margaret has always been noted for her beautiful hands—and yet she does a lot of work with them, too. Just look at the beautiful lace."

And there is a story connected with that baby cast of

(Continued in advertising section.)

"Teddy is a willing worker; he deserves the very best I can do for him, so I have arranged for him to invest his earnings in a Liberty Bond," says Mistress Minter.

Stars no movie fan forgets
Share the limelight with their pets.

SELECT

Edna Earle, a screen star, grabs
Honors with her bulldog, "Babs."

AMERICAN-MUTUAL

Edna Goodrich shows us speed
When she's mounted on a steed.

PARAMOUNT

To the left, at ease and steady,
Sits Mack Sennett's mastiff, "Teddy."

UNIVERSAL

Beatriz Michelena features
Dashing, dauntless, equine creatures

METRO

Bayne and Bushman run their courses
On a pair of splendid horses.

Looking Back

In which the veteran of 1917 makes a few remarks to the screen idol of 1967

"AH, THOSE were the happy days, my lad!" said the old man, bent and gray; "when I was a star of

FOX

Jack (Francis Carpenter) could never have climbed the beanstalk and overcome the giant had he not first conferred with his faithful friend.

the screen—by far the brightest one of my day! You're the popular idol of the screen, the fans to-day declare. Though it may be true, I'm a-telling you there's something wrong somewhere!

"You seem to have all your eyes and ears, and all of your limbs, I ween and it proves a lot that the days are not like those of 'seventeen. Twenty-six hours some days we worked in those dear old days, b'jing! By borrowing two from to-morrow, you can see how we fixed the thing!

"Those were the days of the stunt, my lad, when every leading man was strong as a bull, at the same time full of the tricks of the monkey clan! We had to work like a stevedore, with the grace of an acrobat; combining the grit of a bear to fit with the quickness of a cat!

"The people wanted those things, my lad—the stunts that I used to do! I could use a gun; I could leap and run like a blooming kangaroo!

"One of my eyes is a glass one, lad; the original glim one noon I left on a tree on my way down, gee! when I jumped from a gas balloon! 'How did I lose my arm?' you ask? Oh, that is a simple tale! While shooting a scene in the ocean green it was chewed by a playful whale!

"Those fearsome scars on my map, my lad, came on when some dynamite went off with a roar a minute before it honestly had a right! Bound to the rail in the engine's path, some guy misunderstood his orders to stop; that is why I hop about on a leg of wood!

"We leading men gave them thrills, you bet, but still it was rough on us! I'm the only lead that's alive, indeed, for I was a tough young cuss!

CHRISTIE

Actions speak louder than barks, which was one of the reasons why Betty Compson's pet consented to appear in motion pictures.

FOX

Miriam Cooper and a co-worker waiting to be called for a scene. The dog star has come to stay in the motion picture firmament, and every well-regulated studio now boasts at least one canine player. They are developing more and more talent before the camera, many of them taking important parts in photoplays. They have not yet reached the point of demanding exorbitant salaries, some of them being content with as little as five bones a day. Most important of all, they have not yet acquired that bane of directors existence—temperament.

"Why I'm not planted beneath the sod, I'll explain to you at once. I was saved, my son, for directors run clear out of their stock of stunts!"

The Plaint of a Patriot

I bought shoes! Two shoes! Happily did I attire my feet! But, oh, those feet! Poor, tortured, anguished feet! Ah, how the shoes abused them!

I went into the film theater. Haven to rest my feet therein! Also to view the glorious war drama. Ah, so cool, so dim, the theater! Here shall I sit and rest my sobbing feet!

The orchestra played Star Spangled Banner, appropriate for glorious war drama. Everybody arose. I also. Ah, the pain of feet! Years after everybody sat down. I also. In gladness and joy I sat!

Again, and yet again the orchestra played Star Spangled Banner, appropriate for glorious war drama. Everybody arose. I also. My feet screamed! Their agony wrung my heart, my soul!

I removed my shoes. I went home. In my socks I walked. Ah, happy feet! Uncramped! So deliciously spread out! Luxury!

I'd say something, only—

Sherman beat me to it! —*Harry J. Smalley*

Preparedness is the Moving

TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Ann Kroman, Mildred Campbell, Jean Mygene, Myrtle Reeves and Rose Carter all prepared for the studio. No wonder they're bears for work, out in California.

ESSANAY

Mary McAlister preparing to assume a citizen's responsibilities, in "Sadie Goes to Heaven." She has just knocked out the boss's son.

METRO

You can tell from her expression that Mrs. Sidney Drew is prepared for any scrape her husband may be getting into, in "The Unmarried Look."

PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

A solo singer prepared to complicate the chorus in "Taming Target Center."

MUTUAL-STRAND

Billie Rhodes, amiable as always, is preparing to help out if she can with any explanation he can offer for this amazing situation in "Tom, Dick and Harry."

AMERICAN-MUTUAL

The army is always prepared. Investigations are useful in demonstrating the fact. But Margarita Fischer, in "Miss Jackie of the Army," supplies the lubricant of laughter which insures smooth running.

Motive in These Comedies

PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

EDWARD WARREN PRODUCTIONS

In this delightful comedy scene from the very beautiful play, "Weavers of Life," Helen Hayes, as Peggy, and Dorothy Benham, as Bessie, prepare for a brave good-by.

PARAMOUNT

Slim Summerville is prepared to put this product of Louise Fazenda's artistry where it will do the most good. Slim is a regular player and has no reason for looking so lean.

Polly Moran, as a visiting "she-sheriff," prepares thus for culture and harmony in Target Center. Perfect accomplishment is shown in this best-yet release of the Sennett comedies.

TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

In an off moment between scenes Peggy Pearce, Maud Wayne, Aileen Allen, Harry Depp and Claire Anderson prepare to welcome home Harry Gribbon, who holds the doll. Harry has just signed a new contract.

PARMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

Fatty Arbuckle is preparing needed discipline for this chap; but don't shiver. "A Country Hero" was staged in California, and they had four cases of heat prostration at Pasadena's Flower Festival on January 1st.

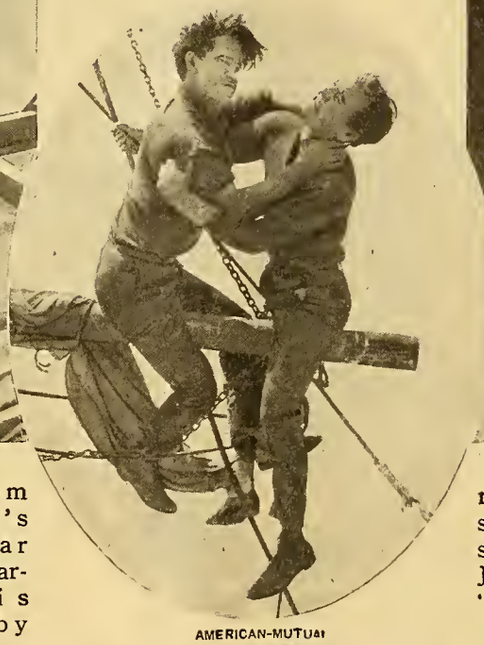
All Up In the Air

GENERAL FILM

In "The Enchanted Kiss," one of the late O Henry films, Chet Ryan, as Sam Tansey, in his absinthe dream wanders through roof gardens and other suburbs of paradise like this.

FOX

George Walsh 14 feet up-in-the-air in "The Pride of New York," a war film. This young Fox star doesn't permit a little thing like altitude to interfere with his aim



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

William Russell's spectacular rise to stardom is marked by milestones such as this scene with Joe King in "The Sea Master."

AMERICAN

It would be news if we told you William Russell is supporting Douglas Fairbanks, but here's the evidence. "It's always pleasant weather when good fellows get together"

FOX

Virginia Lee Corbin, five-year-old Fox star, in "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," is surely justified in strenuously objecting to the situation she finds herself in. The king of beasts apparently disdains such a mite as not fit fare even as an appetizer.

A Record for Ancestors

HAPPINESS is contagious, and pictures like these are always pleasing, because we can each of us recall our own joy on some similar occasion.

Every household has its celebrations throughout the year, and the fashion is now well established of making motion pictures of the more elaborate and important family festivals, such as the first-born's birthday party when he is a year old or twenty-one years old, or sister's coming-out party. This preachment is designed to help everybody "get the habit."

Now that the boys from some half million families throughout our land are leaving for service in the army, with more and more to follow them into the field, these celebrations take on a deeper significance as it is borne in upon us that a time may come when such a picture record will be infinitely comforting.

BALBOA

They gave a very pretty party of welcome to Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle when he arrived at the coast studios. "An enjoyable time was had by all," as you can see. With the guest of honor, in the center of the picture, are President H. M. Horkheimer (left) and Vice-President E. D. Horkheimer, of the Balboa company.

Apparatus for making motion pictures of such scenes has been perfected and can be bought and operated by the same hope-of-the-household who did so well with wireless telegraphy up to the time that war necessitated suspension of his activities in that direction. Expenditures for equipment may be on the sky-is-the-limit basis, for those who can afford the best, but they need not be. Several different makes of motion picture cameras adequate to all household requirements can be had from $125 up. There is even a little machine, which carries but fifty feet of film, which doesn't cost more than $50. A projection machine absolutely safe and guaranteed against

(Continued in advertising section.)

TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

"Beauty is as beauty does." Under that rule, everyone in the picture belongs to the Triangle-Keystone Beauty Brigade, for they are packing the "smokes" that were sent to our soldier boys in France.

HARRIS HOMES

When You Build "THE HARRIS WAY" you build to stay, and secure the *utmost possible* in Quality, Economy and Service. Why? Simply because you profit directly—*immediately*—by our 24 years experience. You get the benefit of our practical knowledge as the *originators* of the "Direct to You" Home Building Industry. "THE HARRIS WAY" has exclusive merits—special advantages for the shrewd and careful Home Builder, possessed by no other plan or method. It is the best, safest and most sensible way to build your ideal home *right* without sacrifice of quality, *or the waste of a single penny!*

ADVANCE IN PRICES

Our prices are so low they are bound to advance. If you are needing a house either for investment or for a home, write now.

The Material used in building all Harris Homes is Sensibly "Cut-to-Fit" with *absolute accuracy and positive elimination of all waste.* You pay for nothing that you do not get—*only* for what is needed to do the work *right* "THE HARRIS WAY."

$10,000,000

Capital Stock and Surplus—stands back of our guarantee to every Harris Home Buyer—you cannot lose.

Free Book of Plans Write for the latest edition of the famous $10,000 HARRIS HOME PLAN BOOK now ready. Contains 100 modern Harris Home Designs, with descriptions, material, specifications, prices, etc., and explains how we save you $50.00 to $250.00 on plans and material.

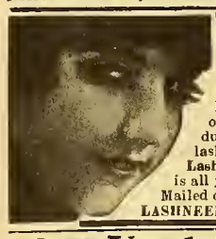
$1143 Buys The Material To Build This Beautiful Home No. 161 — Best Quality Material Throughout — Best Construction — Sensibly Cut-To-Fit.

HARRIS BROTHERS CO., Dept. F M 263 CHICAGO

BIG WONDER PACKAGE

With it can be made, 1 Great North Pole Game (size 18x11); 1 Big Roll Stage Money; 1 Game Authors (48 Cards); 1 Cribbage Board; 1 Checker Board and Men; 1 Pack Pinochle cards (48 cards). 27 other Games, 19 Lessons in Magic, 1 Set of Dominoes, 27 Authograph Verses, 12 Money Making Secrets, Wireless Telegraph Code, 25 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 2 Puzzles, 100 Conundrums, 85 definitions of Flowers. All the above, with large catalog for **10c**

Pike Nov. Co., Box 8, South Norwalk, Conn.



DON'T YOU LIKE

My Eyelashes and Eyebrows?

You can have the same

LASHNEEN, a hair food, applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyebrows and eyelashes. Easy to apply—sure in results. Lashneen is an Oriental formula. One box is all you will need. Not sold at druggists. Mailed on receipt of 25c coin and 2c postage.

LASHNEEN COMPANY, Dept. 25, Philadelphia

Ventriloquist Outfit

Consists of imported "Talk-a-phone" (which fits into the mouth,) Our Ventriloquist **DOLL** -face nearly life size,- with mouth that opens and shuts. Also ART of Ventriloquism. **Throw your VOICE** in a trunk, into the cellar or anywhere. Give a show. Have lots of **fun.** All the above Outfit by mail **10 cts**

ARDEE Novelty Co.
Box 10 STAMFORD CONN.

See
LESLIE'S WEEKLY
for the *Best* War
Pictures *First*

For sale on all news-stands
Ten Cents *Every Week*

$—Old Coins Wanted—$

$4.25 EACH paid for U. S. Flying Eagle Cents dated 1856. $2 to $500 EACH paid for hundreds of Coins dated before 1910. Send TEN cents at once for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book, size 4 x 7. It may mean your fortune. Get posted.

CLARKE COIN CO., Box 26, LE ROY, N. Y.

MAGIC SCHOOL POCKET TRICK **FREE**

Illustrated Catalogue Included.
Send 6 Cents In Stamps

MAGIC CO., Sta 5, 470 8th Avenue.. NEW YORK.

Who's Who and Where

Among the World Famous Brady-Made late releases, Kittie Gordon is to be seen in "Diamonds and Pearls," and Ethel Clayton appears in "Stolen Hours," a romantic story of modern London life.

Sessue Hayakawa's recent release, "Hidden Pearls," in which he appears as Nara-Nara, a Japanese secret service man, deals with German intrigue. The movement of troops from Pacific coast ports, made available for this picture, and the scenes staged in the Hawaiian Islands, will be found of unusual interest as well as beauty.

Metro projects for 1918 include the filming of Myrtle Reed's "Weaver of Dreams," with Viola Dana as star. The Western studios are being rebuilt and enlarged under personal supervision of B. A. Rolfe, and much of the work will hereafter be staged out there. An interesting item in their forecast for the year is that all scenarios will be adaptations of popular stories or stage successes.

George Beban's "Jules of the Strong Heart," released January 14th, is to be followed by a new play, to be called "One More American." The better understanding by the Allies of the good faith and fidelity which are fundamentals in Italian character is one of the good things that we will gain out of this war, and as an interpreter of that people there could be none better than George Beban.

A film version of "Jack Spurlock, Prodigal," is to be released about February 1st. The story, first published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is by George Horace Lorimer. The hero, a lovable rebel against the established order of things, is as exactly suited to the talents and the personality of George Walsh, who plays the title role, as though Mr. Lorimer had had Walsh and the films in mind when he wrote the story.

Marguerite Fisher, film favorite and star for the American Film Company, is hereafter to have her very own scenario writer, in the person of Miss Beatrice Van, formerly a writer of magazine stories, and more recently a player in pictures. "Jackie of the Army" and "Molly Go Get 'Em," Miss Fisher's latest releases, have given box-office demonstration of the fact that Miss Van's scenarios are exactly fitted to Miss Fisher's requirements.

Pathe's motion pictures of the disaster in Halifax, it may be, had more to do with the tremendous success of the membership drive of the Red Cross than its managers at the time realized. They were on the screen almost before reverberations were over, and showed the Red Cross relief was the first on the ground, its train, fully equipped, having fought its way through the storm. This is the sort of thing likely to appeal to the "Missourian" that abides in most of us. No wonder the enrollment of new members brought the total up to more than twenty millions, and that nearly twice as many as had been planned and prayed for have joined the Red Cross.

A late acquisition to the staff of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation is Miss Elizabeth Jordan, who became editorial director for Goldwyn on January 2d. Miss Jordan was formerly editor of *Harper's Bazar* and is the author of many popular stories and is eminently able to act in a much-needed capacity. So far as we know, this is the second instance of such an appointment, Julian Johnson's association with Triangle as editor-in-chief being the first. The latter, according to Triangle's announcement, is to pass upon the finished product of the studios. If all studios will follow this wise lead of Goldwyn and Triangle, it will mark the peaceful passing of the censor. He will be out of a job. Censoring was never much of a job, anyhow.

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

No. 347—FEBRUARY, 1918

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As You Like It

WHEN you arrive at home after a riotous day in the office, and you are so doggone tired that you hover on the ragged edge of a grouch, which the disturbing war news in your evening paper hasn't reduced a particle; and you eat a good dinner—with or without meat—and the mental mists begin to dissolve and life doesn't seem such a woful thing after all; and you draw up your favorite armchair to the reading light and reach out for something to help you forget yourself, and you pick up a copy of JUDGE, and begin to grin and then to chuckle and then to roar, while The Only Woman smiles at you sympathetically from the other side of the table—isn't it a glorious feeling? Can you beat it?

J U D G E

Because it is a bubbling, cheerful, stimulating friend; a friend who rides no hobbies, except happiness; who flourishes no enmities, except a supreme hatred for the Common Foe of Civilization—Militaristic Germany; who parades no fads and promulgates no eccentricities; a breezy, rollicking comrade with a vein of tenderness, a sparkling wit and exhaustless pep—JUDGE is beloved of the nation. With a copy of JUDGE in your hand you can defy all the hordes of boredum and all the demons of ennui.

SAVE your sense of humor as well as the food in your larder. Hooverize your rebellion against the high cost of living by becoming a perfectly good optimist through the influence of JUDGE. Don't be Zeppelined by unfounded fears or submarined by false economy. The war will be won by soldiers who smile, not by those who sing hymns of Hate. Get behind JUDGE'S 42-centimetre gun that punctures the dugouts of doubt and despair. Cut out the frowns, and smile, smile, smile with JUDGE.

JOIN up with the army of good folks who find JUDGE a perennial benefaction. Come into the camp of the wide-awake Americans who are doing their bit radiating happiness in the midst of depressing conditions. Put on the khaki of cheeriness and shoulder the rifle of merriment. Help win the war by shelling the devils of worry from the trenches of discontent. Acquire the get-thee-behind-me-Satan attitude of mind that comes from a reading of JUDGE—the happy medium.

Over the Top with Your Dollar!

Why not wallop the willies out of existence with one saucy little dollar? You can do it if you mail the coupon in the corner of this page and mail it now while the mailing's good.

Toot! Toot! Toot! All aboard for the Land of Laughter! The train is pulling out. Don't get left behind. Jump on and take your seat in the Pullman. Here is your ticket for a three months' trip.

JUDGE
225 Fifth Ave.,
New York City

I accept your offer—three months for $1. It is understood that you send me JUDGE beginning with the current issue—12 numbers in all. I enclose $1 (OR) send me a bill at a later date. (Canadian $1.25—Foreign $1.50.) F.F. 2-18.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Instant Bunion Relief
Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my **Fairyfoot** treatment **Free.** I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send it to you absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity dissappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and **Fairyfoot** will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope.

FOOT REMEDY CO. 3583 W. 26th St. Chicago

IT'S OFF

HAIR ON FACE

BODY OR UNDER ARMS positively removed with root. No electricity, pain nor poisonous drugs. Absolutely harmless. Write for particulars, or call for free demonstration.

MME. BERTHE, Specialist, 12 West 40th Street, New York

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER

"X-RAY" CURIO

PRICE **10 C.** SILVER ONLY—**BIG FUN**

BOYS You apparently see thru Clothes, Wood, Stone, any object. See Bones in Flesh.

MARVEL MFG. CO. Dept. 45, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

You Can Have Beautiful Eyebrows and Lashes

by applying "Lash-Brow-Ine" nightly. It nourishes the eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and luxuriant, adding wonderfully to your beauty, charm and attractiveness. "Lash-Brow-Ine" is guaranteed pure and harmless. Used successfully by thousands. Send 50c and we will mail you "Lash-Brow-Ine" and our beauty booklet prepaid in plain cover. Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Beware of worthless imitations. Maybell Laboratories, 4008-18 Indiana Ave., Chicago

CHALK-TALK

work PAYS well. Let me start you out with a book of tricks, stunts and evolutions, GUARANTEED to be the very best on the market for the money. $1. Particulars, testimonials and a sample evolution free. CLYDE TRUMAN, Room C, 1755 East 55th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Incorporate Your Business In Arizona

Least cost, Greatest advantages. Cost not affected by amount of capital. Transact business and keep books anywhere. Stock made full-paid and non-assessable by using our forms. Laws, blanks and directions free. Special forms prepared without charge.

Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8N, Phoenix, Arizona
Branch Office: Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California

Be an Artist.

Comics, Cartoons, Commercial, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating. Pastel and Crayon Portraits. *Mail* or *Local Classes.* Write for terms and list of successful students.

ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS, 82-B Flatiron Building, New York

WRITE FOR MONEY

Hundreds of inexperienced people make BIG MONEY writing Photoplays, Stories, Etc! So can you! We will accept your ideas in ANY form—correct FREE—sell on commission. Big rewards! Make money. Write us today for full details. Writer's Service, Dept. 28 Auburn, N.Y.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject.

CHESTER MUSIC CO., 1039 Wilson Ave., Suite 168, Chicago

Mary Miles Minter and Her Hands

(Continued from a previous page)

Mary's hand, too. It seems that a famous palmist—one of the international variety who reads presidential hands and all that sort of things—saw the cast one day and predicted a wonderful future for the owner. Mary was only a baby then, and her mother smiled at the prediction that one day the girl that owned that hand would be known in every country of the world as one of its most popular and famous actresses.

But—you see?

Well, anyway, Mrs. Shelby, Mary's mother, has endeavored to obtain that baby hand cast from Mr. Wall. But he will not part with it at any price, and it still occupies a place of honor in his New York studio.

"Now about my hands," went on Miss Minter, looking at them critically. "I really ought to take better care of them, oughtn't I? You know, mother feels dreadfully because I take no pride in my hands. Every Monday morning, regular as clockwork, they haul me down to Goff's, and they try to fix my hands to look nice. But within an hour afterward I have them all 'gormy' with gardening or mending ropes or climbing trees or poking around in the studio. But they won't give me any nice, ladylike parts to do, so how can I help it?"

"Mary's as fussy as can be about her hair and her baths," broke in her mother, "but, some way, we cannot get her to take pride in her hands. She'd much prefer to be pottering around at work that makes them chapped and rough than to wear gloves and take care of them."

"Well, but hands were made to work with," she protested, "not just for ornaments. And there's so much to do all the time."

So that's the secret of those sturdy, active little Minter hands, that would much prefer to be doing something for somebody than to be idle and smooth and white. Strong little hands, as you can see, with well-balanced lines, which denote a generous, impulsive nature, an ability to handle hard jobs, and no tendency to shrink from a task merely because it is disagreeable. There is a good thumb, you will note, indicating executive ability and power of leadership and plenty if wisely directed will energy.

They may not be white or slender or any of the things you read about, but they are the type of hands that will always make the world a heap better just because they have helped do the things that lay before them.

Who's Who, in Rhyme

By HOWARD DIETZ CLEMENT WOOD

CHARLES CHAPLIN

He skips along and trips along and slips and double-dips along—
C. Chaplin is the subject of our song,
The dapper acrobatical, the silly cinematical,
The voicelessly dramatical—the jester for the throng.
He slaps about and flaps about and kicks his fellow-chaps about—
C. Chaplin is the tumbler that we tout—
A tumbler more spectacular than preachers tabernacular,
And though we're not oracular, he's worth a lyric shout.
He wheels again and reels again and wriggles with his heels again—
C. Chaplin pulls the pæans from our pen;
He trips the light fantastical and wakes enthusiastical
Applause for his gymnastical ability. Amen!

A Record for Ancestors

(Continued from a previous page)

fire can be had for $175. Most of the cameras carry 500 feet of film. The workroom can be equipped with all necessaries for about $200, even including an appropriate cabinet for filing the negatives.

Just think what such a record as may be made in these days for small outlay would mean if available to the descendants of folks who came across in the *Mayflower* or to the Daughters of the Revolution! We have always inclined to the belief that too much consideration has usually been given to *having* ancestors, and not enough to qualifying ourselves to serve worthily *as* ancestors, when our time comes.

Here's the best possible chance to prove such an experiment worth while. Get busy, if you have the price, the energy and the ambition.

Or, if you prefer, just buy the cabinet and employ professionals to make the motion pictures as occasions present themselves. But see to it that the record is well kept.

Buy a $4.13 War Savings Stamp

The Government Buys it Back from You January 1st, 1923, for

$5.00

Buy it outright for Cash. Or buy it on the Installment Plan: 25c down and 25c as often as you can spare it

HOW TO BUY IT ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN

Go to any bank or post office.

When you get inside, look for the stamp window where they are selling War Savings Stamps.

Pay 25c, and the man at the window will give you a U. S. Government Thrift Stamp and a Thrift Card.

Paste your Thrift Stamp on your Thrift Card.

When you feel like saving another 25c, buy another Thrift Stamp and paste it on the same card.

When you have pasted sixteen of these Thrift Stamps on your Thrift Card, take this card to any bank or post office and give it to the man at the Savings Stamp window.

Also give him 13c.

The man will give you a W. S. S.—a U. S. War Savings Stamp.

He will also give you a U. S. War Savings Certificate.

A War Savings Certificate is a pocket-size folder on which you can paste 20 War Savings Stamps.

Paste your War Savings Stamp in your War Savings Certificate.

Take good care of it, as it is worth $4.13.

On January 1st, 1923, the U. S. Government buys this War Savings Certificate from you, paying you $5 for every stamp pasted on it.

Thus your War Savings Certificate has made you a profit of 87c on each stamp pasted on it.

This profit is 4% interest compounded quarterly.

It is a good profit and it is guaranteed to you by the U. S. Government—*the safest guarantee in the world.*

Every man, woman and child, in this hour of our country's need, should save money and buy as many War Savings Stamps as he can afford.

You can buy your second War Savings Stamp on the installment plan just as you bought your first one.

Paste your second War Savings Stamp into your War Savings Certificate.

Continue to buy War Savings Stamps in this way until you have pasted twenty of them in your War Savings Certificate.

Then you will have a complete War Savings Certificate.

On January 1st, 1923, the U. S. Government will pay you $100 for this complete War Savings Certificate.

Thus you have made *a profit of $17.40* on your War Savings Certificate.

This profit is 4% interest compounded quarterly.

It is a good profit and is *guaranteed* to you by the U. S. Government—the strongest guarantee in the world.

HOW TO BUY IT FOR CASH

If you do not wish to buy War Savings Stamps on the Installment plan as explained above, you simply pay $4.13 at the War Savings Stamp window of any bank or post office.

War Savings Stamps cost $4.13 during the month of February.

After February they go up one cent more each month.

So you see, the sooner you buy your stamps, the more money you earn on them.

If you should need your money at any time, take your War Savings Certificate to any post office.

The post office will give you back your money plus accrued interest at the rate of about 3%.

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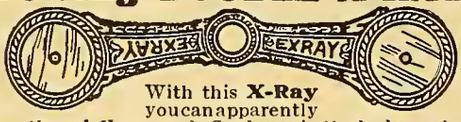

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This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

A. F. B., Eagle Point, Ore.—Mary Thurman's address is care Keystone Film Co., 1712 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

L. J., Chicago, Ill.—You can apply for work at any motion picture studio. There are many in Chicago. You are very young to begin, and my advice would be, stick to your studies and perfect yourself in singing and dancing. This will help you to a better chance.

E. L., Auburn, Mass.—A letter addressed to Pauline Frederick, in care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, will doubtless reach her in due time. Her January release is "Mrs. Dane's Defense." In addition to her appearances on the screen, she has resumed her stage work. We do not know Evelyn Nesbit's address.

Anonymous, Portland, Ore. — How could you serve us so? Whether we agree with you or not—and we do and we do not—it is the sort of a letter we like; it stimulates. And we have another letter of the same sort, on the subject of censors, from Washington, D. C., which, like your own, is signed "A Friend." We would like to reply at length to both, but it is a rule in journalism, never departed from, not to reply to an anonymous communication. Come again, won't you please?

The Twins, Elizabeth City, N. C.—Getting into the pictures is a very difficult undertaking, and many of those who have worked hard and long, and finally have gotten in, wish they were out. Inasmuch as you ask my advice, it is "don't," unless you want to work very hard for a long time at small wages. Olive Thomas is now in California. She was married to Jack Pickford a short time ago. Ralph Kellard will probably receive mail addressed in care of Pathe studios at Jersey City. Shirley Mason's home address is 350 Mosholu Parkway, New York City.

K. Yasuda, Tokyo, Japan.—You will find the addresses you ask for in the "Studio Directory," on the last page of FILM FUN each month. The Motion Picture News Publishing Company is one of the very best of the motion picture trade journals. It is not connected with any other concern. H. M. and E. D. Horkheimer are president and vice-president of the Balboa Amusement Company at Long Beach, Cal. When pictures are advertised as you have noted, it usually means that a picture produced by the one company is being released to exhibitors by the other company.

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies, we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; at times both may be at one address.

American Film Mfg. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill. Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).
Artcraft Pictures Corporation (Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, et al.), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Hollywood, Cal. (s).
Balboa Amusement Producing Co., Long Beach, Cal. (s).
Brenon, Herbert, Prod., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Hudson Heights, N. J. (s)
Christie Film Corp., Main and Washington Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.
Cosmofotofilm Co., Candler Building, New York City.
Clara Kimball Young Company, Aeolian Hall, New York City.
Edison, Thomas, Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).
Educational Films Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Empire All Star Corporation, 220 S. State St., Chicago, Ill. Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L.I. (s).
Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill. (s).
Famous Players - Lasky Film Company, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 128 W. 56th Street, New York City. (s).
Fox Film Corporation, 130 West 46th St., New York City. 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s). Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
Gaumont Company, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. Flushing, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).
Goldwyn Film Corp., 16 E. 42d St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
General Film Company, 440 Fourth Ave., New York City.
Horsley Studio, Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.
Kalem Company, 325 West 23d St., New York City. 251 W. 19th St., New York City. (s). 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s). Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s). Glendale, Cal. (s).
Keystone Film Co., 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Kleine, George, 166 N. State St., Chicago.
Metro Pictures Corp., 1476 Broadway, New York City. Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 West 61st St., New York City. (s). Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s). Quality Pictures Corp., Metro Office. Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).
Morosco Photoplay Company, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City. 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Moss, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Mayfair Pictures Corp., 10 Wall St., New York City. 515 W. 54th Street, New York City. (s).
Mutual Film Corp., Consumers Building, Chicago.
Paramount Pictures Corporation, 71 W. 23d St., New York City. 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Peralta Plays, Inc., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Pathe Exchange, 25 West 45th St., New York City. Jersey City, N. J. (s).
Petrova Pictures, 25 W. 44th St., New York City. 807 W. 176th St., New York City. (s).
Powell, Frank, Production Co., Times Building, New York City.
Rothacker Film Mfg. Co., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).
Selig Polyscope Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago, Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago. (s). 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Select Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 807 East 176th Street, New York City. (s).
Signal Film Corp., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Talmadge, Norma, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 318 East 48th Street, New York City. (s).
Thanhouser Film Corp., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).
Triangle Company, 1457 Broadway, New York City. Culver City, Cal. (s).
Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City Universal City, Cal. (s). Coyetsville, N. J. (s).
Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City. E. 15th Street and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (s). Hollywood, Cal. (s)
Vogue Comedy Co Gower St. and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.
World Film Corp., 130 West 46th St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

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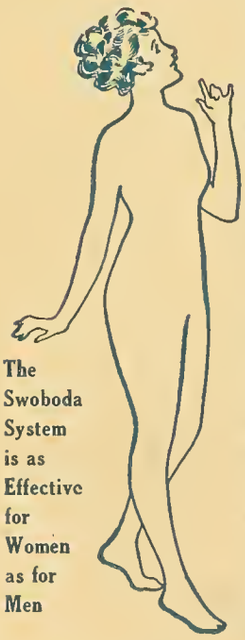

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NORMA TALMADGE

VIRTUE IN THE BALLET

Of all the witches and semi-witches of that eternal Walpurgis Night that represents the world, the ladies of the ballet have at all times and in all places been regarded as least like saints.

Whenever a new, youthful dancer appeared at the Paris Opera House the *habitués* vied with each other in showering her with attentions and in overwhelming her with a veritable broadside of Cupid's artillery.

For how could these young and pretty girls with every right to life, love and pleasure, and subsisting on a very small salary, resist the seduction of the smell of flowers and of the glitter of jewels?

She had the voluptuous form of a Greek Helen and she took the old guard of the Opera House by storm. The very next morning a perfect shower of *billets-doux*, jewels, and bouquets fell into the poor dancer's modest apartment.

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MAR 16 1918
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June Caprice, in "The Heart of Romance," is trying to involve her canine guardian in mischief.

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Best Interests of All Motion Picture Art and Artists

MARCH — APRIL - 1918

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ART PORTRAITS:

Mme. Petrova, Catherine Calvert, May Allison and Norma Talmadge; character poses of Clara Kimball Young, Fannie Ward, Charlie Chaplin and Harry Lauder, Corinne Grant and Hillarie Stevens.

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PETROVA PICTURES MARCEAU PHOTO

Madam Olga Petrova seems to be dreaming thus: "Will some of my pictures endure like the old tapestries? Perhaps, if one is content to work as the master weavers did, in the long ago."

GENERAL FILM

"I hate to follow his trail when I don't know which way he went," muses Henry King, in "The Main Spring." The play was filmed in the Mojave Desert.

E D I T O R I A L

Virginia Takes the Lead

A BILL has been introduced in the Virginia General Assembly, by Representative J. P. Jones, "to purify and elevate the standards of the photoplay." This should be a hint to producers, many of whom curtailed or suspended production when the false alarm began to sound. There is no occasion for panic. Motion pictures are a permanent institution; they are a part of life. But they are badly in need of improvement. By securing the co-operation of able writers, it would be possible to get real plays, the kind which truly present the interesting aspects of the actual life of the fine, clean, fit, progressive American people. Such plays would be worthy of the exquisite craftsmanship to which the mechanical side of the pictures has attained. But this co-operation must be skillfully wooed before it can be won, because writers throughout the land are loud in denunciation of prevailing conditions. A thorough reconstruction and the application of recognized business principles is what will be the salvation at this time of those producers who heed the handwriting on the wall.

The Box-office Rebuke

WITH two or three motion picture theaters within easy walking distance from his home, any fan is foolish who fails to see the sort of plays he likes and to get his money's worth at every performance he attends. No director can make consistently a play perfect in all respects, but open booking, which now prevails, amounts on the part of producers to an offer to bear the burden of their own mistakes, and this makes it easy for the picture-lover to lodge the most effective protest against poor plays—a rebuke that will be heeded and acted upon. Any sort of play that doesn't make a good box-office showing will be discontinued. So cultivate the habit of going to those theaters that give the plays you like.

Royalties for Authors

IT WOULD seem the fair thing for writers of scenarios to share profits in a way similar to that which prevails between publishers and writers of books. Such an agreement would insure to all concerned a proper share of earnings, and if generally understood it would discourage poor productions and promote the greatest good to the greatest number.

A Side-line

THERE is a new diversion in the motion picture world. It is called sueitis. It is highly amusing and lucrative—for the one that wins. George Arliss sued the Herbert Brenon Corporation, because he claimed they failed to keep their contract with him. The amount involved was a little matter of $22,500, which was to cover the actor's services in a production of "Faust." Arliss won. Then Theda Bara, of vampire fame, brought suit against Major M. L. C. Funkhouser, movie censor, for $100,000 damages, alleging libel and slander. Funkhouser dared to criticise her attire in various pictures. Now Billie Burke has begun suit to collect $34,000, which she claims as her due on a contract to play the leading part in "The Rescuing Angel." She contends that twenty-three weeks' salary is still owing her. Also, if she wins the money, she will turn it over to the Red Cross! It is a pleasant pastime, to say nothing of the free publicity it gives one. Also it suggests that all the drama and comedy of the screen sphere are not filmed.

FRANK A. KEENEY PICTURES LUMIERE PHOTO

Catherine Calvert is star in "A Romance of the Underworld" the first release of this new corporation.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

ANNETTE KELLERMANN dove into fame, and Ann Pennington got there with both feet.

No wonder the West is wild—when you consider what "Fatty" Arbuckle does to it in his "Out West"!

Vivian Martin's new play is called "A Petticoat Pilot." That kind of a pilot has piled many a man on the rocks.

Says Bill Carney, the auburn-haired property man at the Fox studio: "Aw, When a Man Sees Red, he puts him to work!"

Clara Kimball Young will appear in Marcin's "House of Glass." There will be none of the famed clarakyoung disrobing scenes in this play—for obvious reasons!

A certain film company advised writers not to roll their scenarios, but to send them in flat. Guess they got what they asked for, because their recent pictures were decidedly so.

Bessie Barriscale never allows her husband, Howard Hickman, around her dressing-room at the studio. Not since she caught Howard touching up his white shoes with her best powder puff.

Shirley Mason exercises to keep thin. Victor Potel exercises to get fat. Victor Moore exercises to get thin. Roscoe Arbuckle exercises to keep fat. Funny ol' place, this film world, isn't it?

Burglars are barred from the films in Ohio by the State Board of Censors. They are still allowed, however, to burgle your flat while you are at the theater. What Ohio needs is more coppers and less knockers.

Helen Holmes's adopted baby insists upon having a miniature train to play with, instead of the usual infantile toys. Ah, well, sometimes we inherit a trait and sometimes we just absorb it from our surroundings!

That big grin on the face of Nature, better known as the Grand Canyon, is said to be slowly closing up. Fairbanks recently made a picture there, and the G. C., after seeing Doug's smile, probably gave up in despair.

Marshall Neilan was rejected by army examiners on account of poor eyesight. The children who played as "extras" in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" declare NOTHING escapes Marshall's eagle eyes. And there you are!

Vitagraph has enrolled Mlle. Hedda Nova, a famous Russian actress. Although the lady's name sounds like a breakfast food, we are—and she should be—comforted with the thought that it might have been far worse. Suppose her last name had been Cabbage!

Maurice Tourneau, who is producing Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird," says the nude figures in the play will be viewed with reverence. Uh, huh! Wait until those Chicago censors get a look at 'em! Why, say, out there they even made 'em take the bear out of the Lincoln Park Zoo!

PARAMOUNT HARTSOOK PHOTO

Three stars that shine as one. Geraldine Farrar in her boudoir.

Why I Became a Screen Star

The Truth About the Much Discussed Advent of a World Famous Singer Into the Movies

By GERALDINE FARRAR

I HAD been an opera singer for over ten years when they asked me to go into the movies. I made my debut in opera at the age of nineteen at the Royal Opera in Berlin. A year later I sang for the Kaiser (would it had been a permanent lullaby!) and five years later I returned to America to sing at the Occidental shrine of music, the Metropolitan Opera House.

In those years the public had been extremely good to me. I used to see my name in the press reviews and wonder if it was really I about whom such splendid things were said. People sent me letters from all over the country, and I began to think I was an extremely popular institution.

And then I went into the movies, and my eyes were opened to what popularity really is. It is stupendous, this movie game! I never cease to wonder at its immense ramifications, at the enormous possibilities for reaching every class of people. The newspaper is a pygmy compared to it. It is the greatest publicity force in the universe.

It wasn't long after I had finished "Carmen" for the pictures that I began to realize that, compared to my present public position, I had been, hitherto, a comparative unknown. Where I got five letters a day from an appreciative public before, I now received a hundred. Where I had received a score or more press notices on operas in which I sang, I now received them by the thousands. And where I had received a healthy salary for singing, I now received—but that cannot be very interesting to you.

In the course of my career in opera, many things were said about me that were not true. In the course of my career in the motion pictures, I had been made to say—in interviews—many things I had never said at all. So, whatever else I say in this article, I am, at least, stating the truth.

You hear people say acting for the screen is not really acting, that there can be no art in it. A great many legitimate players have approached the work in this way, and with the big money that is being paid in view, have thought only of this, have belittled the work, and have most likely failed. But I think screen acting has a technique of its own as real and as distinctive as that of the stage. It has not been fully developed yet, and as players become

more expert in the new technique, pictures will become finer, more significant.

We have only scratched the surface, and before we are through I believe we will have a screen language that will be just as understandable as the language of the spoken drama. You know on the stage, in the most dramatic scenes, the dialogue is reduced to a minimum. Lines are merely a commentary by the players on the situation.

Even now there are expressions and movements universally recognized by audiences as denoting certain elementary emotions, and as players become more skilled the screen language will become more complex and expressive, and as it does, players will cease mouthing—a ridiculous practice, it seems to me. Melodrama abounding in rapid action has been the material of the movies, but with the development of the new language I believe it is now possible to present emotional and psychological dramas in which there is little action, with only a minimum use of sub-titles.

With men like Cecil De Mille, of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, who thinks deeper and works harder than most other directors and is therefore a genius, developing the technical end, new effects will be obtained, which will put the screen art in the top rank with the other fine arts. Mr. De Mille has surrounded himself with a clever corps of men who are doing some wonderful things. One of them is working on color photography; then I have seen in his laboratory some wonderful tintings—silver in water, sunrise and sunset colors and other effects I am probably not supposed to tell about.

People ask me: "What about the absence of an audience to act before? Isn't it hard to work up enthusiasm with no one to applaud?"

There usually is a crowd about when pictures are taken, and these people are your audience. Then the actress's vanity comes in for its share when she sits out front and sees herself act and at the same time watches the audience enjoy it—if they do. The picture game is better than the legitimate in this—it's a business and not a gamble for the actor. You work every day, and if a picture is good it goes, and if it is bad it's thrown away. And you don't have to wait for the opening, read the papers, count the house from night to night, and when the play fails wonder what you will do next.

My parents were both of musical tastes, although neither made professional use of their talents. From early childhood my voice gave promise, and I sang at many local entertainments. When I was twelve years old my father decided to give me a musical education, although he did not look with favor upon professional stage life for women. But though he had no professional ambitions for his daughter, he did not feel that he was justified in preventing her from the career that destiny seemed to have selected for her.

After some study in Boston I went to New York, working under Emma Thursby; later, I continued her work in Washington, D. C. It was in Washington that I first came into public notice. At about the time of Dewey's victory at Manila Bay I was presented to President and Mrs. McKinley, for whom I sang at the White House.

I was finally permitted to try my voice before Melba and Mr. Ellis, of the Walter Damrosch Opera Company. Melba was most enthusiastic in her praise, and Mr. Ellis offered $20,000 for four years of work, during which time I would have the opportunity to study with Melba. But my father insisted upon a refusal of the offer, and also of a proposition of $8,000 a year from Grau.

I then went to Europe, and there, in addition to further developing my voice and musical knowledge, began to acquire foreign languages. Ultimately I made my *debut* at the Royal Opera in Berlin. I was at once put on a three years' contract and had the distinction of being the youngest singer ever intrusted with the role of *Marguerite* in "Faust" and was the only artist who ever succeeded in singing Italian operas in the Italian language at the Berlin Opera.

In rapid succession I appeared in other leading European musical centers, including Paris, Monte Carlo, Munich, Warsaw and Stockholm. In the latter city I was decorated by the late King Oscar. When I finally returned to the United States to sing in the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, it was after seven years of European operatic work.

And then I went into the movies under Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil De Mille and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. My association there has been one of the pleasantest things in my life. No one can appreciate so well as the person who joins forces with the Famous Players Company what high ideals are theirs and to what extravagant lengths they are willing to go to attain those ideals.

Of my picture roles I believe I like *Joan*, in "Joan the Woman," the best. I had lots of fun in the Aztec story of "The Woman God Forgot," for it appeals to any woman's sense of the decorative, and, in addition, it gave splendid opportunities for acting. If I were to tell you of the magnitude of that work done in the studios and in the Yosemite, it would be a whole story in itself.

As for "Carmen," which caused more comment in the films than all the grand opera *Carmens* put together, I have my own ideas about that girl.

Carmen is simply the natural woman. She is neither moral nor unmoral. She loves *Don Jose*, the dragoon—for a while. Then she tires of him and turns to the more exciting, the less certain toreador, as naturally as a little girl turns from the cake she has sampled and does not care for particularly to the unbitten cake still in the paper bag. There is no deliberate guile in my *Carmen*, no practiced coquetry. There is no sentiment, only passion; no immorality, only natural woman.

My *Carmen* sees a man who attracts her. She takes him ruthlessly. When she tires of him, she leaves him just as ruthlessly. She sees a piece of cake, she wants it, and she takes it. If the cake palls when it is only half eaten, she sees no reason why she should go on pretending to like it. She has had enough.

CAMPBELL PHOTO

The Comments and Criticisms *of a* Free-Lance

by

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

(Editor's Note: The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are striving for its downfall or its advancement.)

At Last a Super-picture

"MY OWN UNITED STATES," Anthony Paul Kelly's masterful motion picture, proves one thing. It proves that history portrayed on the screen can be as instructive and as interesting as when told in book form by the most learned and interesting of writers. Mr. Kelly, who compiled the delightful scenario of this picture, should turn out more historical subjects, for the long-suffering motion picture public is parched with thirst for such worth-while material as forms the subject matter of "My Own United States." Incidentally, it was a joy to hear the applause when the author's name was flashed on the screen. It has taken many years for the neglected author to arrive at the place where applause is given him.

The subject matter of "My Own United States" comprises principally the life and time of Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr and Lieutenant Phillip Nolan, and so brings in that most patriotic and pathetic story of Edward Everett Hale, "The Man Without a Country." The screen narrative opens with a young college chap, a pert, impudent, cigarette-smoking youngster of the present day, who thinks life is too sweet for him to go to war, whereupon his elderly grandparent tells him the story of the lives of Hamilton, Burr and the heart-breaking career of Phillip Nolan. When the story is finished, the smart youth is a changed boy, has found his manhood; he wants to enlist right off. The worst slacker could not help but be reborn and want to fight for his country should he be told the same story.

Aside from the most generous praise which the picture deserves for its artistry, truthfulness to history, splendid characterizations and intelligent acting, it is the best possible propaganda for our young men; it cannot fail but instill patriotism in the breast of the most indifferent wherever it is shown. This photoplay is by far the finest work which John W. Noble has ever done. It is commendable in the producers that the exact historic locations where the main incidents of the story took place were shown, as, for instance, the spot in Weehawken where the duel between Hamilton and Burr was fought, and the use of the old frigate *Constitution*, one of the prize objects of interest of old Boston town. Arnold Daly gives a perfect performance of both young and old *Phillip Nolan*. Many eyes grew misty during the touching scenes showing *Nolan* as an old man. As he lies in bed, enfeebled with age, and hears news of his country, the U. S. A., for the first time in fifty years, one's throat ached; it was mighty hard to keep back the tears. *Nolan's* punishment for having said, "Damn the United States! I hope I never hear of the United States again!" was that he was put on a vessel and never allowed to hear news of his native land. On his death bed he was told all that had happened to the United States in those years; knowledge of the Civil War was mercifully spared him. It was a splendid bit of motion picture acting, but the public has come to expect such from Arnold Daly. He is not a pretty boy, and he has brains, thank God!

The women in the cast were of minor interest, but Anna Lehr, as *Agnes Churchill*, might have made something out of a sweet and sympathetic part. She didn't seem to take enough interest in her work to costume herself properly or even have the wrinkles pressed out of her clothes. Duncan McRae, as *Alexander Hamilton*, and Charles E. Graham, as *Aaron Burr*, gave splendid performances, with artistic make-ups; they were perfect types of the characters they represented. Sydney Bracy, of "Million Dollar Mystery" fame, contributed some excellent work as *Captain Rene Gautier*, besides showing himself an artist at make-up.

Those whose movie taste does not run to bloodless vamps and barefooted baby dolls will enjoy "My Own United States." It is a fine, clean, dignified picture, full of stirring episodes, interesting bits of history and human pathos. The prelude should be shortened and no doubt will be. One is apt to get a bit tired before the real story begins, and it is too fine a story to allow that to happen.

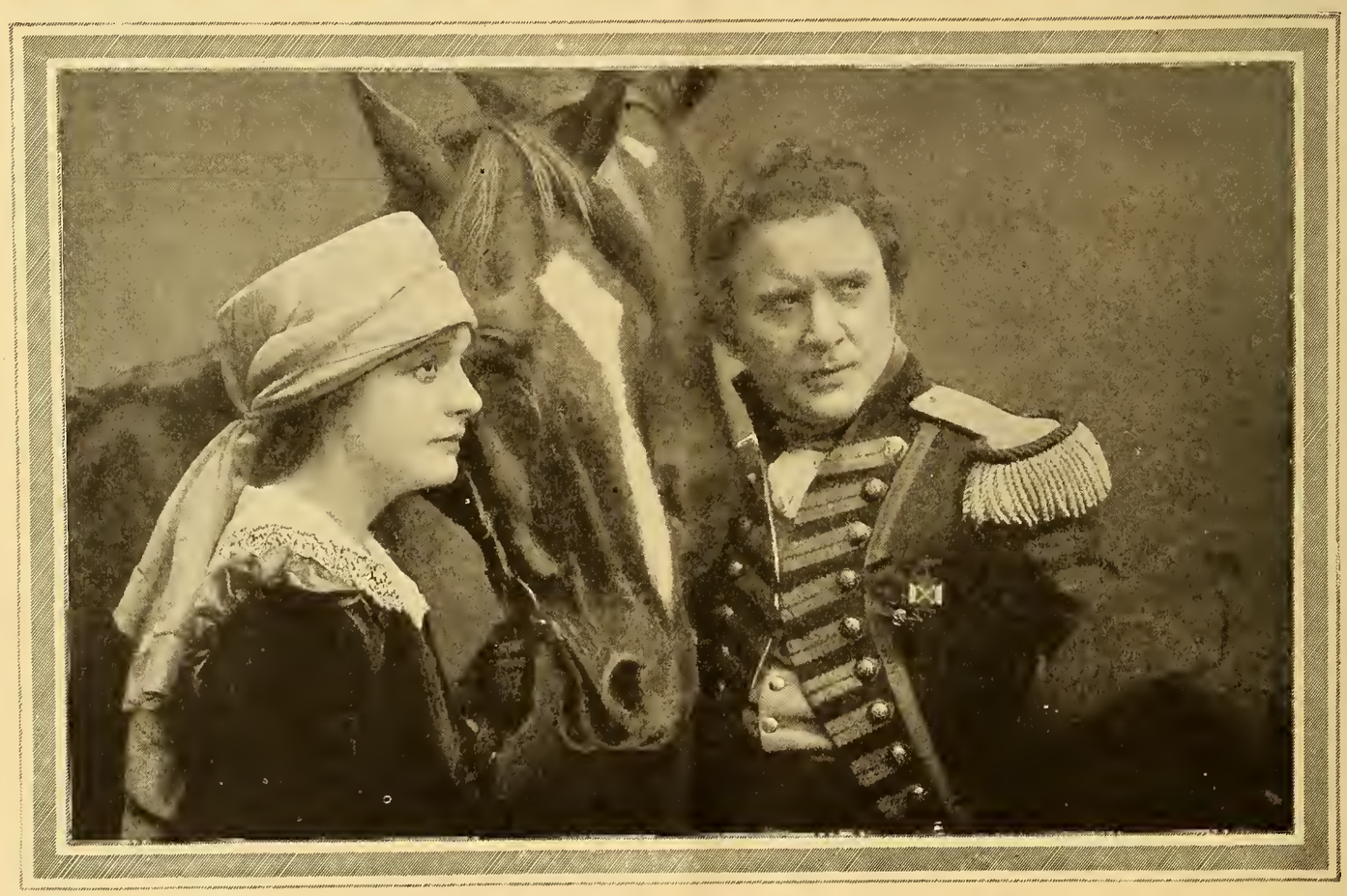
Mary Garden Fails To Score

I had always considered Louis Reeves Harrison one of the few fair-minded writers on the movies. If I read nothing else in the *Motion Picture World*, I always read his page; but I fail to grasp his review of "Thais." He says: "'Thais,' as an opera, scored a triumph for Mary Garden, and 'Thais,' as a visualization, preserves that triumph, in

that it vividly portrays her strong personality." "Personality," Mary Garden certainly has, always did have, for she can push even war news off the front page of the newspapers, which is some trick these days. A few years ago, when Alan Dale was busy with stories about "Our Mary" (Miss Garden was called "Our Mary" before little Miss Pickford became so known), there was great fear that all the dramatic actresses were being shoved into the background by one who did not represent drama, but opera. This was much resented by lovers of the drama. But Mary Garden was entitled to every word of praise, to every glowing tribute of her dramatic ability. The writer last saw her in "Louise," and her acting in the final act of that opera would alone establish her as one of the greatest of actresses. What strange metamorphosis happened to Mary Garden when she appeared before a motion picture camera? How had all her tremendous acting ability, her keen dramatic feeling so completely disappeared? Where had it gone? Did she feel too cramped to act in the small space accorded one on a motion picture stage? Or did the camera bring her no inspiration such as the crowded Metropolitan Opera House offers?

Mary Garden's movie performance of *Thais* was absolutely bloodless and wooden. Was there a fear on her part or that of her director that she might not photograph well? Was it this that made her movements so consciously studied? Was she or her director so concerned about getting the perfect proportions of her perfect figure that she was made to appear quite unsteady on her feet? Why, in a screen portrayal of a character, should all the abandon that the character has in the original story be eliminated, when the actress portraying the character is known to possess all the abandon needed for the portrayal and much to spare?

"Thais" pictorially is most artistic. As an example of decorative art in the matter of "sets," assisted by the best in photography, the picture is flawless. But that is the only virtue the picture has. At a feast in Alexandria, *Paphnutius* points out to *Thais* in a series of "close-ups" the sins of her worldly life. *Paphnutius*, who was *Thais's* former lover, after an absence of three years, comes back to Alexandria as a monk, feeling himself sent by God to save the soul of *Thais*. These close-ups, picturing groups of persons at the feast in brief scenes denoting selfishness, avarice, passion, jealousy and lust, are strong food for babes and show great generosity on the part of the censor. *Thais* is finally convinced, as the most hardened sinner could hardly fail to be by this expose of materialism, and consents to go with *Paphnutius* and enter a nunnery. There are scenes showing their long and weary travel on foot over waste stretches and desert sands to the place where *Thais* is to find soul happiness. In a flimsy chiffon robe, through which the cold winds blow cruelly, chilling her bare limbs, the fair *Thais*, accompanied by the monk, journeys forth. Perhaps courtesans in those far-off countries and ancient times, when they experienced a change of soul, did thus costume themselves when on their way to become nuns. I do not know whether history could throw much light on



WILLIAM L. SHERRILL

Anna Lehr, as "Agnes Churchill," and Arnold Daly, as "Phillip Nolan," in "My Own United States."

Four scenes from "Thais," Mary Garden in title role.

this detail. But it did appear a bit funny to see a practically nude woman, with her fair hair a-blowing, and her transparent draperies also a-blowing, *a la* Isadora Duncan's barefoot dancers, accompanied only by a soberly garbed monk, wending her world-weary footsteps to a haven of spiritual rest.

"His Mother's Boy"

Charles Ray, one of the most pleasing of the younger movie actors, contributes good work to a rather long-drawnout motion picture called "His Mother's Boy." The scenario is from the story of the same name by Rupert Hughes. Either the material therein was not sufficient for a five-reel picture, or the scenario writer fell down on her job, or the director went wrong, for the picture is slow, draggy and padded. There are too many annoying flash-backs to the same scenes to get the necessary footage. There may be speculative oil developments in Texas that are run as the one in this picture is shown, but I doubt it. It seemed more like the stories that are told of the lawless wild life in California when gold was first discovered. Of course, each man then was digging gold for himself, and if he wanted to get drunk or kill somebody or kill himself, that was his own business. I hardly think that even the most poorly organized oil concern would have a bunch of outlaws in charge of its affairs such as are shown in "His Mother's Boy." Doris Lee, in support of Charles Ray, is youthful and sweet, but she portrayed too conscious a flirt. She would have been much more appealing had she been simple and unaffected. Why, with a pretty, childlike face, does she wear her hair in a tousled mess on the top of her

GOLDWYN

"Paphnutius" the monk, leading "Thais" the courtesan into the desert for atonement.

PARAMOUNT

George Beban, in "Jules of the Strong Heart" wins earnest Celestial support for his foundling.

head? It reminded one of the snakes of Medusa. Lydia Knott delineates a mother with sympathy and sincerity. The picture is mostly interesting because of the clean-cut acting of Charles Ray. His personality is delightful.

Beban Never Disappoints

"Jules of the Strong Heart," a Lasky production, brings once more to the screen, in a story of the Canadian woods, that sterling actor, George Beban. Beban never disappoints his audience, for no matter whether his story be weak or strong, the charm of his personality, his clever characterizations and his genuine ability make up for any defect the story may have. Most of Beban's work in "Jules of the Strong Heart" is with a joyful baby, and the pretty scenes between the rough *Jules* and the youngster brought many a chuckle from the audience. The human note was always there. The picture is laid in a wooded country of great beauty, and the logging scenes, where the giant trees were felled and sent down a chute to the water, were of much interest. The picture was well directed and the photography was of fine quality. It was cheering to see Beban in a story with a happy ending. It would have been too cruel, after he gives the baby back to its father, had he not been rewarded in the end by winning the girl he loved. He deserved her.

PARAMOUNT

Charles Ray, as "Matthew Denton," and Doris Lee, as "Mabel Glenny," follow the old trail.

Animal Stars in the Movies

The Paramount-Mack Sennett comedies, to judge by two recent releases, are all that might be expected from this strong combination. These two particularly clever pictures are "The Kitchen Lady," with Louise Fazenda, and "Taming Target Center," with Polly Moran. In the former the real star of the picture was a clever comedy cat, and the cat's support principally a comedy fish. A clever young grizzly bear completed the list of star animal actors that put the humans quite in the shade. There was one scene that brought something new to filmdom. The cat, sitting alongside a topless glass tank in which live fish were swimming about, carelessly lets his tail touch the water, whereupon the fish seizes the cat's tail in its mouth. The cat unsuc-

PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

(Top Panel) Polly Moran is congratulated by the genial Parson, her helper in "Taming Target Center." Assheriff she jails rioters.

(At right, oval) Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle, having a perfectly ducky time, in "A Country Hero," his first California play.

PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

(Silhouettes, left and right) Louise Fazenda makes able comedy support of a nimble cat and a high-brow fish.

PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

This bit of rustic camouflage is from the comedy, "His Hidden Purpose," and is one of the Sennett Beauty Brigade wishing somebody would get her goat.

cessfully tries to shake off the fish, then jumps to the floor, the fish still holding on as they rush from room to room. The close-ups of the cat's expression brought gales of laughter from the audience, as did his comedy walk with pieces of mucilaged paper sticking to his four feet. Louise Fazenda did brave work with the young bear on her back, the animal hugging her almost to death. She is a mighty clever comedian, but the cast of animal actors nearly beat her to it. Douglas Fairbanks now has a rival—a woman. She does all the daring stunts

METRO APEDA PHOTO

May Allison in all-season attire—a Jack Frost suit and a springtime smile.

that he does. Now, if she only had his smile and would tone down the vulgar touches, a new comedy star would twinkle in the movie heavens—a star of first magnitude. In "Taming Target Center" Polly Moran does exception ally clever work and pulls off some reckless tricks.

"The Last Leaf"

It is quite refreshing to see a good story, well directed and well acted and without a much advertised star, as happens in O. Henry's story, "The Last Leaf," a Broadway Star Feature. The movie version of this pathetic story of O. Henry's preserves quite faithfully the sensitiveness and delicacy of the author's narrative. The direction was in the capable hands of Ashly Miller. The cast (*Behrman*, Bernard Siegel; *Sue*, Mildred Manning; *Johanna*, Patsy de Forest) brought the O. Henry flavor to their individual interpretations. Patsy de Forest, as *Johanna*, was particularly appealing. She played with much feeling. Mildred Manning was a bit too conscious, rather camera-wise. Bernard Siegel, as *Behrman*, deserves commendation for good work.

Couldn't Get a Drink

An amusing incident is told as having taken place during the filming of former Ambassador James W. Gerard's book, "My Four Years in Germany." Some exterior scenes were being photographed over in Jersey. The day was a cold one, and the actors in their costumes were thoroughly chilled at the end of their work. It seems that three of them, representing the Kaiser, Hindenburg and Von Tirpitz in full war regalia, entered a small cafe and asked for a drink. The barkeep, a true son of Ireland, refused them. The actors insisted on their drink, but the only words the barkeep uttered were: "I have me orders from the government to serve no one in uniform, and ye'll git no drink here." Entreaties, expostulations were all in vain, and the cold, tired actors had to retire to their frigid dressing-room, remove make-up, and dress without any inner warmth to sustain them. Why should any actor interpreting the Kaiser, Hindenburg or Von Tirpitz expect a barkeep to serve him with a drink, even when engaged in the worthy occupation of interpreting for the screen the splendid story of our esteemed James W. Gerard?

The Age of Reason

Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you, Jimmy?" the teacher demanded.

"No, ma'am," answered Jimmy. "But I wondered why he didn't make it four times and get back to the side his clothes were on."

Possibly

First girl (watching Bill Sykes mop the floor with Nancy in "Oliver Twist")—I just wouldn't stand for that! I'd leave him the first chance I got!

Second girl (dryly)—Maybe she thinks it's better to be loved and bossed than not to be loved at all.

METRO

"A Close Resemblance" afforded Mr. and Mrs. Drew the best possible opportunity for working out their theory that we must laugh together, not at each other, to obtain the humor that is a balm to the heart, and not a hurt.

Film Humor More Than Making Funny Faces

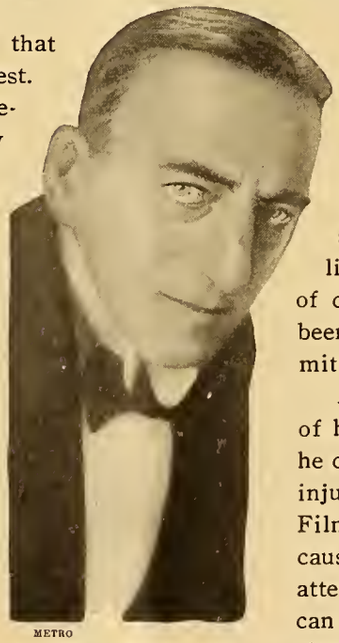
The Human Note, Not Monkey-Shines, Makes the Strongest, Most Lasting Appeal

By SIDNEY DREW

FILM humor more than making faces? Why, of course it is! All genuine humor on the screen, as well as on the stage, is due not so much to violent action or extravagant facial expression as it is to inference. The fun of the thing is the result of the situation itself, and the situation can be neither expressed nor understood without a certain amount of intelligence. A monkey's face may be funny, but it means nothing; consequently, it is not humorous.

My own view of film humor, naturally, is that of the wholesome, cleanly public I try to interest. And I contend that the general public *is* wholesome and cleanly, and that it is not necessary to hit people with a metaphorical brick in order to make them laugh. They will laugh at the whimsical foibles of themselves and their neighbors as shown in kindly, friendly guise on the screen. They will laugh the more sincerely at something that is real than at something that is plainly a figment of the imagination.

I want to acknowledge right here that the reason for any success I may have achieved in this line is due solely to the cleanly mind that did me the honor, about four years ago, to become part of my business as well as of my social life. Being trained in the tradition of the theater, I probably, if left to myself, should have thought along theatric lines in my screen work; in other words, I might have drawn upon my imagination. Mrs. Drew, having lived a non-theatric life, saw things in their real relationships and convinced me that, as screen material, real life itself is much more human and appealing than any fiction could possibly be. It is upon that assumption, that belief, that the Metro-Drew comedies have been built and to which any success they may have had is due.

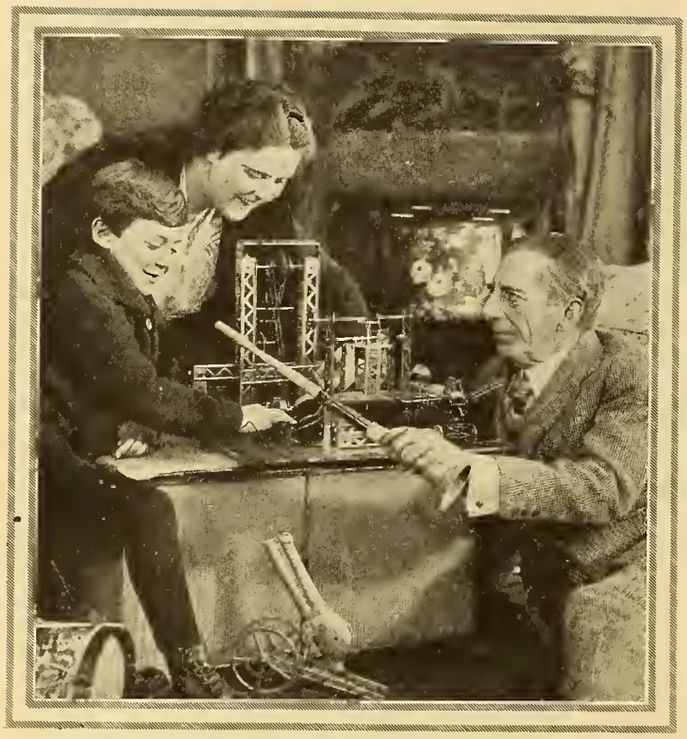


METRO

Sidney Drew "as is."

Film humor of the sort I am discussing, the kind that springs from the oddities of family life and real human nature, may not be as profitable as some others, but at least the producers of it can look themselves in the face and retain their self-respect. And as self-respect seems to me the primary consideration in life, I hope to continue to present the style of comedy or humor or film fun that I have been, through the courtesy of Metro, permitted to portray.

Anyone who has at heart the best interests of his profession, art or business—whichever he chooses to call it—does not care to make the injudicious laugh and the judicious grieve. Film humor will not be the less genuine because it keeps its standards high. Those who attend performances of this brand of humor can refer without shame to the foolish but cleanly traits they may have seen sketched upon the screen the night before.



METRO

The supporting cast in late Drew comedies includes Bobby Connolly, juvenile star.

After all, we can't escape the fact that we're all human, and it is the humanity of us, rather than the monkey-shines, that makes the most lasting appeal. The best humor, like the best art in all other forms, gives the keenest pleasure. Film humor means life in its quainter aspects translated in terms of the screen. Humor, we are told, is distinguished from wit by greater sympathy, geniality and pleasantry. Therefore, we must laugh together, not at each other, to obtain the humor that is a balm to the heart and not a hurt.

Not only is film humor more than making faces; from my point of view it does not consist at all in making faces. Humor, like other forms of art, consists in holding the mirror up to Nature, the only difference being that we do not always allow Nature to dress for dinner; we sometimes catch her with kimono on and hair in curl papers, when she expects to see no one more important than the iceman. On the other hand, some people are just as funny in evening clothes as others are before breakfast. The principal thing, after all, about film humor is to recognize it when you see it. You must have a sense of humor before you can have a sense of film humor. The producer must recognize a humorous idea in a manuscript or in real life, must know how to develop it after having seen it, and must be capable of registering that humor on the screen. And sometimes he also needs a sense of humor when he watches his finished product on the screen. There are many humorous angles to film humor, and no one needs a sense of humor to appreciate all these angles more than the film humorist himself.

Sidney Drew

SELECT

If this scene between Clara Kimball Young and Captain Robert Warwick occurred in "A House of Glass," it undoubtedly caused comment in the neighborhood.

DALROA

Corinne Grant and Hillarie Stephanie, crystal gazing, are astounded when the magic glass reveals the deluge of gold at their benefit performance at Long Beach for the English ambulance fund.

TRIANGLE

Jean Calhoun; wisteria opera cloak.

VITAGRAPH

Eulalie Jensen; lace overdress.

PARAMOUNT

Kathleen Clifford; ermine trimmed wrap.

AMERICAN-MUTUAL

Margarita Fischer, in seal and squirrel.

Louis "Ave m

TRIANGLE

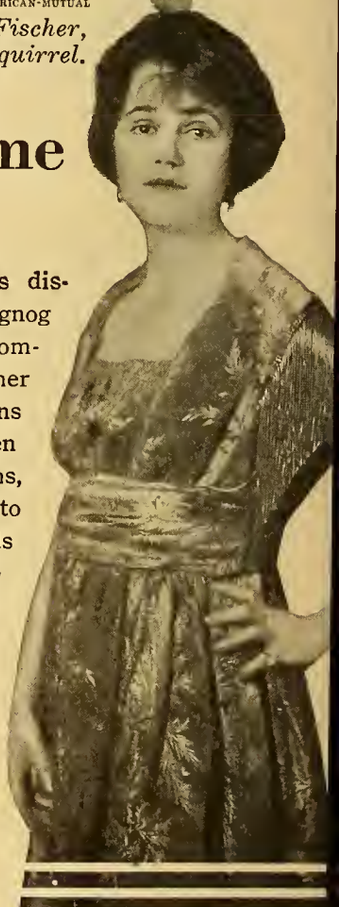
Kathleen Clifford; "Tickle-toe" dancing frock.

Clothes—A Vital Theme

By NORMA TALMADGE

A WOMAN in the wrong clothes is as disillusioning as salted coffee or eggnog without the nog. She may be a combination of all the virtues, but if her clothes lack the harmony of her soul, first impressions will be damning. And more so than all other women does the actress have to prepare for those first impressions, while even to a greater degree is the screen star forced to study her sartorial settings. For on the stage, be it boards or screen, the player is on show, and whereas the leading woman of a Broadway production may change her gowns during the season, her co-worker of the films is compelled to wear the same old things to the end of the reel. And the reel may reel along for a year or so. Moreover, aside from the long run that a picture may have, its release is often postponed for weeks after completion, and if one depended on the shop showings at the time of rehearsal, the costuming would often be hopelessly out of date.

For that reason it is imperative that the frocks for a screen production be selected far in advance of the current styles. One is forced to cultivate a sort of sixth sense. For instance, when I see a baby-frill around the edge of a belt in May, I



SELECT

Alice Brady; for the tea dan

UNT
f;
"

TRIANGLE
Jean Calhoun; "Beatrice" model.

MUTUAL
Edna Goodrich trains will be worn.

Constance Talmadge; mermaid suit. SELECT

JOHNSTON PHOTO

strongly suspect the presence of a full-grown tunic in December, and hoops in June mean nothing less than a barrel next year. But after depending on that extra sense, going ahead on its conclusions and laying out a wardrobe as different from everyday things as beans are from cats, I invariably grow panicky over the results, and not until I see the play on the screen do I feel reassured and ready to try again. I do believe, furthermore, that a woman must have the feel of artistic gowning in her make-up before she can correctly forecast and sense instinctively not only combinations in accordance with good taste, but the trend of Dame Fashion's vagarious fancies.

Another thing that must be carefully considered by the film star in selecting hats and gowns is color tints and combinations. The average outsider knows nothing whatever of the subtle distinctions to be obtained by certain colors under the photographic lens—the fact that red photographs absolutely black, and pale blue a poor white, while other colors change their identity as confusingly. Costuming for the screen must be worked out in conjunction with the color schemes of the various interiors, and strong blacks and whites, shadings and gradations of tone are planned for composition effects.

When I figure on a new story, clothes always play a tremendous

(Continued in advertising section)

LECT
rma Talmadge; Kolinsky throw.

TRIANGLE
Iris Ashton; "Aurora Leigh" model.

TRIANGLE
Jean Calhoun; wisteria opera cloak.

VITAGRAPH
Eulalie Jensen; lace overdress.

PARAMOUNT
Kathleen Clifford; ermine trimmed wrap.

AMERICAN-MUTUAL
Margarita Fischer, in seal and squirrel.

PARAMOUNT
Louise Huff; "Avenue A" model.

TRIANGLE
Jean Calhoun; "Beatrice" model.

MUTUAL
Edna Goodrich trains will be worn.

SELECT
Constance Talmadge; mermaid suit.

JOHNSTON PHOTO

TRIANGLE
Kathleen Clifford; "Tickle-toe" dancing frock.

SELECT
Alice Brady; for the tea dance.

SELECT
Norma Talmadge; Kolinsky throw.

TRIANGLE
Iris Ashton; "Aurora Leigh" model.

Clothes—A Vital Theme

By NORMA TALMADGE

A WOMAN in the wrong clothes is as disillusioning as salted coffee or eggnog without the nog. She may be a combination of all the virtues, but if her clothes will lack the harmony of her soul, first impressions do be damning. And more so than all other women study the actress have to prepare for those first impressions, or even to a greater degree is the screen star forced to ing her sartorial settings. For on the stage, be it boards screen, the player is on show, and whereas the lead-woman of a Broadway production may change her gowns during the season, her co-worker of the films is compelled to wear the same old things to the end of the reel. And the reel may reel along for a year or so. Moreover, aside from the long run that a picture may have, its release is often postponed for weeks after completion, and if one depended on the shop showings at the time of rehearsal, the costuming would often be hopelessly out of date.

For that reason it is imperative that the frocks for a screen production be selected far in advance of the current styles. One is forced to cultivate a sort of sixth sense. For instance, when I see a baby-frill around the edge of a belt in May, I strongly suspect the presence of a full-grown tunic in December, and hoops in June mean nothing less than a barrel next year. But after depending on that extra sense, going ahead on its conclusions and laying out a wardrobe as different from everyday things as beans are from cats, I invariably grow panicky over the results, and not until I see the play on the screen do I feel reassured and ready to try again. I do believe, furthermore, that a woman must have the feel of artistic gowning in her make-up before she can correctly forecast and sense instinctively not only combinations in accordance with good taste, but the trend of Dame Fashion's vagarious fancies.

Another thing that must be carefully considered by the film star in selecting hats and gowns is color tints and combinations. The average outsider knows nothing whatever of the subtle distinctions to be obtained by certain colors under the photographic lens—the fact that red photographs absolutely black, and pale blue a poor white, while other colors change their identity as confusingly. Costuming for the screen must be worked out in conjunction with the color schemes of the various interiors, and strong blacks and whites, shadings and gradations of tone are planned for composition effects.

When I figure on a new story, clothes always play a tremendous

(Continued in advertising section)

PATHE

Fannie Ward, star in "Innocent," a very beautiful film version of the Broadway success of like name staged by A. H. Woods. This shows Miss Ward somewheres East of Suez—and Los Angeles.

GOLDWYN

This isn't a pose, but a favorite pastime with Mae Marsh in her hours of leisure. It is her belief that she inhales inspiration along with the fragrance of the blossoms she loves.

Smiles on the Screen—and Tears

Some Charming Confessions and a Self-Analysis by a Popular Star

***By* Mae Marsh**

OF ALL persons before the screen public to-day, no one is less qualified to expatiate on theory or technique than I, for I have none of the latter, and of the former I can say nothing new. So it was a large order that Film Fun gave when the editor asked me to tell how I build up and register joy and sorrow for the camera.

I don't "build up" at all; I just *am!* Whatever I do is spontaneous, with no question of acting behind it. This may sound unconvincing, or it may seem that I am trying to prove my superiority to rules of acting by which others have achieved success. That is not my meaning. I have simply found that my best medium of expression comes through the heart—the mind, I suppose it is—and whatever outward expression I give to my inner feelings must be for me the true method of self-expression.

I do not suppose the screen would have me at all had I been obliged to express myself in conventional ways. But from the first Mr. D. W. Griffith did not hamper me, but brought out whatever I was capable of expressing in my own way. He did not teach me to act, when he saw me that day sitting dejectedly in the yard of the studio at Los Angeles—that is, to act according to any formula. With infinite patience he brought to the surface my emotions, and when they found expression in symbols quite different from what he expected, he let me go on and be myself. Mr. Griffith encouraged me in this. No one else would have done so, for my hysterical laughter and staccato gestures often were quite opposed to the emotion I was supposed to be portraying.

Once again it must be made clear that I do not consider myself a "revolutionary force" in acting or anything as awesome as that. My way of acting before the camera is, I think, natural. It is the real Me. Whatever value it may have must come from that.

Often I have been asked how I "put over" pathos in the face of the difficulties known to exist in all studio work. Never having faced an audience in my life and never having spoken a word in public, it is as curious to me when I see a stage player revealing an emotional crisis right out

in front of a packed house as it is for the artist of the theater who wonders how we of the studio can act *without* spectators.

It is not hard — when you have done it a great deal. That is why—to go back to Mr. Griffith—I owe everything to that master of acting. It *was* hard for me, a bashful, awkward girl, to do *anything* before *anybody* except the mirror in my room. But he made me feel that no one was looking at me but himself, and my only thought in facing him was to do my utmost.

When the scenario is placed in my hands, I read it hurriedly, impatient to see how it is going to end. I do not think of myself in the character allotted to me. The story as a whole makes the deepest impression. Then I read it again, carefully. Now the individual scenes and episodes begin to take form in my mind, and I visualize my part in detail, but still with no plan of what I shall do to embody the part with my personality. In fact, that does not trouble me at all until I face the camera's eye and listen to my director. Then, of course, I go to work.

We rehearse a scene many times, with each repetition giving it added life and reality. I try to build up the character when I play her, not by theorizing when I read about her in the scenario. Inspirations come to me as she takes on life, and very gradually I begin to feel that she is living, that I am submerged in her. Before the camera begins finally to click, I have forgotten myself entirely in the girl I am trying to be. But this is not telling how I register pathos, is it?

GOLDWYN CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD PHOTO

The original of this would make the grouchiest father love her.

Frankly, I don't know *how* I project pathos into the orb of the camera! I just *do*, if you say I do.

I suppose it is, first of all, because I am sympathetic. I do feel the role, not through a vivid imagination nor a morbid desire to suffer and to show suffering, but because it never is hard for me to feel for others. Those who know me away from the studios are not in doubt about this, and I hope those who know me only in the silent drama feel no less doubt of my sympathetic qualities. The hopes, fears and troubles of my friends become my own, and until their difficulties are solved they remain my worries, too. This, more than anything else, is the basis of my pathos as it is disclosed on the screen. After all, it is my own heart, I suppose, that enables me to tell my roles to "have a heart."

If others care for me as *Marjorie Caner*, in "The Cinderella Man," trying to make my grouchy father love me, or when I am *Mary Garland*, in "The Beloved Traitor," struggling to save my sweetheart from himself, it is really because they see the real

Mae Marsh

An Easterner in the Golden West

How the Big Open-air Life of California Has Won the Affections of One Movie Actor

By William Russell

IT WAS five o'clock—in the morning. The sun had already made an investigating pilgrimage of the ranch, and by the time it reached me and the pear tree, under which I had placed my bed the night before, it probably had decided that a stranger in "them there parts" should at least be up, if not doing, by that time. And the way that old, golden ball of daylight must have laughed to himself—if the sun ever can be said to crack itself into mirth — when a pear directly in the branches above me said good-by to its moorings and splashed its juiciness all over my features!

And that was my first awakening in California.

It was somewhat different from opening one's eye in a Riverside apartment and coming leisurely back into the consciousness of a new day, amid the old and constant conglomeration of sounds that are simply "New York"; and then the tap at the door that bespoke the arrival of the morning mail, borne by the colored mammy, Fanny, who invariably asked:

"Will yo' have a lil' oatmeal this mornin', Mas' Russell?" And, as on every morning of the preceding five years, I would answer:

"Yes, Fanny, I think I will have some this morning."

But evidently the California way was not that of the conservative Fanny, and as I washed the fragments of pear from eyes and ears, I debated sadly with myself as to

AMERICAN

William Russell joined joyfully in the laugh the film folks gave him when his bean crop, which he figured would help a lot in winning the war, failed and was a total loss. He has the farm yet, and the habit, and is sure that concentration will bring about a great 1918 yield.

whether or not I would care for the forcible sort of life my first awakening seemed to predict for me.

However, I had concentrated myself into a California ranch, and there I intended to stay and make some of my dreams of ranch life come true. For one year I had determined on the bliss of living in the California out-of-doors, so in February, 1915, I found myself in the State of my dreams, with a contract in my pocket to work at the American Film studios in Santa Barbara. On the day I arrived I found a ranch not far from the studio, leased it, moved my bed out under the pear tree—and I felt that ranch life for me had begun.

With three years of it back of me, I wouldn't exchange it for life in the East again under any circumstance that my fancy can conjure.

One of the California enjoyments which Eastern visitors particularly like is the mountain barbecue, and there is no place like Santa Barbara for holding one. There were thirty of us at the last one I arranged. We left the ranch on horseback and rode over devious, narrow trails, passed unsuspected waterfalls, skirted a gypsy camp, and came out on a point known as the Grand Vista and from which we looked down on all of Santa Barbara, with the Santa Cruz Islands plainly visible across twenty-three miles of ocean.

While my guests were still enthralled with the view, and before they could realize that scenery, as food, is not altogether filling, I led the way down a mile of back trail. Before the site of the barbecue was reached, there came to us the aroma of coffee, then the sound of sizzling meat, and a widening of the trail showed several fires, with a man busy at each, turning steaks over broilers on the hot coals.

We got back to the ranch about eight o'clock at night, and though we had been in the saddle most of the day and the majority of my guests were not used to this variety of exercise, yet the victrola and Sherry Hall at the piano alternated in supplying the dance music.

My company surprised me with a party on one of my birthdays and presented me with a picnic box which straps onto the back of my car. It contains every variety of utensil usable on a camping trip. That box has gone with me on many journeys into the mountains, where, with a number of scripts and a gun, I have lost myself for days at a time, returning with a story all mapped out for production and with mountain game for my studio companions.

The fall of the year is to me the most fascinating time in California. It is then the mountain fires rage, and while they are terrific, fearsome things, there is about them a majesty that awes and that makes one brave dangers which in calmer moments would seem impossible. Last fall the worst fires the country has known in years burned for days through the canyons and mountains. For two nights every man fought the scourge, carrying families to safety and digging trenches to check the fires' advance.

While there is everything about life in the West to make it different from that of New York and the existence which a majority of us coast film folk have been used to, yet the life in the studio goes on about the same. The studio at Santa Barbara is as beautiful and picturesque as is this town of leisure millionaires itself. Work begins

(Continued in advertising section)

CHAPLIN-LAUDER

Ten million dollars' worth of personality—Harry Lauder and Charlie Chaplin. These soul-twins of comedy are the highest priced entertainers that have ever appeared on the screen.

GOLDWYN

The old, old lure of beauty. Under its spell the monk "Paphnutius" drinks the cup the froth of which is folly, and the dregs, sorrow.

Thais the Woman That Preys

A Clever Analysis of a Great Historical Character

By Mary Garden

"THAIS, the Eternal Vampire." I should not have objected if the scenario editor had decided to expand the title of my first screen play in that manner. *Thais* IS the vampire. And the vampire *is* as eternal as woman.

More than eight hundred times I have sung the part of the Alexandrian courtesan in Massenet's opera, and each time it has been with the added conviction that *Thais* was a very bad sort—and yet like every other woman, in one way or another. For *Thais* to me is the drama of life and death. She is woman as we know her to-day. She is woman as woman has always been.

Thais is essentially the predatory female, using her physical attractions to gain those ends which dwarf her soul. She is, in the parlance of the cinema I have grown so to love, a "vamp."

Call it what you will, the motives and the actions of the Alexandrian are those of the inscrutable feminine. She knows what she wants, and she gets it by means of what the gods have given her. She becomes wily, a great schemer, using her body always as her weapon, so nicely gauging her favors that she knows precisely what a glance will command for her.

Thais, like others of her type, does not exploit her beauty without becoming debauched in soul. She cannot refrain from using to the utmost the force within her to bring her luxury upon luxury—always the demands of the carnal-minded. Flesh never is satisfied, and *Thais* is ingulfed in the sin which makes the Egyptian city a place of pestilence.

In playing this infamous woman before the camera, I feel that she is the last word in the history of the cinema vampire—not because she is recreated through me, but because she is the primitive and ultimate woman of prey. In the opera the music of Massenet aids yet restrains me. Any musical accompaniment must necessarily serve as a restraint to the artist who knows a character as I know my *Thais* and as I want the public to know her.

She regards her body as a supreme gift of the gods she worships. In the sleeping soul of the pagan there is no thought of wrong as we know it. Eros is her chief deity, and to the god of passion she dedicates herself.

In my many conferences with M. Anatole France, author of the history of *Thais* which serves as libretto for the opera and the basis of the scenario, we analyzed the character of this extraordinary personality. Her sway in golden Alexandria lasted for many, many years, and always she was the creature who preyed. She did it with finesse —*Thais* was ever the arbiter of correct form in social life —and with never a false note. Indeed, she was really beloved of the common people, as she was by her lovers. She gave liberally to charity, helped people in distress and was capable of genuine sacrifice. This bears out my contention that there is no such thing as the conventional "bad" woman. The moral laws which *Thais* broke were not laws at all to her. She really was serving her gods, not paying them secret tribute.

Thais is not dead. She lives to-day. More than one *Thais* sees herself in the opera and on the screen, and to such women the coming of *Thais's* moment of awakening will, I earnestly hope, show them that the glories of the flesh are forgotten in the ecstasy of the soul's rebirth. If it were not for the spiritual significance of the character, the vampire's story would hardly be more than a pageant of passion. And that is not life as we know it and live it.

Mary Garden

SELECT CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD PHOTO

Norma Talmadge in one of life's perfect moments. The gown was created from her own design, to be worn in "Ghosts of Yesterday." Fit and fabrics are equally fine, and the picture was posed by an artist gifted with understanding.

TRIANGLE BROWN BROTHERS PHOTO

Two hearts that beat as one—above the clouds.

To the Studio by Aerial-Taxi

Personal Narrative of the Screen Player Who Was Wooed and Won in the Air

By WINIFRED ALLEN

(*Mrs. Lawrence B. Sperry*)

SOMETHING simply had to be done. I had been held up for hours and hours, just going from New York down to Garden City. It nearly drove me frantic. Before this awful war made all this confusion, the trip was a matter of moments; now it isn't worth while to start unless one has all the time there is, for he is certain to be delayed, nobody can even guess how long.

But there is this much to be said in favor of those hours we were delayed out in those dreary, snow-covered, stubble fields, waiting for we knew not what: they set me thinking. And when I really pin my mind down to the solution of a problem, I never give up until I have solved it. The question in this case was how to get where I want to go without delay. The answer is—but wait a little bit and let me tell you all about it.

We were a particularly jolly house party that week-end at the home of Mrs. N. W. Dalton. There were about twenty of us, but the only ones who helped me reach the great conclusion as to the proper way to travel were Mrs. Reid and Lieutenant Lawrence B. Sperry. He has been flying for the past eight years and is now in Uncle Sam's service with the U. S. Naval Aviation Corps, but Sunday is a free day for him.

We had been skating, ice boating, and having a lot of fun, and then Mr. Sperry wanted to know if any of us wanted to go for a flight. I had always been wild to ride in an aeroplane and just couldn't contain myself with glee when they hoisted me into the machine and belted me into the rear seat. Mrs. Reid sat in front. I was exiled to the tail seat because I am a lightweight.

We were all bundled up in fur-lined aviation suits—mine was about six sizes too large for me—with helmet and goggles.

Someone gave the word, the engine snorted, sputtered, and finally settled down to a steady roar.

Then my confidence began to wane. Someone said: "Don't be nervous; relax. The sensation won't be nearly so bad if you relax." Then we began to rise and were gaining speed, so I gritted my teeth and—relaxed?

(*Continued in advertising section*)

TRIANGLE MOODY PHOTO BROWN BROTHERS PHOTO

It takes a person of daring, devoid of fear. Here's proof that Mrs. Sperry can qualify under these requirements.

NATIONAL FILM CORP.

(Insert) "Tarzan's" farewell to the ape "Kala," the only mother he has ever known, slain by an enemy's arrow. The jungle picture shows the brethren and comrades of "Tarzan."

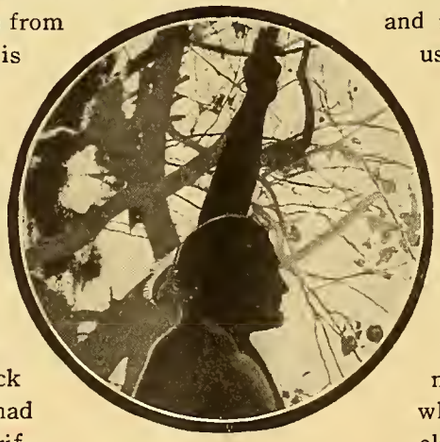
A Genuine Jungle Story

"Tarzan of the Apes," a Wild Life Romance, Foreshadows New Screen Possibilities

By ELIZABETH LANG FOY

THE POPULARITY of this picture is another demonstration of the fact that the "call of the wild" finds ready response from the majority of us. There is diversity of opinion regarding the climax, but that the filming of this most unusual story was a worthy enterprise seems the unanimous verdict.

Most of us have read the story. A man in earliest infancy was adopted by a family of apes and reared by them in the wilderness, in absolute ignorance of what we know as humanity and civilization. Ultimately he wins back his birthright. Necessarily two actors had to play the part of the hero. Gordon Griffith, as the youth, does wonderful work, particularly in the scene where as an adventurous boy he breaks into the cabin in which he was born and in which lie the telltale skeletons of father and mother. These he disregards as not unusual incidents of life as he knows it; but his play with the juvenile picture-books his mother had provided was as fine and understanding a bit of acting as could be. The spirit of boyhood animated him throughout his part of the performance.



NATIONAL FILM CORP.

"Tarzan" guards the tree-top couch.

But, of course, the heavy work is done by Elmo Lincoln, as *Tarzan* come to man's estate. It was admirable throughout—repressed in scenes where the man's mind fumbles with problems for which ape training finds him unprepared, but elsewhere bold and free. The scene where *Tarzan* holds in his arms the dying *Kala*, the only mother he has known, is gripping.

Who's Who and Where

You will not need to be told Who's Who on the cover of this very special number of FILM FUN. Norma Talmadge posed for it on one of the busy days which intervened between the completion of her latest picture and her departure for a much needed rest at Palm Beach, Fla. She did it because we asked her to. We asked the favor because we believed there was nobody you would like better to see than this beautiful and popular player.

The portrait is the work of Lou Mayer, who is as favorably known and well beloved in the art world as Miss Talmadge is on the screen. All those little tricks and charms of dress and manner which, summed up, constitute personality, he has fixed on the canvas in such happy fashion that the picture might well be called "The Spirit of Spring."

The *Universal Screen Magazine* is running a Food Conservation Serial. One of the first episodes presents May Irwin as a star cook, making toothsome war bread. The ingredients are a flour blended of wheat, oats, cornmeal, rye, barley and bran. Honey is used instead of sugar, vegetable oil instead of animal fat (lard); salt, water and yeast are the only items used as heretofore. The whole process is shown in the film, and incidentally it demonstrates another helpful accomplishment of this favorite fun-maker, for the honey used in her war bread is the product of Miss Irwin's own apiary at her home on one of the Thousand Islands.

Captain Vernon Castle, of the Royal Flying Corps, who suffered but one slight wound during two years of constant service in the air for the Allies over the German lines, came to his death on February 15th, at Fort Worth, Tex. He was killed in avoiding a collision with another machine, to escape which Captain Castle took the upward flight at such an angle that his engine died and his machine crashed to earth, burying him in the wreckage. Comradely hands extricated him quickly, but he never regained consciousness and died at the post hospital twenty minutes after the fall. The work he was doing for America as an instructor to the flying forces was said to be as spectacular and arresting to his comrades on these fields, where aeroplanes are as thick as swarming bees, as the dancing figures that first made him famous used to be. Not only his comrades of the service but hosts of friends among film folks feel his untimely taking as a personal sorrow. Heartfelt sympathy for his wife, Irene Castle, is universal.

The shuttling back and forth across the continent this month includes the establishment of Charles Chaplin in his own studios at Hollywood, Cal., where he is at work on the first of his productions for the Exhibitors' Circuit. A regular exodus of stars from the New York studios of Pathe has occurred. Frank Keenan, Bessie Love and Fannie Ward have gone for an indefinite stay in the land where the sun favors camera work. Gail Kane left shortly before Valentine's Day on a hurry call for the West and has promised to send interesting particulars on her arrival. Edgar Lewis, producer of "The Barrier," "Bar Sinister" and other notable features, has arrived on the coast and will make several productions there.

Captain Alan Campbell, whose death on the Flanders front was reported a few weeks ago, was the son of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the great English actress. He was at one time a screen actor with Vitagraph, in the company of Sidney Drew, but at the outbreak of the war he returned home and enlisted in September, 1914, as a private.

Here's a new instance of the way picture producers use up money for publicity. The most expensive business card so far as known is in use by John H. English, publicity editor for Diando Films, Glendale, Cal. It is a fresh-laid egg, with his name and business address on it. Now if only New York publicity men will adopt this fashion!

You will notice that we have made a number of changes and have adopted some new fashions, as is appropriate at Eastertime. We hope and believe you will enjoy this issue of FILM FUN, and we can promise – for the material is already in hand—that the May number will be even better.

BIG THINGS AT STAKE REQUIRE BIG THINGS TO BE DONE.

THERE are 2,500,000 human lives at stake in Armenia, Syria and Palestine; 400,000 of them are orphans. They are the hope of the future of the Near East. They are the saving remnant of peoples who only need FOOD to make them the masters of their fate.

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Every cent given goes to buy bread. Not a penny for expenses.

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This work is conducted in perfect co-operation and with full approval of the American Red Cross, which uses this Committee as their agency in this field.

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Is the Star System All Wrong?

TO THE editor of FILM FUN:

The famous slogan of the suffragettes, "Taxation without representation," could very well be made to fit the case of a disappointed moving picture adherent, who, having paid his money at the box office—his taxation—receives in return for same not only nothing of equity, but is allowed the privilege (?) of sitting through a dreary, padded-out story advertised as a strong photo drama; and not being allowed a voice in public protest is his position of being "without representation." The motion picture theater and what it represents (and doesn't represent) has become a factor in our everyday life, and every intelligent patron of the shadow play feels his right to criticism. As a consistent disburser of small change at the box office of the various motion picture theaters in New York and elsewhere about the country, I am now obeying a justified, legitimate impulse to protest against the enormous output of atrocious film "stuff" that is being shown for the entertainment of thousands of patrons who deserve so much at the managers' hands.

Of course, I am not unmindful of the very lovely nature pictures and an occasional play, well written and distinctly well registered, which find their way on the screen; but the average photoplay is absurd, without continuity and is produced chiefly to exploit the beauty of a "star" whose vogue has not evolved through histrionic ability, but because of a shapely back or a recognized camera quality of rolling her eyes, the rest being printers' ink, thousands of dollars of it, plus the inconceivable and suspicious leniency of her manager.

I maintain, first and last, that it's the play that counts and not the "star." Naturally, there are exceptions—Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Geraldine Farrar are names in the movie world to conjure with, and if they receive the fabulous salaries accredited to them, it is because any one of them is a "sure-fire" box-office proposition. But my contention is that the managers have got the "star" craze, and the public pays to see reputed $100,000 salaried ladies filmed through five reels of flubdub which represents neither life on this planet nor in the world to come and is valuable only as a "chaser." It's on these productions that fortunes are spent, to give a "star" a chance to show how little she knows of the true art of acting! Star craze! I'm wondering what Mrs. Griffith, who takes so sane a view of motion picture production, will say to Mr. Thomas H. Ince's startling announcement in a recent Sunday issue of the *Morning Telegraph* anent the Million Dollar (I've humbly capitalized both words) scheme of a big producing concern, to spend that amount in advertising the personalities of it's six stars! Stars! Personalities! He insists that everybody wants to know about the personality of a star! (Oh, never mind the play! Print reams about her personality!)

Certainly the big public that surges hourly into the motion picture theaters over the world has its favorites, but the published fact that this or that "star" prefers wheat cakes to chocolate caramels or always plays with her bull pup on the lawn before breakfast does not form a queue to the box office! And isn't it possible that the stupendous commercial side of the "movie game" is destroying Mr. Thomas H. Ince's sense of humor? Hear him speak (I quote from the *Morning Telegraph*): "Caruso is perhaps the best known and best paid single illustration of the earning possibilities in the musical world, and while he receives something like three thousand dollars a night and is enabled to make perhaps sixty appearances a season, his voice is enjoyed only by an audience of some few thousand each night, while if Caruso was a famous motion picture star, he would be seen every night by audiences all over the world—audiences that would number well up in the millions in the aggregate."

Poor Caruso! What's just being the world's greatest tenor compared to a motion picture star seen nightly by millions all over the world? Come, producers, give us something sound in the way of a play, give us life as it actually is lived, or at least a semblance of relative events that might possibly occur, and we will take an occasional vamp or even bobbing curls and insipidity; give us honest-to-goodness drama once in a while, and you can keep your high-priced "stars" and their blessed personalities. But, please, Mr. Ince, don't lose your sense of humor! KATE CARTER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We cannot agree with all that this well-known writer says concerning screen productions. And yet she has put her finger on a very vulnerable spot in the motion picture business. What do you think of Miss Carter's criticisms? We would like to hear "the other side" discussed.*

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By Walter Walgrove

DO you know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to every one.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of today neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided——

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon——

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times:

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints, is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known——

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are today using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M. D., 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this in FILM FUN.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book. [*Advt.*

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An Easterner in the Golden West

(*Continued from a previous page*)

earlier than in the East, an eight o'clock call being general. Three faithful dogs —a collie, a Scotch terrier and a little yellow mutt—usually accompany me to the studio gate. The greenroom is filled with the members of the companies waiting to go out on location, and the big stages are ready with their sets for the day's work.

There are but few ways to spend evenings in Santa Barbara, the most popular being the patronage of picture shows. Then there are the two big hotels, where dancing is held one or more nights a week—and one can always motor.

Trips into Los Angeles, a distance of three and one-half hours, are week-end events and keep one from getting into a rut, which the quiet surroundings of the place is apt to induce.

Every month or two I take a week off and drive up to within a few miles of Fresno, to cast a lordly eye over acres of what I hoped would have been a lucrative bean crop this year. But a weather surprise spoiled the crop, so beans are unpopular with me for the moment. This coming year I am planting most of the acreage to the grapes which hang golden in the long days of still sunshine—these to become, in their final development, raisins.

Going to New York last Christmas was my first trip East in three years. I enjoyed it as a novelty. I am now of the opinion that one should go East every two years at least, so that he may the more thoroughly appreciate the blessings of the big out-of-door life that one gets in the best place in the world—California.

To the Studio by Aerial Taxi

(*Continued from a previous page*)

We left the ground and just floated up. I had expected to be hanging in midair in a perpendicular position, but we were simply gliding upward; I was just on the merest slant. Mr. Sperry had told me if I were frightened to pound him on the back, because it is very difficult to make oneself heard

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies, we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; at times both may be at one address.

American Film Mfg. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, Ill. Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).
Artcraft Pictures Corporation (Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks. et al.), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Hollywood, Cal. (s).
Balboa Amusement Producing Co., Long Beach, Cal. (s).
Brenon, Herbert, Prod., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).
Christie Film Corp., Main and Washington Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.
Cosmofotofilm Co., Candler Building, New York City.
Clara Kimball Young Company, Aeolian Hall, New York City.
Edison, Thomas, Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).
Educational Films Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Empire All Star Corporation, 220 S. State St., Chicago, Ill. Myrtle Ave., Glendale, L.I.(s).
Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill. (s).
Famous Players - Lasky Film Company, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 128 W. 56th Street, New York City. (s).
Fox Film Corporation, 130 West 46th St., New York City. 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s). Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
Gaumont Company, 110 West 40th Street, New York City. Flushing, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).
Goldwyn Film Corp., 16 E. 42d St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
General Film Company, 440 Fourth Ave., New York City.
Horsley Studio, Main and Washington, Los Angeles, Cal.
Kalem Company, 325 West 23d St., New York City. 251 W. 19th St., New York City. (s). 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Cal. (s). Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla (s). Glendale, Cal. (s).
Keystone Film Co., 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Kleine, George, 166 N. State St., Chicago.
Metro Pictures Corp., 1476 Broadway, New York City. Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 West 61st St., New York City. (s). Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s). Quality Pictures Corp., Metro Office. Yorke Film Co.. Hollywood, Cal. (s).
Morosco Photoplay Company, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City. 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Moss, B. S., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Mayfair Pictures Corp., 10 Wall St., New York City. 515 W. 54th Street, New York City.(s).
Mutual Film Corp., Consumers Building, Chicago.
Paramount Pictures Corporation, 71 W. 23d St., New York City. 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Peralta Plays, Inc., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Pathe Exchange, 25 West 45th St., New York City. Jersey City, N. J. (s).
Petrova Pictures, 25 W. 44th St., New York City. 807 W. 176th St., New York City. (s).
Powell, Frank, Production Co., Times Building, New York City.
Rothacker Film Mfg. Co., 1339 Diversey Parkway. Chicago, Ill. (s).
Selig Polyscope Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago, Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago.(s). 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Select Pictures Corp., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 807 East 176th Street. New York City. (s).
Signal Film Corp., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).
Talmadge, Norma, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. 318 East 48th Street, New York City. (s).
Thanhouser Film Corp., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s). Jacksonville, Fla. (s).
Triangle Company, 1457 Broadway, New York City. Culver City, Cal. (s).
Universal Film Mfg. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City. Universal City, Cal. (s). Coyetsville, N. J. (s).
Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City. E. 15th Street and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (s). Hollywood, Cal. (s).
Vogue Comedy Co., Gower St. and Santa Monica Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.
World Film Corp., 130 West 46th St., New York City. Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

above the hum of the engine. I was well relaxed and even chuckling to myself over my first nervousness.

It is difficult to express what my feelings were, because I am sure there is nothing else in the world that in any way resembles the sensation of detachment and isolation one experiences when well away on his first flight. I have helped at the launching of a big ship; I've been so far out of sight of land that I seemed to myself about as large and as important as one of the lone gulls; only the day before I had hung onto the ice sledge, going at a speed of seventy miles an hour down the bay, scootering. But this was different. This made me feel, somehow, as if I was helping just a little bit to put over a big thing—something really great and worth while. Men have been flying for a long time, trying to make the conquest of the air safe. Not many women before me had done their bit. My confidence began to soar, even as our machine mounted higher and higher. I was thrilled. My heart throbbed, and every nerve, though taut, was in perfect tune. Some day not far distant I expect to take flying as a matter of course, but I shall never forget how I felt that day.

We were about five thousand feet up in the air, and the old earth looked like an automobile map, when we took a startlingly abrupt dive. My chuckle was choked off, swallowed. When I got my breath back, I pounded poor Mr. Sperry soundly. We seemed then to have righted ourselves and started up again. Then we coasted slowly down and landed in a marsh in the midst of a cornfield, somewhere in the vicinity of Old Point Comfort.

I was afraid that Mr. Sperry had gotten cross with me, maybe for pounding him, and was going to tell me to get out and wait till he had finished his flight, and then he would come back and get me; but he patted me on the back, and as I turned around to tell him how much I had enjoyed the trip, I saw that his face and his goggles were dripping wet. A spray of water and alcohol from some exhaust pipe that hadn't been properly pinched together had blinded him for a moment, and this had caused our abrupt descent.

The full story of our mishap and the measure of our danger I learned later. There wasn't much danger. The machine was equipped with special safety

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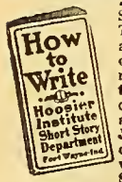

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devices, but the motor became overheated because there was water in the gasoline, and so, for that time, we had to leave the plane and march back home.

Like it? Why, yes, that's what I've been trying all along to tell you. I am so sure this is the right answer to the troublesome problem of delays in train traveling that I am buying for my own use a Curtis triplane. I have concluded arrangements with a capable man to drive it for me, and hereafter I expect to keep my dates at film studios and elsewhere, *en plane vol.*

Winifred Allen

Clothes—A Vital Theme

(Continued from a previous page)

part in the production. Even with the preliminary reading of the scenario, I am keyed to catch suggestions, and often a situation in the synopsis will inspire an unusual idea and set me off on a new trail.

While the building up of situations and the working out of big scenes is the meat of my work, gathering the wardrobe, picking over exquisite materials—plushy velvets, chiffons and cobweb laces—is my dessert. It is the most fascinating sport in the world, for I am not alone pleasing myself, but gambling, as I said before, on the errant whims of a delightful tyrant.

I believe that a woman's personal appearance is one of her most dependable assets, not alone on the stage, but in every walk of life.

When she has chosen her dresses, the same careful attention should be given to hats, shoes and gloves, for it is the harmony with which these extras are selected that makes the perfectly appointed woman.

Above all else, the thing demanded in choosing frocks, be it this year's styles or next, is the fool proof quality of simplicity. Overdressing is as sad a vice as over-eating, and the woman who stays close to the simple lines and eschews an excess of trimmings and flouncings, furbelows and frills, plays a winning hand. More productions are ruined by inartistic gowning than by anything else. Simplicity comes high, but it pays.

Norma Talmadge

Ambition

By Bernadine Hilty

I'LL JUST bet you couldn't guess,
In a thousand million years,
What I will do when I grow up.
Oooooo! it fills me full of fears!

I'm going to be a movie star,
And growl and bark like wild!
I'll be the big, brave hero-dog
That saves the little child.

I won't have curls like Mary,
Nor be a Theda Bara vamp;
But, say, my teeth will flash and gleam
When I see a bold, bad tramp!

I'll play the Red Cross war dog
And drag the soldiers up.
When I get big and in the films,
You bet I'll be SOME pup!

A Fair Start

"Why do you object to my marrying your daughter?"

"Because you can't support her in the style to which she has been accustomed all her life."

"How do you know I can't? I can start her on bread-and-milk, same as you did!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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Pearl White
Marguerite Clark
"Fatty" Arbuckle
Linda A. Griffith
Horace D. Ashton
Shirley Mason
G. Sasao
and others

Specially Posed for FILM FUN and drawn from life by LOU MAYER

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MME. OLGA PETROVA

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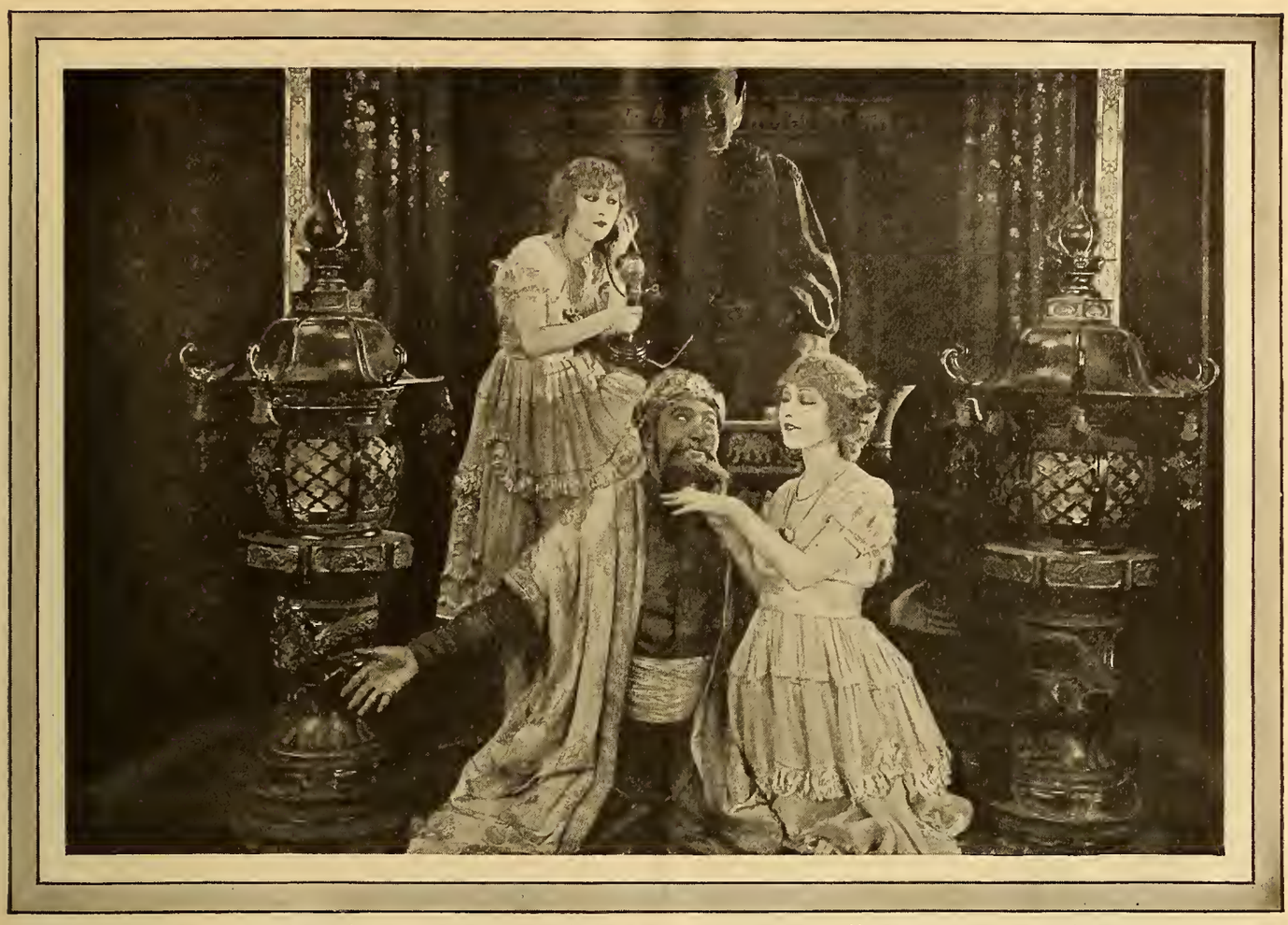

The Dolly sisters (Roszika and Yansci) in their first film play, "The Millionaire Dollys."

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Best Interests of All Motion Picture Art and Artists

MAY—1918

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FOX

Something of the charm of a Sargent painting is in this excellent camera-study of a camera poseure. Peggy Hyland, recently charted in the Fox galaxy of the film firmament says of this 'tween seasons costume, that New York weather requires one to be ready for whatever may come to pass, at the shortest possible notice. The gowns she wears in "The Debt of Honor" meet every requirement.

PARAMOUNT

You've danced your way into all hearts, "Prunella," and even of "Pierrot's" garret you made a bit of heaven.

The Magic of a Smile

How the Miracle of Cheerfulness Works in the World of Movies

By MARGUERITE CLARK

IT SEEMS to me that most of us, in this age of marvelous scientific achievements and discoveries, do not often enough bring ourselves to believe in miracles. "Childish foolishness," say we loftily. But to me, life itself is crowded with wonderful things—the springtime, flowers, a sunset, and, perhaps most wonderful of all, a smile. Truly, I have seen what might actually be called miracles accomplished through the medium of one tiny smile. So when I was asked to write on the subject, I was more than pleased; for it is a pet theory of mine that a smile has "magic" qualities, like the fairy's wand, bringing happiness, beauty, even riches—for many an actress has become famous through her possession of a beautiful smile.

In daily life a smile paves one's way with kindness, and you will find by watching successful people that they are the ones who have been able to "smile, smile, smile"—with all their troubles in the "old kit bag." Nowhere is this truer than in a motion picture studio, where the daily grind becomes almost unbearable at times, amid the confusion, the unavoidable delays, the petty annoyances.

PARAMOUNT

Moon-madness makes mummers of us all.

Often we film folk are obliged to be at the studio before eight o'clock in the morning. There seems to be a certain lighting obtainable at that time of which directors are most fond. For instance, at Christmastime last year, in attempting to finish "The Seven Swans" for the Yuletide release, we had often to begin work at an hour when most people were considering how much longer they could sleep without missing the eight-forty-five. Several evenings we stayed until after midnight, and one time, especially, I remember that we worked from eight in the morning till three o'clock of the next morning. Director Dawley, with his dry humor and quick smile, kept us all in a pleasant mood, however, and between scenes it was amusing to

watch the different players adapt themselves to the tiresome waits—and always cheerfully. Some of the "fairies" had their knitting, my seven brothers were busy playing poker, I think, while Richard Barthelmess, the "Prince Charming," and myself, with two others, amused ourselves at bridge or watching the taking of scenes. The latter is a fascinating occupation, and much can be gained by watching the other players at work. Had there been grumbling or dissatisfaction, the picture might have been spoiled and many a kiddie's Christmas treat made a failure.

It was in making "The Seven Swans" that the director's smile was most needed, for among the dozens of youngsters of from three to five, there were several who were making what the papers called their "screen debut," and who were consequently inclined to be a bit temperamental at times. With infinite tact and patience, however, the director would tell them marvelous stories or send out for ice cream, all with his customary good-humored smile so dear to the sensitive heart of childhood.

I thoroughly believe, too, that Director Dawley must have even used his all-conquering smile upon the swans hired to play one of the most important roles in the piece. Seriously, the difference in their behavior, the last days of their sojourn with us, from the uproariously indignant acting of the first part was a veritable miracle. Perhaps of all the studio folk, it is the director who values most the real magic qualities of a kind word and a smile in times of stress.

PARAMOUNT

(Circle) Marguerite Clark and Jules Raucourt. (Panel) As "Pierette" and "Pierrot" taking a curtain.

Smiling is as natural to an actress as breathing. From her earliest training she learns the value of a happy face in winning the sympathy of her audiences. An actress who is given a part wherein she is obliged to play a disagreeable character has all the sympathy of her fellow-players, for hers is the hardest role. This was exemplified in Helen Greene's part of *Bab's* sister in the "Bab" stories. As *Leila*, the older sister, she was obliged to appear overbearing and rude, and she alone, of all the cast, was glad when the pictures were finished.

As the impractical and impulsive *Bab*, I was obliged to use a "smile's magic" very often in getting myself out of constant scrapes. In the first one, "Bab's Diary," I had invented a fictitious name for a sweetheart, so that I could hold him over the family to blackmail them into allowing me the privileges which *Leila*, my older sister, enjoyed. All went smoothly until *Carter Brooks*, an old friend, pretended to have found the original of my invention and presented him in the flesh. Then came my downfall. I had written absurdly sentimental letters to this fictitious sweetheart, and now I learned this real man had them. How to get them back?

PARAMOUNT

"Come, join in our play, all of you who would forget care and be happy for a little while."

PARAMOUNT

When caught burglarizing a strange man's desk, simply smile at him this way—as Marguerite Clark did in "Bab's Diary"—and he will immediately change his mind about having you arrested. Instead, he will take you home in a taxi, and the next day will send you violets.

Hardly realizing the absurdity of what I was doing, I rushed to his home to recover them. How I got caught in someone else's room and was nearly arrested, escaping by a hair's breadth and the best smile I could muster, was a thrilling tale.

In "Bab's Burglar," where I succeeded in purchasing an automobile out of a somewhat slim allowance, I was haled into court, and once more the valuable smile came into play.

In "Prunella," the contrast between the three old aunts, *Prim, Prude* and *Privacy,* and the gayety of the young niece is evident. *Prunella* is a joyous youngster, who frets under the restraint of her narrow life in the quaint old cottage, and consequently falls an easier victim to the wiles of the handsome *Pierrot.* It is her smile, as she peeps over the hedge at him, that wins his vagrant love. There comes a time when she is not sure she is glad about this, but at the end she returns to the old home, where she finds him awaiting her, and their happiness recommences for always.

I have spoken of some of the reasons for "smiles" at a studio. There are many others, for an actress's life, even in the comparatively uneventful filming days, is adventurous, arduous. Few persons stop to realize that for the taking of scenes where a player must come into a room during a storm, they must first be soaked under an improvised shower, be the weather frigid or tropic.

This was necessary in scenes for "Rich Man, Poor Man," which is an adaptation of Maximilian Foster's novel of that name. Mr. Dawley took a more or less rusty watering can of the ordinary garden variety, with cold—oh, very, very cold!—water in it—no other being procurable at the studio—and with all the *sang-froid* of his character, carelessly sprinkled it over me. In this case it was utterly impossible not to smile, for the entire company had gathered for the fun, and many were the jokes at my expense, as I stood with my feet in a disreputable old tin tub and the water dribbling down my face and shabby clothes.

It isn't easy always to keep a smile on one's face, and really mean it, when things go wrong. A screen star has just as much provocation to yield to "temperament" as a footlight favorite has, but I think most of us avoid showing any mental disturbance, because the camera is a sort of goblin that will surely catch us "if we don't watch out." After all, there isn't the least doubt but that the smiling habit can be acquired by a little persistence and a good deal of forbearance, and it is very well worth while.

Life in the studios, just as outside, is made much easier and pleasanter if "well seasoned with a smile."

Marguerite Clark

How to Grow Thin—While You Wait

A Famous Avoirdupois Comedian Reveals the Inner Secrets of Flesh Reduction

By Fatty (Roscoe) Arbuckle

(Editor's Note: *Responding to a world-wide clamor that he reveal his secrets of growing thin, Fatty Arbuckle has at last agreed to make public, through FILM FUN, the scientific discoveries which he alone possesses. Mr. Arbuckle has only disdain for the tame advice offered by such health and beauty experts as Lina Cavalieri, Doc Wiley, Anna Held, Mary Garden and Lillian Russell. Getting away from the cut-and-dried methods of flesh reduction, the author will present in these pages a series of articles in which his confidences will gladden the hearts of all who would put themselves right with their tailors.*)

IT IS estimated that fat people have rolled billions of miles in the last year in their frantic efforts to grow thin, with but very little real success. The practical jokers in the medical profession are simply having their own laugh at the expense of the gullible public.

Take up tumbling is my advice.

Tumbling will cause you to fall off more than does rolling. When I was young and inexperienced, I did not revel in the buoyant grace and debutant figure of my manhood. That was because I rolled. I can assure you that after rolling all about town, I actually gained weight, and yet my vitality suffered. I couldn't sleep nights, and for a while it looked as if I would never attain that perfection of form which has been my fortune in motion pictures.

If you must roll, be a low roller, because high rollers only reduce their pocketbooks. Do not attach too much importance to the old proverbs. That "A rolling stone gathers no moss" or "A setting hen never gets fat" is a sad mistake, except when taken in a literal sense. I have seen lots of rollers gathering everything in sight and lots of fat hens that never did anything else but sit.

I've tumbled to a whole lot of things, and I can solemnly aver there was a big reduction every time. Of course, tumbling is hard on fat people; it makes light of their dignity.

Since becoming a motion picture comedian. I have had letters from all over the world, asking how tumbling is done. Here are a few recent samples:

My dear Fat Boy:

Honestly, I tried your horseback riding every day, and I've only fallen off a little bit. My weight still hovers around the 300 mark. What shall I do to fall off more?

Bess Downing.

Answer:

My dear Bess:

Try tumbling from a stepladder, and you will fall off more.

Dear Doc Arbuckle:

Is there any kind of food that I can get to assist me in reducing by rolling? Rollin Stone.

Answer:

Dear Rollin:

Try rolled oats.

(*Continued in advertising section*)

PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

By constantly practicing these exercises Fatty's manly beauty resists the ravages of time and toil.

The Celluloid Drama in Japan

They Do Things Differently in the Land of the Rising Sun

By G. SASAO

M. One, star in "Samrae," a native screen drama.

JAPAN MOTION PICTURE CLUB, TOKYO, JAPAN

This Jap actor specializes in "Be Gosh" parts.

This is the Douglas Fairbanks of Japan.

(Upper picture) A scene from a Jap film showing a surprising situation.

SINCE you ask me, it is my great pleasure to send greetings and good wishes from the friends of FILM FUN in Tokyo to all readers of your magazine. There are many of us who wait anxiously for its appearance each month. We are deeply interested in motion pictures here in Japan, and all that relates to film production.

I find it difficult to write about producing companies in my country. The pictures I send were taken for you when the company was at work on a play that will soon be finished and may be shown in America. It is called "Samrae." With us, the dress of an actor indicates the part he plays. With some characters you, too, do this; we do it always. A cowboy, in an American picture, could not be mistaken for any other type. That which you call "wild and woolly" is unreal to us, for the horse is rather a curiosity here, and it is hard for us to follow the play when a number of riders go dashing along the trail. It helps a great deal when we can find the hero, by the garb he wears, and follow him. We like American pictures very much, but, of course, our own are easier for us to understand.

American companies are often to be found at work in Japan, and there are a number of Japanese companies that, like your own, travel about from place to place. It seems to us better to use the real settings where a little extra effort or even hardship will permit. If a part of the action in a Japanese motion picture play takes place in the vicinity of the Nikko Shrine, that most beautiful of all Japan's beautiful places, then when you see the film you can be sure it is that very shrine, built more than three hundred years ago, and none other, that you see.

There is a wealth of material for picture plays in the legends and folk lore which the Japanese, as you perhaps know, treasure highly. Each man's aim, whether he be artist or artisan, writer or official, is to add some one thing worthy to endure among his country's possessions. It is because individuality is fostered in this way that so many examples of "lost arts" make Japan so fascinating to art treasure lovers. And if some sincere seeker will search it out, he will find a surprising storehouse of material in the literature of Japan that will make wonderful pictures which would be popular, I think. You all like "The Bluebird" and mystery plays like that. We like them too, but with us it is one of the usual ways to use symbols in presenting ideas we wish to make permanent. It is so we teach our children, presenting lessons in a form they grasp, as children of all countries grasp at fairy tales. When a boy reaches an age when he is thinking what he will do with his life, we teach him, by the use of the carp for a symbol, that it is his duty now to learn to swim upstream and gain strength by resistance.

There are moving picture magazines published in several cities in Japan. I am myself at work upon the first number of a little periodical. The actors contribute to it, and when you receive the copy which I shall send to you, you may find in it things about which the friends of FILM FUN would like to know.

佐々雄

VITAGRAPH

Agnes Ayres alleges that a becoming smile ought to be regarded as an indispensable accessory by anyone who would be perfectly apparelled. Judged by results the theory is sound; seeing is believing.

The Comments and Criticisms *of a* Free-Lance

by

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

CAMPBELL PHOTO

(Editor's Note: The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are striving for its downfall or its advancement.)

MARY MACLANE'S "Men Who Have Made Love to Me" is an interesting picture, its principal interest being that it is "different." I believe it is the first picture in which an author appears as the heroine of her own book. It was enjoyable to see on the screen a woman who was not a famous beauty or an opera singer, but one who has achieved fame through her pen, even though the character of her literary output is along rather sensational lines. As a movie heroine Mary MacLane is quite a prude compared with the famous vampires of the screen. In the role of a cinema actress Miss MacLane, with no previous dramatic training whatever, acquitted herself remarkably well. She was simple and sincere in everything she did and had no affectations. Neither did she resort to the prerogatives of her type and pose all over the place. Mary MacLane has an interesting, intelligent face, and her mind works; one could see it working on the screen. The sub-titles, which, of course, are from her book, were clever and gave the audience many a good laugh.

The Movies and the Newspapers

Editorials on the movies in the New York newspapers are now quite as common as editorials on the current news topics of the day. Yet how few years have passed since, even with a microscope, nary a word could be found in these big dailies pertaining to the motion pictures! The one big desire in the crude early days was for newspaper recognition. This, more than any other medium, was felt to be the only way to establish the movie as a branch of art and education. The complete ignoring of the motion picture by the newspapers caused many a pang in those jealous days, for the movie child was growing up, and no one would notice the kid at all. Could anything in this world be more disheartening? Those who did not participate in the early struggle for recognition of the movie know little of the silent suffering that obtained. Mr. Griffith would often remark: "Now, if I can only get the newspapers to notice me, I'd have some hope of these moving pictures." Balm came to his tortured soul when, in 1909, the New York *Times* gave a column write-up on his first ambitious effort, the movie version of Browning's "Pippa Passes." The picture did not make money, but the newspaper mention of it gave to the producer what money could not give. That was fresh ambition and a hope that burned to light the way to Griffith's great epic, "The Birth of a Nation," and let us hope will lead to his other thrilling spectacle, soon to be revealed, showing the Great War.

Mirroring Thoughts

William S. Hart, in "Blue Blazes Rawden," again delights his million followers. This photoplay is a characteristic Hart-Ince one. The story is a bit depressing for these sorrowful war days. One often wonders why certain actors and actresses acquire such a large following. For instance, here is William S. Hart, about whom movie fans the world over are enthusiastic. He has no claim to conventional good looks; in fact, he is rather curious looking. The answer is, he is a good actor—a good screen actor. His work is always quiet and sincere, but tense; he has, too, great reserve strength for his big dramatic scenes. His is the subtle art of motion picture acting, which is simply giving to an audience, through the delicate, changing expressions of the face, one's own thoughts.

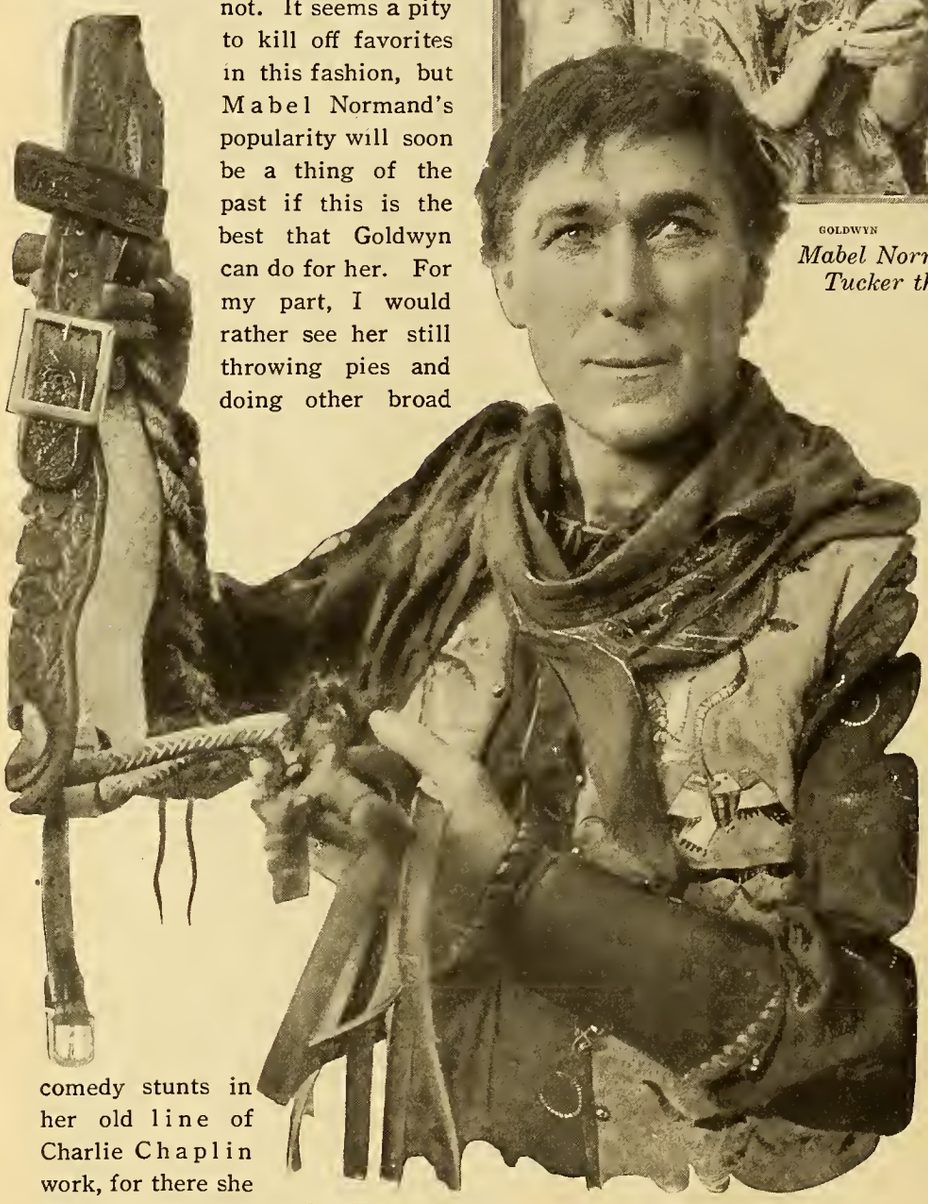
Re-enter Mabel Normand

After an all-too-long absence from the screen, Mabel Normand makes her reappearance under the Goldwyn banner. To bring back any star who had been lost to movie fans for a year or more (as has Miss Normand) in such a hodge-podge as "Dodging a Million" is surely a pity. Why offer Mabel Normand in it? The fickle public soon enough forgets even its greatest favorite when pictures featuring them cease to be shown. It would seem that the least that might be done for an attractive, paying star, such as Miss Normand has always been, would be to reintroduce her in a vehicle worthy of her talents. Whatever "Dodging a Million" is all about is more than I know. In this I do not lack company, for there are many whose mental perception of this photoplay is as vague as mine. At the theater where I saw this picture people all about me kept wondering when the heroine would "wake up"; they felt convinced that the whole thing had suddenly turned into a dream, or, rather, a nightmare. Others thought the locale of the story had shifted to an insane asylum, and that the author or director had omitted the sub-title carrying this necessary information.

Mabel Normand as a Keystone star was one of the most popular of the young movie actresses. She occupied a unique position in the screen world, for she was young, very pretty, and the only one in filmdom having these attributes who had made a name in slapstick comedy. As all comedians want to play "Hamlet," no doubt Miss Normand was ambitious to contribute to the screen both dainty comedy and serious work. Perhaps she can do so, but in "Dodging a Million" she certainly wasn't given an opportunity to show whether she could or not. It seems a pity to kill off favorites in this fashion, but Mabel Normand's popularity will soon be a thing of the past if this is the best that Goldwyn can do for her. For my part, I would rather see her still throwing pies and doing other broad comedy stunts in her old line of Charlie Chaplin work, for there she had no rival but him. Now she is merely one of many. There is nothing distinctive about Miss Normand in "Dodging a Million," and unless some interest by her managers is taken in her scenarios and the direction of her pictures, her screen life may be short.

GOLDWYN

Mabel Normand discusses with director George Loane Tucker the jewel scene in "Dodging a Million."



PARAMOUNT

"Blue Blazes Rawden," alias William Hart, may take a proper pride in equipment that includes a Mexican bridle like this. You wouldn't believe what it cost.

We Need Sincerity and Simplicity

Charles Ray again pleases in a rural comedy drama, "The Hired Man." The story is of the clean, domestic sort, and the part a typical "Charles Ray" part. It is refreshing to see a wholesome-looking youth playing in good, old-fashioned, wholesome stories. Simplicity and naturalness are sadly lacking attributes in many of the young men movie actors. It wins out in every walk of life, so why don't a few of them try it—if they can? Please, won't Miss Doris Lee wear her hair in another fashion? True, she is a very little girl, but I hardly think the inch or two gained by her tumbling headdresses is of any advantage in making her look taller. It is out of keeping with the rest of her very dainty self.

Ours Not to Reason Why

I heartily agree with the editorial in the New York *Morning Telegraph* on the movies, which says: "The industry is suffering from an acute attack of 'poor pictures.'"

Beauty a Duty

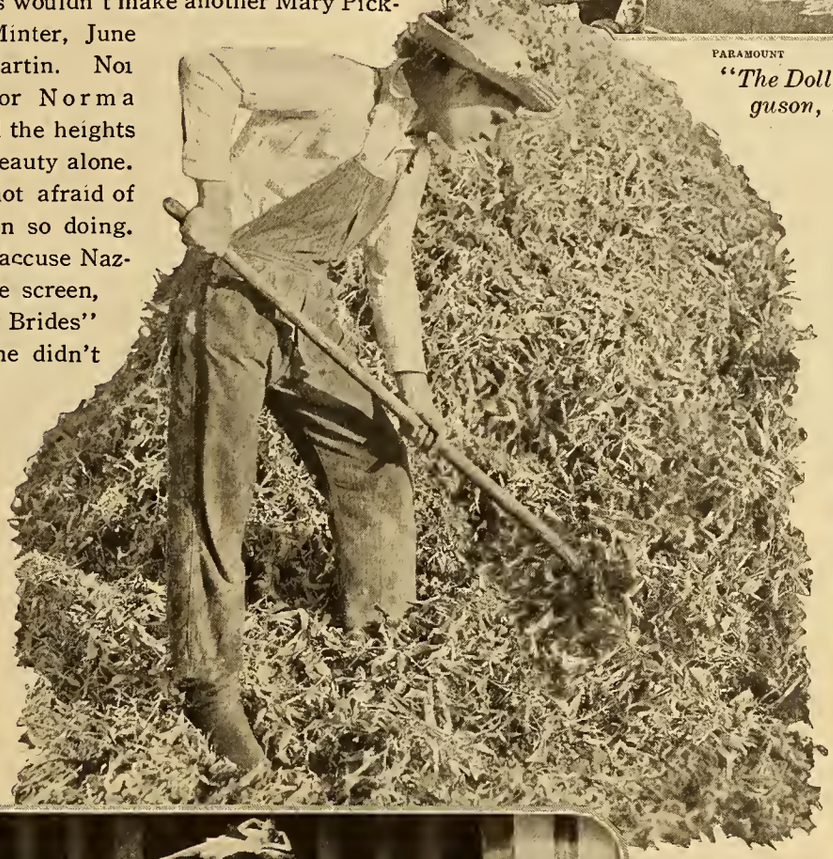
George Loan Tucker is too experienced a movie man and too clever a producer to make the following statement, credited to him in a New York newspaper: "It is my firm belief that the first duty of the camera is to find beauty and record it." Beauty, whether of face, figure, dwelling-place or landscape, is always very pleasing to see on a

motion picture screen, but beauty alone does not make an interesting picture. I would say that the first duty of a motion picture camera is to find "thought" and record it. A star who has beauty doesn't get so far on just beauty. There are some stars who feel that "beauty" alone is essential, or so much more essential than acting that, even if they do know how to act, they refuse to contribute acting to their pictures, for fear that it may spoil their studied "still beauty."

Directors are much to blame along these lines, particularly when they are handling a woman who has been known as a famous beauty. This is the reason for the number of stupid, uninteresting pictures featuring such actresses and singers as Mary Garden, Lina Cavalieri and Maxine Elliott. A million Pickford curls wouldn't make another Mary Pickford or Mary Miles Minter, June Caprice or Vivian Martin. Nor would Anita Stewart or Norma Talmadge have reached the heights they have attained on beauty alone. They can act and are not afraid of spoiling their beauty in so doing. Certainly no one would accuse Nazimova of beauty on the screen, but her acting in "War Brides" was so splendid that one didn't stop to question whether she was beautiful on or off the stage or not. There has been a surfeit of "still beauties" on the screen. Lucille gowns and ermine wraps are now a matter of course. Mabel Normand in her funny character make-up in Keystone comedies, when she didn't care what happened to her queer clothes or whether her hair was all fluffs or puffs, was a far more interesting personality than she ever will be as a conventional, nice, properly gowned miss. As to men screen stars, there are some pretty boys who have soft brown eyes and dark curly hair and sweet smiles, such as Carlyle Blackwell, J. Warren Kerrigan and Francis X. Bushman; but where do they get off when compared with Charlie Chaplin or William S. Hart?

PARAMOUNT

"The Doll's House," Elsie Ferguson, star, will soon be released.



PARAMOUNT

Let it never be said that Charles Ray doesn't know beans. This scene from "The Hired Man" is proof that he does.

Mr. Tucker also says: "In my experience the hard, searching studio lights are cruel to facial irregularities. They seem to laugh at plainness and hold it up to ridicule. On the other hand, they make a pretty girl seem beautiful." That may be Mr. Tucker's experience, but it is not the experience of others. Some of the fairest and prettiest of girls do not photograph well. Hazel Dawn is an instance of this. Perfect and delicate features do not always make for screen beauty. On the other hand, I have known girls to photograph beautifully who are decidedly plain in

GOLDWYN

The fashion parade in "Dodging a Million" is enough to drive any woman to—the dressmaker. The play is one of Mabel Normand's latest and most elaborate offerings.

real life. Screen beauty, as well as stage beauty, does not always denote real beauty. However much feminine beauty in all forms is pleasing to the eye, motion picture directors should remember that if the public is to be fed up on it seven days a week, it soon becomes tiresome. A steady diet of dainty French *entres* makes one long for a plain boiled New England dinner. Deeds of heroism take place in tenement rooms, and big hearts beat under the cheapest, sorriest raiment. If an actress can interest the people, make them laugh or make them cry, they'll love her, even if she is "just plain" and hasn't a Petrova profile, Madge Kennedy eyes or Mary Pickford curls.

A Club for Studio Girls

From Los Angeles comes word that Louise Huff has been elected president of the Studio Club of Hollywood. Further information states: "This club is an organization formed for the benefit of studio girls, providing them with a place to live, in an atmosphere of good cheer and home-like surroundings. They have a knitting night, an evening is devoted to making surgical dressings and bandages for the Red Cross, but the real big time is Saturday evening, when open house is kept for the soldiers and sailors, an old-fashioned dance enjoyed, and entertainment offered by prominent motion picture stars." This worthy organization certainly deserves the support of all those who have the best interests of the motion picture industry at heart. The club is to be congratulated in having such a charming little president.

Why Failures Strew the Starry Way

Mildred Cram, in the *Theatre Magazine*, maintains that the photodrama, although "provoking, uneven and for the most part inexpertly handled," is as much an art as the spoken drama. To support her contention, she points as evidence to Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, Laura Hope Crews, Emily Stevens and Viola Allen as having "failed utterly (in the screen drama), in spite of their intelligence and magnetism, to accomplish what Mary Pickford, who is an unskilled actress behind the footlights, accomplishes unerringly before the camera." Miss Cram names such stage stars as "Tree, Maude, Faversham, Sothern and Daly" as being failures in the cinema, as also "such professional fun-makers as Sam Bernard, Raymond Hitchcock and Eddie Foy." She says, referring to these artists from the stage who have failed to "register" on the screen, that "their shadow selves have ogled and grimaced, writhed and languished strutted and wept, and no one has been impressed or moved."

A few reasons why these stars have failed so utterly before the camera might be stated, in justice to both the motion picture and to the stage star. *Current Opinion*, in common with the majority of opinions, is partly right and just as partly wrong in stating that "the reason, of course, lies largely in the fact that motion pictures have nothing to do with the magic of the living voice, the magnetism of the living flesh, unsoftened by skipping spotlights and other accessories native to the stage."

Please notice, first, stage stars who have failed: De Wolf Hopper. This star of old-time comic-opera fame failed on the screen, because his voice was his principal asset. He was well handled in pictures, but the best handling in the world cannot give screen value to the voice. The failure in this instance belongs to the producers. They certainly should have had sense enough to know that De Wolf Hopper would be no money-maker in filmdom. They were experienced producers, but they relied solely on an established name to bring success. Eddie Foy's experience with the movies is rather amusing to relate. It seems that Mack Sennett, who engaged him and also directed him, worked as a chorus man in Eddie Foy's own show at the Casino Theater, New York. Sennett, in fact, came directly to the Biograph, where he began his motion picture career, from Eddie Foy's chorus. It was pretty hard for Foy to take direction from his former chorus man, but when he was told that he didn't know how to act—that was too much for the Foy temperament! Is it any wonder some pictures are a mess? Is it any wonder stage stars fail on the screen, and isn't it rather funny, why? I wouldn't like to say George Cohan failed in pictures without seeing more of his work. "Broadway Jones," his introductory picture, did not give him much of an opportunity. The story and direction could have been better. Willie Collier, as delightful a comedian as there is on the stage to day, failed utterly in the movies. Either he had poor direction or he would not take direction. It is hard sometimes for a clever actor and stage director to take orders from small-fry movie directors. There are certain rules of the trade that the camera man's lowly second assistant could tell to even a Bernhardt, and they must be observed. Jack Barrymore would have become a popular movie hero, with another Fairbanks following, had he persisted. However, he was in pictures one week and on the stage the next, and jumping in and out that way doesn't help to establish one with the movie fans.

Those Who Have Registered Success

As to the dramatic stars who have made good: Arnold Daly has a personality that is as attractive on the screen as it is on the stage. As he is a stage producer himself and a man who thinks, it is a safe bet that any motion picture direction given him that isn't intelligent doesn't get by. William Farnum is a capable actor, as telling in his work on the screen as on the stage. He is now better known as a movie actor. He has always had good stories and good direction, which two necessities to movie success would have established as favorites quite a few stage stars who have seemingly failed. William S. Hart is now a movie star of such magnitude that many no doubt really think his only dramatic experience has been with the movies. He, however, was the original *Messala*, in "Ben-Hur," and his greatest stage success was as *Cash Hawkins*, in "The Squaw Man." His last part on the stage was as old *Jud Tolliver*, in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." He received his training under old Daniel Bandman, a German tragedian who toured in one-night stands and helped to establish such stars as Julia Marlowe and Viola Allen. He was a very melodramatic actor on the stage, and his highest salary was possibly two hundred per week. Hart is essentially a movie actor. He has "screen personality" and has succeeded through sustained good work. William Faversham had everything in his favor for screen success.

ESSANAY

He made his first appearance (and only one, I believe) in a screen-proof story, Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way." It was the most cruelly butchered manuscript ever screened. The scenario couldn't have been worse, nor could the direction, nor could Mr. Faversham, in my judgment. He seemed to be amused at it all—as if saying to himself: "Well, I've got myself into this, and I'll go through with it. They're paying me well." His was an unnecessary failure, probably due to indifference, when he first saw "movies in the making" and the general incompetence surrounding the production of the picture a sorry miscalculation.

ESSANAY

Mary MacLane is controlled by many moods in "Men Who Have Made Love to Me." Is it Walt Whitman she studies so intently? He said, you know, "I celebrate myself."

Some say Sir Herbert Tree failed in "Macbeth," but I do not think so. It was a beautiful production, and Sir Herbert gave a splendid screen performance of the character of *Macbeth*. It was rather a failure of William Shakespeare. His works to-day are no more popular on the stage than they are in the cinema. As sterling an actor as Nat Goodwin failed completely on the screen. He really has been put to no fair test as to whether he has screen possibilities or not. "Oliver Twist" was not directed by the most competent man. One cannot say Nat Goodwin failed simply because he appeared in a bad picture. He has never had a chance to prove himself. Sidney Drew has had a remarkably brilliant career, both on the vaudeville stage in clever sketches written by his first wife, Gladys Rankin, and in motion pictures in a line of domestic comedies. He was always a better actor than his half-brother, John Drew, who was a matinee idol in the old days at Daly's, when there were such things as matinee idols and woman suffrage wasn't with us. Sidney Drew is an all-round clever writer, producer, speaking actor and movie star.

Of the younger screen stars, Charles Ray's experience is of interest. He was an obscure Dutch comedian playing "small time" in cheap vaudeville houses on the Pacific coast. He was fortunate in affiliating with a good company and staying with it. George Beban used to play eccentric comedy parts, Frenchmen in Lew Fields productions. He was a clever stage actor, but "nothing like" what he is as a cinema actor. He has had good direction and stories. He possibly helps direct his own pictures. Fairbanks's history is too well known to need to be told here. Had he remained on the stage, he would own fewer Liberty Bonds.

Julian Eltinge, always in my mind a freak attraction, has been equally successful in the movies and on the stage.

PARAMOUNT—POSED EXCLUSIVELY FOR FILM FUN

PHOTO BY VICTOR GEORG

Elsie Ferguson's acting for the screen is like a "Song Without Words"; none are needed. Grace, beauty and sympathy are gifts with which Mother Nature dowered her, but she has achieved full command of all these through conscientious study and a love for hard work. Some of her views on the value of the "silent drama" are given in her article on the opposite page.

PARAMOUNT

The weird, appealing beauty of Miss Ferguson in "Rose of the World" holds the casual spectator captivated, and thrills the intelligent as no spoken word could do. Nor is her charm of the baby doll type. One need not know the story of the play to appreciate the "bit" here pictured.

Advantages of the Screen Over the Stage

A Comparison and a Prophecy With Some Comments by the Way

By ELSIE FERGUSON

TOO MUCH enthusiasm is often quite as misleading as too little, yet I can truthfully say that personally I like the so-called "silent" drama very much more than the legitimate stage. This, the point of view of the player, is, of course, only one aspect of the comparison which I hope to make between stage and screen work; yet to me it is naturally the most important, so I will take it up first. One must consider the question, too, from the angle of the director—perhaps most of all—and from the viewpoint of the public.

First, I want to clear up a mistaken impression entertained by many—that screen players do not learn their parts, that screen drama is literally the "silent" drama. This is not the fact. Each player learns his lines as carefully as if he were to speak them on the stage, but with the difference that they need be studied only one at a time, or just the words to fit the scene need be learned for the taking of that scene. Personally I find that this gives far greater spontaneity than in stage work, where one of the hardest tasks of a player is to give his words freshness and spontaneity, when he must repeat them over and over daily for months. Also, I always say my lines aloud, giving exactly the emphasis and stress that I would for a stage performance. I understand that this method is not followed by all stars, some of whom merely repeat the words to themselves. Most all of them, however, follow my procedure.

The variety of screen work, its ever-varying fields and the broad scope available for each star, is obvious and need not be touched upon. The screen work that I have enjoyed the most, and to which I have consequently been able to give my best effort, has been in out-of-door scenes such as a stage director could not hope to rival.

The personal side, of course, enters into this equation of mine, and I am sure anyone who has ever tried both stage and screen will agree when I say that the latter is vastly more desirable, and for many reasons. First of all, there is the fact that it is healthier. One is able to keep fairly regular hours, and one's evenings are free. For example, I am able to live at home most of the time, the infrequent trips coming just often enough to be a real pleasure, not comparable to the wearying travel of a "touring" stage production. I have my luncheon prepared at my home and sent to the studio every day, and so avoid the restaurant food which would be my lot otherwise. This satisfies me and meets Mr. Hoover's strictest demands as well.

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT HARTSOOK PHOTO

Mary Pickford has been familiarizing herself with California out-doors for some of the breezy scenes in "M'liss," her next picture.

Maurice Tourneur, who directed the marvelous production of "The Blue Bird," from Maeterlinck's famous play, and who is now directing me in a screen version of Ibsen's "A Doll's House," is a screen "fan" like myself. He, of course, looks at the matter from quite a different angle, yet I agree with him in all he says. We were discussing "The Blue Bird" the other day and its adaptability for the screen, in spite of the discouraging prophecies of many film folk. Mr. Tourneur, in speaking of his one-time teacher, the late Auguste Rodin, said the French master had believed "The Blue Bird" would come to the screen in time, when a director with a knowledge of symbolic values, a keen grasp of all the arts and a vivid imagination could be found to produce it.

"A Doll's House," at first, seemed quite as ambitious an undertaking as "The Blue Bird," so subtle is Ibsen's style, so dependent upon whispered conferences and key-words which unlock the subconscious, half-said truths. Mr. Tourneur, however, is a master of illusion, of atmosphere and fantasies, and his ambition is to make the screen as expressive of the finest, subtlest thought and emotion as great music, inspired poetry or lyric prose. He has expanded Ibsen's meaning to the full circumference of his thought, and I believe that, thanks to him, "A Doll's House" is receiving a finer expression than it has ever had before.

Having had a varied and interesting career, beginning in Paris, where he was first a decorator and designer, and carrying him on to an association with Rodin, the greatest of modern sculptors, and with Puvis de Chavannes, the mural painter, Mr. Tourneur has had ample opportunity to compare the stage and screen from a purely artistic point of view. He has worked on the speaking stage, having appeared with Madame Rejane, touring South America, England, Spain, Portugal, Italy and parts of Africa. Like myself, however, he has turned to the screen for the fullest achievement of his career, and, like me, he believes in it as the most mobile medium for artistic expression.

The third and most important phase of a comparison between the stage and screen is, of course, the point of view of the public. This has been most often touched upon, as it concerns everyone—those of us who are "screen fans" and the few remaining so-called "highbrows," or persons who have either not given the films a chance to justify themselves or who have been unfortunate in seeing some of the poor films which, in spite of repeated efforts on the part of all screen folk, still persist in cropping out.

But nearly everyone is willing to be taught the error of his viewpoint in this respect, and most people will admit that their prejudices are based on a misconception. "The Blue Bird," I should think, would be a final argument for those few persons who do not yet care for motion pictures. Anyone who has seen it can never forget the impression of beauty, of profound truths forced home by sheer symbolism and images that, as they flick over the screen, form each a perfect picture worthy a master's canvas.

The matter of expense is important to everyone in these war days. Rich and poor alike are attempting, more or less successfully, to cut expenses. What better place to start than on the "amusement" budget? The great theaters.

(Continued in advertising section)

E D I T O R I A L

The Public Is Responsible

A GOODLY number of independent producers have recently entered the motion picture industry. This would indicate that the association formed during the first of the year to promote direct dealing has found favor. A good many producing concerns could be maintained for a long time with the amount of money which hitherto has been absorbed by the middlemen, who really contributed nothing to the enterprise. If only all concerned will insist that the standard of plays is what it should be, a long stride ahead will have been taken. Unfortunately, the adventurer into film producing has as little to guide him as the "forty-niners" who made a mad rush for the gold fields on insufficient information. Because of this lack of knowledge, the trail they traveled was marked for many years by their bleached bones, and in like manner the financial skeleton of many a worthy and ambitious picture promoter is apt to be all that is left to indicate his contribution to the development of the picture industry. With the aid of the sixth sense to influence his choice of scenarios, and the application of plain business principles, there is a greater chance today for success than there has ever been—not the meteoric sort of bonanza days, but the sure, safe, sane, cause-and-effect kind of success that will prove a lasting satisfaction.

A Harmful Phrase

HAVING at heart the best interests of a great enterprise, FILM FUN wants to enter a protest against the phrase, heard constantly in connection with almost every department of the industry—"nobody knows." It is probably true enough. Nobody knows how much help the stars have given, and are giving, to the Liberty Loan, the Red Cross, War Savings, benefits general and special, and other causes, not to mention the very large number of men in actual war service. How many people are engaged—whether two million or a few thousand are involved—nobody knows. But somebody ought to know. Somebody ought to find out and see to it that credit is given where credit is due. It isn't fair to the workers who give so generously of their time, substance and initiative, and it isn't fair to the industry as a whole that they should lose the honor rightly theirs. And, on the other hand, it isn't fair that shirkers and slackers, whose plan is "to let George do it," should be aided in their undertaking by the statement, "Nobody knows." Some justification for the existing state of affairs is found in the rapidity with which the industry has grown. It ranks fifth in the industries of the country and is as intimately related to all our doings as the steel industry.

PARAMOUNT

Douglas Fairbanks says "Ginger" proved a good comrade and enjoyed the trip and the hard work when the company was out in the Arizona desert filming "Headin' South." Who knows but that some day with his master's help Ginger may take part in a picture presentation of the great Alaskan drama in which the malamutes have played such an exciting and wonderful part.

Original Music for Photoplays

PROPHESYING is altogether out of vogue, and in days when it flourished it was notably without honor; but, nevertheless, we would foretell that the time must come soon when an original score will have to be written for every play that is to attain worthwhile success. Appropriate music is essential. Anyone who has seen the photoplay, "My Own United States," in which Arnold Daly is star, has had it hammered home to his inner consciousness how much music may mean to the silent drama, for the action is strengthened, upborne and at times made to approach the majestic by the musical accompaniment. This film version of "The Man Without a Country" meets the need for an awakening of the love of country, and anyone who sees and hears it is quick to feel the response from all around him. Producers should make original music a part of every feature film. The effect would be worth much more than the cost.

PARAMOUNT HARTSOOK PHOTO

Kathleen Clifford says that this honest-to-goodness old-fashioned gown, created many years ago for one of her ancestors, proves they knew as much in olden times as the most modern of us concerning what to wear and how to wear it. Appearances seem to justify Miss Clifford's belief.

PATHE

Pearl White is discussing with Howard Chandler Christy, the artist, some details of her next serial "The House of Hate," a play destined, she believes, to inspire us all to earnest endeavor in war work by revealing Germany's many treacheries.

Why I Want to Work for Uncle Sam

What a Dainty Movie Actress is Doing to Help Win the War

By PEARL WHITE

"IF THE United States of America are worth living in, they are worth fighting for!"

I believe I do not make a false claim when I say that I used these words before they had been carried to the four corners of our great country on a now famous recruiting poster, and I know that no other phrase could so satisfactorily express my own conviction.

I have made what money I possess out of the greatness and bounty of my country.

I have carved my career out of the rock of America.

I have built what happiness the Supreme Power has permitted me to attain, out of the beauty of her fields, the majesty of her mountains, the bigness of her cities.

America has been my land of opportunity; the American people have made it possible for me to realize the fruits of that opportunity.

What kind of a woman would I be were I not ready at any time to make sacrifices for the sake of the flag that symbolizes all for which America stands, if I should shirk any responsibility placed upon me through my allegiance to the country now so great and now on the threshold of more wonderful achievements than the world has yet known!

On several occasions I have offered my personal services in whatever capacity they would be useful. I would and could drive an ambulance or a truck, or, with training, an aeroplane. But I have been told that many others can do the same, that women had best not risk becoming a liability in Europe, that I can do more valuable work by simply "putting everything I've got" into making more photoplays and better photoplays, not only for the millions at home, but for the hundreds of thousands abroad. So be it.

I want to do what Uncle Sam tells me to do. I want to work for him, because I stand wholeheartedly and unreservedly behind him in this war. I believe it will prove the test by fire from which America, till now a mighty thing of rough iron, will emerge as tempered steel.

I am often pointed out as typifying the American spirit, but I do not believe many people know that my father was an Irishman, born here, and my mother a Corsican from the land of Napoleon. Since I was a wee kid I have been conscious of my Americanism. I don't know what has made me feel it deeply. Nobody ever told me; but the consciousness was there—just something inside me.

That is what this war is going to do for every man and woman in America, no matter where he or she was born. It will awaken them to a consciousness of being American. It will make them appreciate the fact. It will make the colors of all the national emblems represented in our polyglot population dissolve into the Red, White and Blue, because they will have been privileged to make sacrifices

for the emblem in a great cause—and what real good ever came to anyone who did not give up something to make himself worthy to receive it?

When the authorities asked me to pose for a war poster by Howard Chandler Christy, I was glad to do so.

When the navy officers asked me to aid them in stimulating recruiting, I rode a beam from the pavement in Forty-second Street to the twenty-second story of a building then being constructed. A crowd gathered, and I distributed navy pamphlets, made a speech, and according to the officers helped the game along. I was pleased to be of service.

When the Liberty Loan drive came, I made in one night a circuit of twenty-one theaters in New York as a Four-Minute "Man," and I'll do it again when the next loan is on.

When the income tax came, I was glad to pay my share of it—anything the government thinks I should pay. It's doing my bit.

When my chauffeur said he'd like to enlist immediately after America went in, I did all I could to help him, though he had been with me for years and was the best man I ever saw in his line. Through friends I got him into aviation. He made good and is now "somewhere in France" with a commission.

If arrangements can be made, I want to help in the big propaganda play now being projected.

If the government wants me for a propaganda picture, I'll play a maid with two scenes, while somebody else has the "big stuff." If Uncle Sam says so, that is all there is to it. I am ready here and now, and at any time, for anything that the Big Boss wants me to do.

Pearl White

F L A S H B A C K S

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

NO NEED to worry over this year's supply of pepper! Fay Tincher is back in the pictures.

Warner Oland is urging everyone to come across for the Red Cross, so as to give the iron cross the double cross.

It is hinted that Creighton Hale is so tired of serials that he eschews all his old-time favorite breakfast foods.

"The forbidden path" does not refer to the one leading to the coal bin. That's all over with—until next winter.

James Russell has a kick coming, but he can't land it. He broke his ankle during the fight scene in "The Girl Who Dared."

Edna Goodrich wears a million dollars' worth of dry goods in "Who Loved Him Best?" At least, it so appears to the average he.

Mabel Normand has a brilliant new photoplay, "Dodging a Million." Huh! in these hard times we wouldn't even dodge a dollar.

"Kindling" has been filmed, and a Minneapolis exhibitor who has booked it wants to know "what's the use of kindling if you ain't got no coal?"

Tom Forman has enlisted in the army; Edward Earle has joined the aviation corps; Will Munchoff has just got married. How brave American men are!

Ethel Teare never has her photo taken in a bathing suit. She says there are two reasons. None of our business, Ethel, but what's wrong with 'em?

Mary MacLane has hurled herself into the screen in "Men Who Have Made Love to Me." We are anxious to learn her verdict on J. Warren Kerrigan.

We asked our coal dealer to attend a performance with us of Paramount's "The Guilty Man." He refused, saying the pictures were getting too darned personal.

Peggy Hyland lost her dog, "Jackpot," that she brought from England, and it was a long time before he was found. A great many screen actors have lost jackpots that were never recovered.

Hooray! At last we are to have "Mickey" and Mabel Normand in her sawed-off overalls and Chaplinesque shoes! Ah, as the poet says: "Rags are royal raiment when worn on Mabel's shape!"

William S. Hart, in "An Apostle of Vengeance," made such a splendid impression as a minister that a Western church sent him a call. However, they made such a noise in the studios that Hart couldn't hear it.

It is rumored that the title to the book Mary Pickford is writing will be "How To Live on a Hundred Thousand Dollars a Year." She maintains that, with present prices and such an income, one might with strict economy have pie twice a week.

The "less" day habit is spreading. Artcraft will produce a starless play. It is called "The Whispering Chorus," and although the cast contains the monickers of several well-known stars, they will not be featured. This innovation will be as welcome to the stars as the Kaiser would be in Paris.

What They Missed

They boast about the ancient days,
In rounded prose and solemn lays;
But I just wink my eye, you see,
For that stuff don't go down with me.
The gods of Greece were awful slow—
They never saw a picture show.

Along with a consignment of pictures of the "Beauty Brigade" comes the information that Venice, Cal., held its annual bathing-suit contest recently, and the entire male population of Southern California volunteered to officiate as judges. Only bookkeepers were selected, however. They were used to figures, and therefore able to keep their mind on the job.

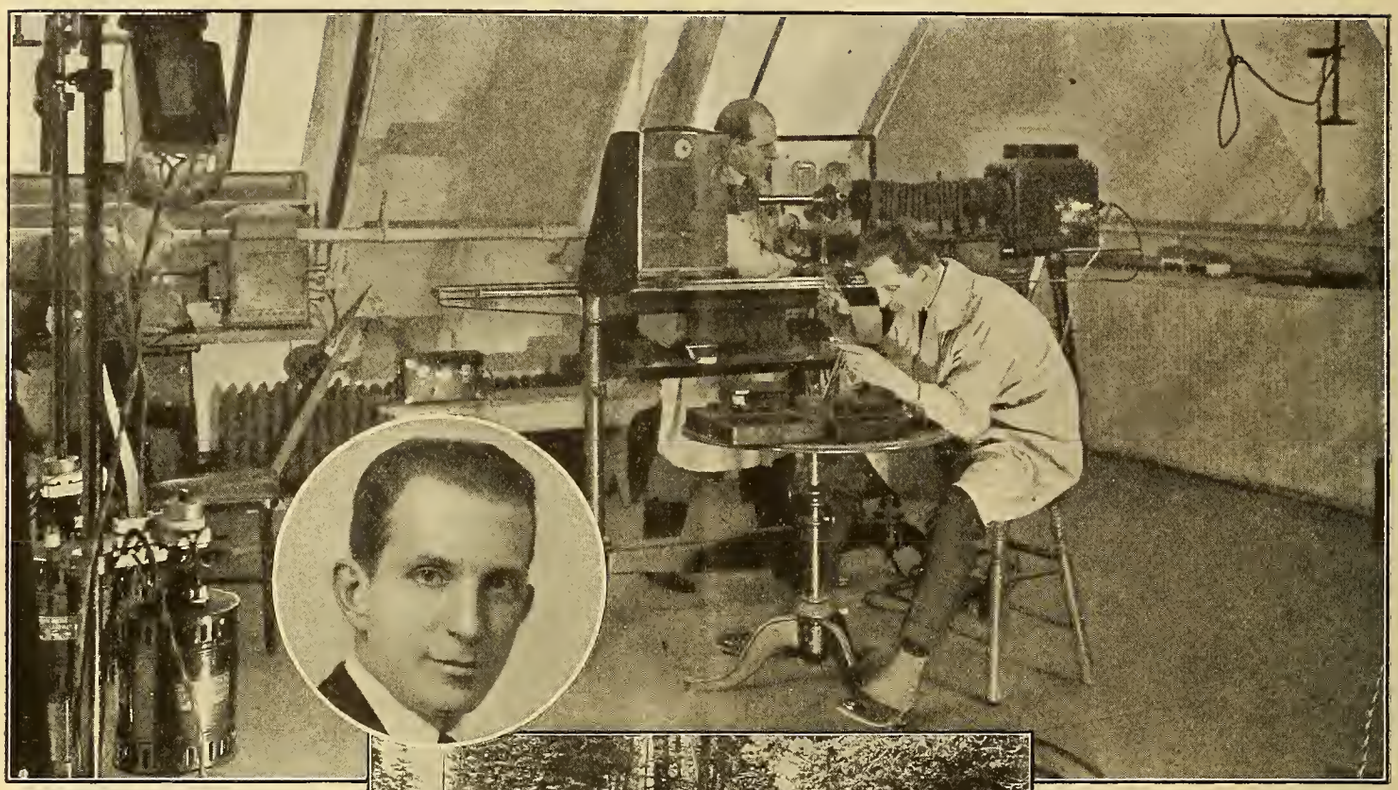
VITAGRAPH CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD PHOTO

Alice Joyce is starring in a series of Robert W. Chambers photoplays. "The Business of Life," soon to be released, is apparently pleasant and absorbing, if we may judge by the lilies and the rapt unbusiness-like appearance of Alice.

Microscopic Movie Marvels

How Invisible Atoms are Made to Prance on the Screen Like Wild Animals

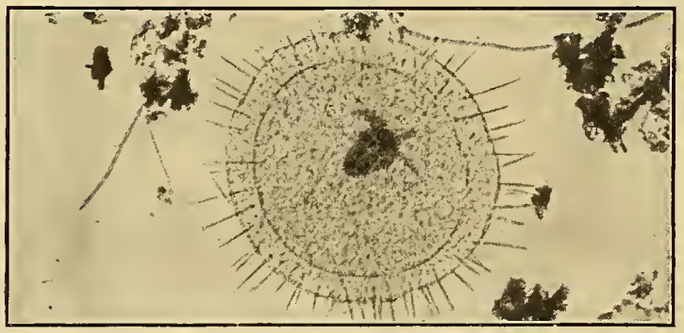
By Horace D. Ashton



ARGUS PICTORIAL

(Insert) Horace D. Ashton. At work in the studio, with stage set, camera ready, his actors under the microscope.

Beavers building a dam in the North woods.



Actino Sphaerium digesting young cyclops which he has devoured.

SO FAR as I know, mine is one of the few successful experiments in the taking of motion pictures of micro-organisms, and the first to follow a continuity in the scenarios. If audiences find the films a tithe as interesting as I have found the making of them, my efforts will have been worth while. And the undertaking is by no means simple, as you shall see.

I arrange a sort of scenario in which the species to be filmed is permitted to work out his life story. In each case the problem of sustenance seems to dominate. Take, if you please, a "Vorticella" or bell anamalculae; the bell, which resembles a lily-of-the-valley, swings at the end of a contractile stem with which it fastens itself to other objects. The edge of the bell is fringed with cilia—fine, hair-like projections—which create a current in the water, thus attracting its food.

To secure this and similar motion pictures, the object, magnified many diameters, plays its part in a field of action one-one-hundredths of an inch in width. The performer takes up a large portion of this space, and in one jump may move clear out of the field of observation. To manipulate the field with one hand while cranking the camera with the other is not an undertaking in which one can perfect himself in one lesson. When I am at work, the performer is magnified only two hundred, four hundred or eight hundred diameters, according to the power of the objective; but the motion picture projecting machine magnifies the film about one hundred and forty-four diameters, which must be multiplied by the four hundred or eight hundred aforesaid to get at the fact, and that is that the picture you see on the screen of microscopic life is magnified some thirty thousand diameters or more.

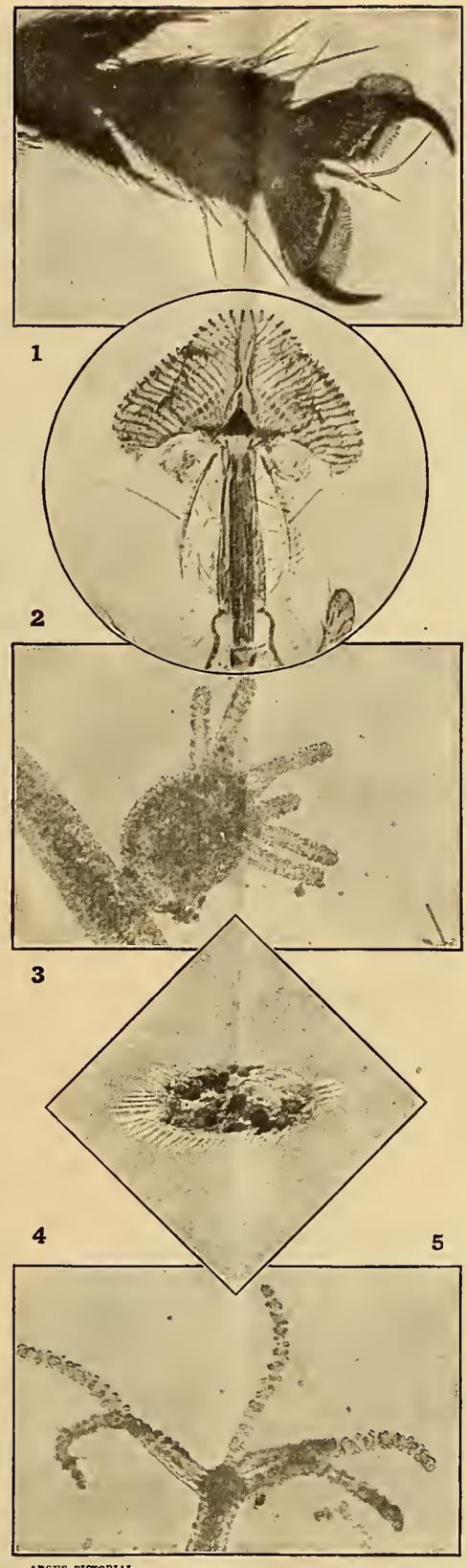
I have been fortunate in securing the friendly co-operation of men of high standing and authority, such as

Dr. Roy W. Minor, assistant curator of the Department of Invertebrate Zoology, Museum of Natural History, New York, who assisted in filming the microscopic pond life; Frank E. Lutz, curator of the Department of Entomology of the American Museum of Natural History, in photographing insect life; and Dr. E. P. Felt, New York State entomologist, who has specialized on foes to plant life, such as the alder blight, and others. A great deal of my success is due, too, to the tireless energy and enthusiasm of my associate, J. James De Vyver, arboriculturalist.

My actors are temperamental, too. Like other motion picture stars, they sulk at times, for no reason I, as director of the action, can fathom. Light seems to affect their movements. A ray too much of red intoxicates and inspires them to eccentric behavior, but a blue light seems to restore them to sanity and orderliness. All of these little animals live in cold water, and as the quantity used is about what you could lift on the point of a pin, the direct rays of light which the camera requires can be allowed to play on the field but a few seconds at a time, else heat prostration will overtake the performers.

The utility of motion pictures such as these may be inferred from the "stills" from a late release, which we may call "The House Fly's Revenge." It shows how this villain wrecks homes and destroys families. I am asked to accept a scenario in which "Jersey Skeeter" shall play the lead, and probably this will be on the screen before summer. Plays like this are easier to stage. The actors are magnified only about five hundred diameters. Individuality has opportunity that isn't possible in a mob scene such as seems inevitable when you consider that in a drop of water there are approximately fifty thousand animalcule.

I am asked sometimes to explain how it happens that I, for many years a globe-trotter and adventurer, a war correspondent throughout the Russo-Japanese War, and an explorer for a number of years, find this work so absorbing and inspiring. "What's the use of it all?" people want to know. Well, it is a good thing to learn to distinguish friends from enemies, and that I can teach. The constructive vastly out number the destructive in the micro-organisms. Take, for instance, the nematodes. More than a score of distinct species are concerned at all times in maintaining us in health. Bacteria multiply in much the same way and run their life cycle with about the same speed the bacilli do, and just now if the dangers of entertaining unawares the pneumococcus and the diplococcus are known, and the beneficent activities of those friendly little folks, these silent guardians, are so understood that we can avail ourselves of their aid, many a case of pneumonia or diphtheria can be warded off. The fresh-water hydra makes an interesting scenario along these lines. His favorite food, plenteously partaken, keeps the water he inhabits in good condition. Of course, when it comes to visualizing the animals on which he feeds, fine work is required; but it has been done, as the picture of the Actino Sphærium shows.



ARGUS PICTORIAL

1. The foot of a fly, magnified 400 diameters. 2. Tongue of the common house fly, magnified 400 diameters. 3. Bud hydra. This species reproduces by branching out thus from the parent. 4. Stylonichia, magnified 1600 diametres. 5. Hydra rividis. A severed tentacle develops into a complete organism, magnified to some 400 diameters.

But microscopic life is only one feature of the Argus programs. Among interesting industries we discovered that the process of gold beating—making the tissue sheets of pure gold, used the world over in many industries, but most familiar to us in the dentist's work—is the same now as when perfected by Persian beaters some eight hundred years ago. The film shows every step of this process, from the brick as it leaves the smelter, through the ingot, to the finished sheet, which is one-three-hundred-thousandth of an inch in thickness.

Anyone who wants to know just how a dam should be built and how the work can be accomplished in record time will enjoy the picture made not long ago, when we were able to film the home building of a colony of beavers engaged in the construction of a village.

I find in my work, more and more every day and all day long, that Stevenson was right when he wrote:

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Grace S. Ashton

EDISON

In this scene from "Aliens" Kiki-San seems to think the answer to the riddle of life may be read in her tea-cup.

The Evolution of a Star

How One Ambitious Little Girl Was Made Over for the Movies

By SHIRLEY MASON

WHEN Mr. Frederick A. Collins visited the Edison Studio to arrange for the production of "Seven Deadly Sins," he did me the honor of selecting me for the principal feminine role.

"Who is that girl?" he asked Mr. McChesney, the manager.

"Leonie Flugrath," was the reply.

Mr. Collins stepped up to me. "I admire your personality and methods," he said smilingly, "but I don't like your name. Will you change it?"

"Certainly I will, to get a stellar part!" I returned, the novel idea winning me like a flash. He just as promptly replied, "You are Shirley Mason now!" and Shirley Mason I have stayed ever since.

I suppose Mr. Collins had been reading the Bronte sisters' novels and found "Shirley" rather pleasant browsing. At any rate, he had the name ready coined before entering the studio, knew of my work in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and had mentally selected me to star opposite George Le Guere, prior to our introduction.

EDISON

Ceremonial costume in cherry-blossom land.

I am now very fond of the appellation "Shirley Mason," though for quite a while it gave me a queer sense of dual personality. You see, I had been identified with "Leonie Flugrath" so long—ever since, in fact, I created the part of *Little Hal* for William Faversham in "The Squaw Man." That was at the mature age of three and a half or four years. You had to be seven years old to play here then, but I played the part in Buffalo, where "The Squaw Man" opened.

From *Little Hal* I progressed to the role of *Meenie* in Joe Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle," and later appeared for a whole

season with Richard Bennett in "Passersby." There were three of us Flugrath sisters, Edna, Viola and myself, all child actresses on the speaking stage. I remember how delighted I was to succeed Viola in the name part of "The Poor Little Rich Girl." She had been the "road" star of the play for a year when other work claimed her; this gave me the opportunity to head the show for a season in the "provinces."

Like Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish and some others, we grew into stardom from infancy; when the film field opened, we were acquainted with every angle of stage art and could adapt ourselves more readily to the kindred art of the motion picture. A glance at the life histories of the leading picture stars—I mean particularly the girl stars—shows that a large proportion are the stage children of five, ten or fifteen years back.

I followed Viola in the films just as I had done in the case of "The Poor Little Rich Girl." We were all living in that part of New York called the Bronx, and my sister was playing at the Edison Studio. At her request I accompanied her one day and was put on as an "extra." From "standing back of the crowd and yelling," in pictures, I was soon advanced to small parts, and subsequently to leading ones. My first "regular" picture was "The Little Saleslady." Eddie Taylor was my first director, but perhaps I am best remembered in support of Ann Murdock in "Where Love Is." Anyhow, when Viola left, I evolved into the Edison's leading woman, and thence to "stock" star, thanks to Mr. Collins's selection of me for the McClure morality series.

One of my pleasantest recent tasks was the title role of "The Appletree Girl." It was a big change from this "homey" rural character to the distinctively Japanese part of *Kiku-San* in Mr. McChesney's six-reel feature, "Aliens," which we have just completed under Mr. Bernard J. Durning's direction.

My role is that of a Jap girl who marries an American college boy out in Tokyo, and then separates from him under the dictation of her brother. For the last three months I have been practically living in a corner of old Japan, built with the aid of Japanese-American artists in our big, glass-roofed studio. The costumes in this picture are wonderful; there are fourteen of them, harmonized and fitted by a Japanese designer, and several of them are extremely costly.

I often look back on our childish stage experience and reflect upon the unimagined changes that have been brought about. My oldest sister is Mrs. Harold Shaw, wife of the American director who is making pictures in South Africa; Viola Flugrath is Viola Dana, the Metro star; and I—am Shirley Mason. Each attained her stellar ambition, but if the Rip Van Winkle of my early "trouping" days should come back to life, he would be hard put to it to find any trace of the vanished "Flugrath girls."

Shirley Mason

METRO

The ways and wiles of a Spanish dancer have changed but little from those that prevailed in the days of the Dons. Edith Story is fascinating in the interpretation she gives in "The Claim."

The Blue Bird for Happiness

HAPPINESS is at a premium in war times. With heart and pocketbook overburdened, there has never been a time when gladness was needed so much as now. With every ear attuned for tidings of peace, as well as for the Easter resurrection anthem, it was happy foresight which moved the producers to present "The Blue Bird" at this opportune time, for the loveliness of childhood and its steadfast faith in the miraculous may bring new hope and courage to a war-weary world.

Lovers of Maeterlinck's masterpiece have nothing to fear from the film version; it follows with fidelity the original. And all of us who have faith in the films will rejoice that a director has been found who can and does make photoplays in which one finds the spirit which animates true art, whether it be painting, sculpture, music or the drama. Picture plays, when they come into their own, will include all these arts, and will present the vision all of us follow in our quest for happiness—fitfully, it may be, but always more or less faithfully. Why do we all respond so joyfully to "Peter Pan," "The Blue Bird," "Prunella" and "The Seven Swans," if it isn't a fact that "the kingdom" must be sought in the blithe spirit of childhood?

Can you imagine how this picture is likely to impress the fighting men to whom it may be shown in the little theaters behind the lines "Over There"? Could the Easter message come in more acceptable fashion or at a better time? Nature's true balance must include a provision for spiritual comfort, and out of all this horror the pursuit of the Blue Bird offers a pathway for Peace, the only king this old world of ours will yield allegiance to hereafter. It may be Maeterlinck didn't consciously purpose all this, but so it seems to be; for every play that nourishes hope, courage and steadfastness brings nearer the glad morning that will see happiness caged for all of us.

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

(Top panel) Tyltyl and Mytyl, in their quest, have reached the gateway to "Beautiful Memory Land."
(Centre) Quaking, little wanderers filled with fear but dauntless in their pursuit of the Blue Bird.
(Bottom circle) The homely but kindly old fairy "Berlinghot."

UNLESS your body, in every department, including the mind, is capable of withstanding abuse without distress, you have no real health, living, vital and mental power. You have but negative health. You are well by mere accident. Real health and real success come only through the power to live and to succeed. The Swoboda character of health, vitality and energy will enable you to enjoy conditions that now distress you. A unique, new and wonderful discovery that furnishes the body and brain cells with a degree of energy that surpasses imagination.

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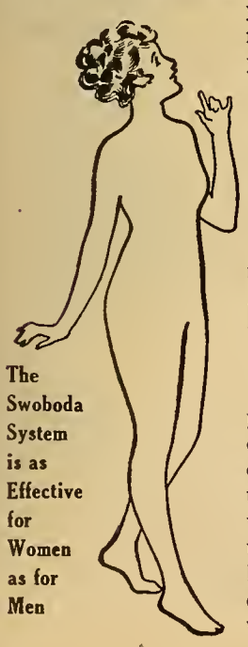
This new system, although it has already resulted in the complete recovery of thousands upon thousands of "extreme" cases, is just as valuable to people who are satisfied with their health. It gives them an entirely new idea of how truly healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with energy, dash and life. And it is so thoroughly natural and simple that it accomplishes seemingly impossible results entirely without the use of drugs, medicines or dieting, without weights or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging or electricity or cold baths or forced deep breathing—in fact this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like and neither does it ask you to give up anything you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you begin to feel renewed after the first five minutes.



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Swoboda is only one perfect example of the Swoboda system. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda System of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed mind and body—in his wonderful energy—the correctness of his theories and of the success of his methods.

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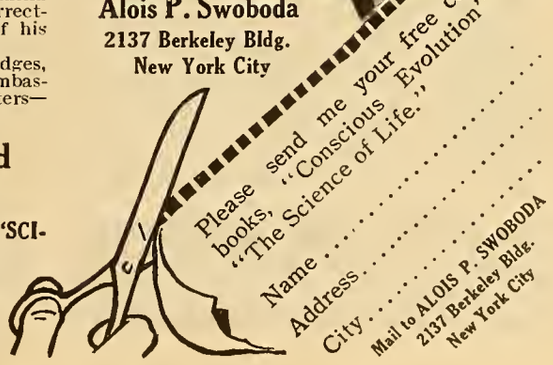

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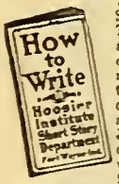

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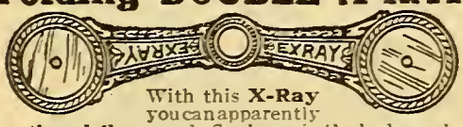

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How To Grow Thin

(Continued from a previous page)

Sweet Fatty:

How can I ever tumble in the movies?

Dramatic Harold.

Answer:

Dear Dram:

Get fresh with your director.

My dear Professor:

Do you approve of tumbling on a full stomach? Fannie Fallin.

Answer:

Dear Fannie:

Yes, but be careful on whose stomach you tumble.

Dear Fatty:

I weigh 420 pounds and do not get any chance to try your tumbling exercises at home. What form of tumbling would you suggest for a traveling salesman? Sam Pell.

Answer:

Dear Sam:

Travel fifty miles with the tumbling homes in a Kansas cyclone.

My dear Benefactor:

A friend of a friend of mine who knows your chauffeur's cousin told me that you reduced by dodging pies. How do you do it?

Susie Meringue.

Answer:

My dear Susie:

After you have dodged 120 pies, stop about eighty with your face, and you will tumble to how it is done.

Friend Fat:

Would it be improper for a debutante of 36, weighing 350 pounds, to take tumbling exercises?

Babe De Butte.

Answer:

My dear Baby:

Nothing could harm a person such as you describe.

I sincerely hope my readers will tumble to everything I have revealed. Tumble in love, and you will worry yourself thin. Getting married will worry you even thinner. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule.

In my next article on how to reduce, I will show you a sure way to grow thin by playing the gentle game of golf.

Yours for fun
Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle

Advantages of the Screen over the Stage

(Continued from a previous page)

of New York, like the Rialto, Strand and Rivoli, with their human lines reaching up and down the block at each performance and their frequent S. R. O. signs, are good examples of this. More and more people are attending these theaters.

A great drawback to the furtherance of motion picture theater attendance has been the fact that people actually did not know how to distinguish their pictures. More often than not, simply by not looking up the advertisement of their favorite theater, they would see a picture that they had already seen or that they did not care for. Nowadays, however, people are coming to choose their motion pictures with quite as much discrimination as they do their cigars or their gloves. No man would think of buying just "any old" cigar, while most women are as careful about their gloves as about their hats. Why should anyone squander time and money, then, watching a poor brand of picture, when, by looking for the well-known kinds, the waste can be avoided?

My prophecy for the future of motion pictures is this: that the day will come when present conditions will be reversed, when the stage will draw upon the motion picture for its material, and when there will be those who disapprove of the stage, while giving their whole support to the motion picture, so uniformly good will have become the general photoplay. Also, when scenario writing becomes as universal as short-story writing, and those people who thoroughly understand the technique of the photoplay shall take up scenario writing, the "perfect" picture will have arrived.

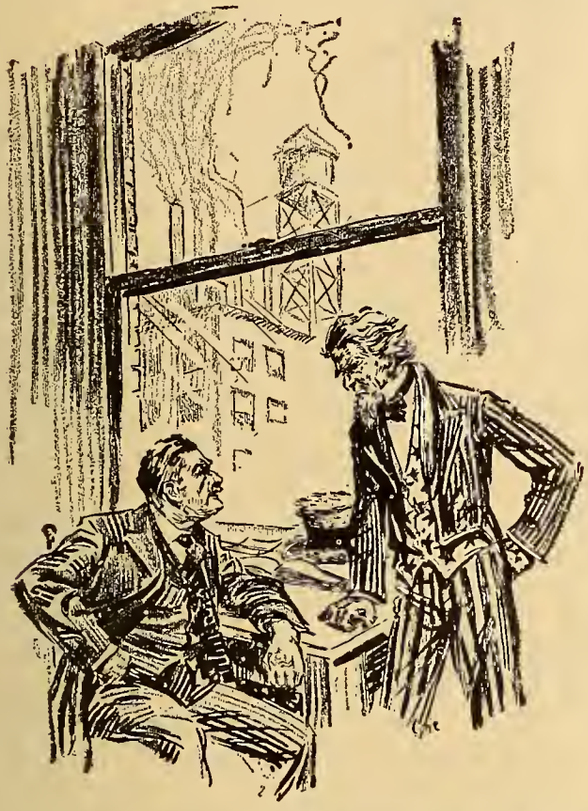
E. Fryer

Don't You Hate 'Em?

By Charlotte R. Mish

I wish there was some legal way
To assassinate those who will say,
"I know how this ends.
Why, the hero intends"——
And then gives away the whole play.

Will You Invest Your Money With Uncle Sam Now? *or* Let Germany Take it away From You Later?



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You at the Top

By Vera Vladimir

I WANT to say a few words to "You" who have reached the top. No, I'm not a she-Billy Sunday, nor a preacher, nor a mother-in-law, nor a member of the Bolsheviki. I'm just an honest-to-goodness-candy-loving-theater-going-Hoover-ized young lady, of twenty summers and a few winters.

You know that thing called "conscience"? Well, it has been annoying me. Something within me says: "Vera, you must have a little talk with those at the top." So I'm going to get this out of my system right away.

You are a movie star, an artist of the silent drama. You have slaved, starved and reached your goal. And now you've made good. You are a somebody. I suppose I should spell that in capitals. Heavens! It took you long enough to get to the top, and I know it wasn't an easy climb.

Isn't it a wonderful feeling, movie star, to enter a restaurant, a hotel, a dining-room or even a drawing-room, when everyone present turns toward you, eyes fixed upon you? And you hear low whispers that sound like: "Oh, yes, that's so and so, the movie star. A wonderful person!" Oh, joy! What a feeling! You've experienced it, eh? And when you are getting into your motor (you, who only a few years back didn't know the difference between a shock absorber and a battery), and passers-by stop and look at you, and some even dare to smile at you. Your feelings then? Indescribable!

Tell me, movie star, or director-general, or "any now-successful-once-poor-person," do you try to make life worth the living for people less fortunate than yourself? Or do you make life miserable for all those that are near you? Are you temperamental?

Mr. Director, do you remember how hard you worked to convince the "big boss" that you had the ability to direct pictures? All you wanted was a chance. Remember? Of course you don't. Why think of unpleasant things? He that helped you, that gave you "your one big chance"—do you ever see him? Do you ever show your appreciation for what he has done for you? If he hadn't given you the "chance," would you occupy that expensive and luxurious apartment, would you own that peachy car, and would you know what to do with a Jap valet? What? You say you had it in you—all you needed was a chance? I wouldn't be so sure about that, Mr. Director.

Your assistant, the fellow who does everything he possibly can to please you—does he receive the proper treatment from you? Do you treat him like an equal? Does he receive the salary he should? Do you show your appreciation of his efforts?

Mr. Casting Director, do you treat the extras as if they were human beings? Or do you treat them as you would a lot of animals? Do you treat the little stage-struck girl as you'd want some other man to treat your sister, your wife, your mother? Or do you—oh, well, I hope you are man enough to treat everyone as a gentleman should.

Movie queen, do you remember when you were but an extra, and your heart was gladdened and you were happy and encouraged for the rest of the day when the star smiled sweetly at you?

How many hearts have *you* gladdened to-day?

And you, head of the scenario department, do you see to it that scenarios submitted to you are read? Or do your assistants just open the envelopes, take out the scripts, attach a rejection slip and slip them into addressed envelopes, to be returned unread? Do you treat these people squarely? Do you know that many, many rejected scenarios have made thousands of dollars for more conscientious film concerns?

It is not honorable to steal ideas. Oh, yes, we all know that! Don't get angry, mister. Things like that *have* happened, and in the best of regulated film companies.

Mr. Head of the publicity department, or Mr. Press Agent, do you think the public believes all you write about your star? Do you really think that people are stupid fools? If you make up your mind to write something *great* about your star, my advice is: Get your star to perform the great deed, then go ahead and write about it. I cannot help but say that some press agents have cheapened the film industry. Don't forget, Mr. Press Agent, what friend Abe Lincoln said: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Who's Who and Where

The World Film Corporation has presented several of its photoplays to the United States battleship *Missouri*, for the entertainment of sailors and marines.

It is rumored that Geraldine Farrar will presently scintillate in Goldwyn pictures, and that a story of Canadian life and adventure of the olden time is likely to be among the first releases under the new contract.

Mrs. Linda A. Griffith left New York on March 17th for California. She will make a leisurely automobile tour of her home State, starting from Los Angeles, visiting studios along the way, and may reach Yosemite Park in time to record the proceedings of a motion picture troupe "on location" in that wonderful valley. Her Free Lance contributions are sure to contain much that is novel and of unusual interest. Her own breezy style of relating her impressions is well known.

Louise Glaum makes her first appearance as a Peralta star in Monte M. Katterjohn's latest play, "An Alien Enemy." The Fort McArthur Military Band furnished the music, and many officers were among those present at the pre-view, an invitation affair. Each member of the audience was taxed 25 cents for the benefit of the Red Cross, and received a strip of film in exchange for the contribution. The proceeds amounted to $23.00, and now Bessie Barriscale, Henry B. Walthall and J. Warren Kerrigan are engaged in drumming up trade, with intent to outdo Miss Glaum when their pictures are shown. The Red Cross is wishing every one of them "the best of luck."

Goodness!

On tenderhooks
Am I, indeed!
What sort of books
Does Wallace Reid?

Gracious!

I'd happy be
If I but knew
The salary
That Sidney Drew!

A Question

Some say she's twenty-one-two-three,
Or four-five-six! My doubt behold!
I wish that you would tell to me
Is Clara Kimball Young—or old?

—*Harold Seton.*

JT WOULD MAKE A MONKEY LAUGH

to find cocoanuts filled with ice cream. He could easily perform such a miracle were he a man and knew enough to shake and freeze the cocoanuts with milk inside.

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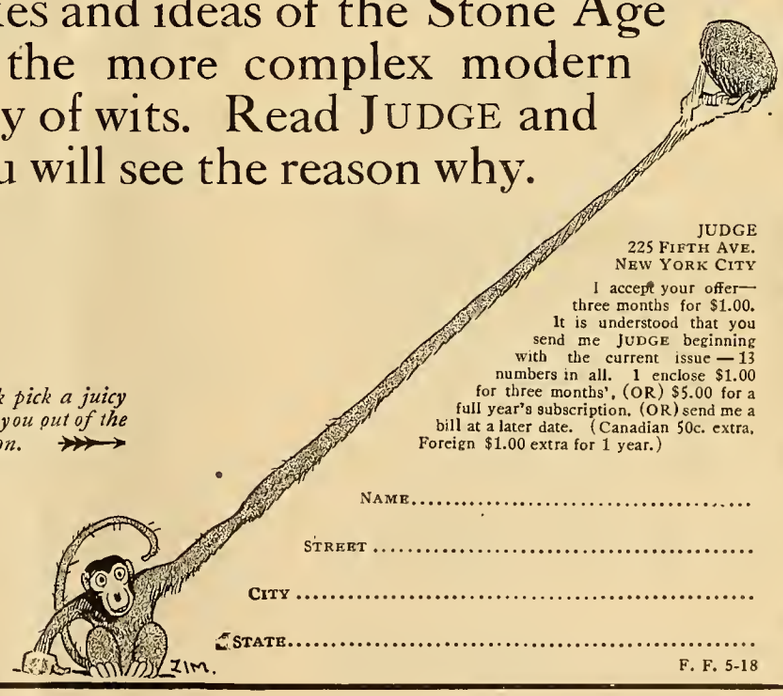

Let the Monk pick a juicy cocoanut for you out of the corner Coupon. →→→

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Laugh and Live

By **Lieutenant Harold Hersey**

Inspired by copies of Douglas Fairbanks's new book, "Laugh and Live," for their camp library, members of the 9th Coast Defense Command, stationed at Fort Hancock, instructed their historian, Lieutenant Harold Hersey, to draft a resolution of appreciation. The lieutenant "fell for it" and expresses the sentiments of his camp in verse, thusly:

TAKE a hand and have a heart—
Laugh and Live!
Cut the grumbling; play your part—
Laugh and Live!
Don't sit around and mumble;
There's a world of things to do.
It won't help you much to grumble;
Find a way; it's up to you—
Laugh and Live!

If you're in a rut, don't shirk—
Laugh and Live!
Get a grip and do your work—
Laugh and Live!
When you are down and out,
Don't curse your luck and cry;
Just take a turn about
And have another try—
Laugh and Live!

Take this recipe to bed—
Laugh and Live!
Nail this one thought on the head—
Laugh and Live!
Put a smile in every task;
Help another fellow through.
It's an easy thing to ask,
An easy thing to do—
Laugh and Live!

A smile will do the trick—
Laugh and Live!
Have it handy when you're sick—
Laugh and Live!
When you want to stop and worry,
Pull your belt another inch.
Get a move on in a hurry;
When you know how, it's a cinch—
Laugh and Live!

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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Taking the Shell Off Dad

DOESN'T *look* as if he needed it, does he? But he *did* need it three minutes ago before the youngsters got him in tow. Sat there in his armchair with cigar and paper and guessed he just didn't *want* to see any pictures.

But that's all changed now. Dad has found out that a *Paramount* or *Artcraft* feature is mighty well worth the effort of getting there, with its foremost stars, superb directing and clean treatment.

Dad's was a bad case, too.

Stubborn!

But, arrived at the theatre, he was quick to see the tremendous difference between what *he remembered* of motion pictures—it's quite a while since he went—and the *Paramount* and *Artcraft* photoplays of today.

"*Somebody* seems to have got the right idea," he admitted cheerfully half way through the performance, and the family soon let him know *which* somebody that was, and how Paramount and Artcraft had come mighty near taking all the guess-work out of motion pictures.

Go to it, children of America and wives young and staying young! *Take the shells off all the Dads!*

The wiser they are the more they will enjoy
—the *foremost* stars,
—the *superb* directing,
—the *clean* motion pictures
—of *Paramount!* of *Artcraft!*

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TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

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GERALDINE FARRAR

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THE HUN AT PLAY

THE Boches were bored. To be shut up for three months in a deserted chateau in the heart of Normandy was no small hardship for five Prussian officers accustomed to the gayeties of Berlin. To be sure, during their enforced stay, they had found entertainment in acts of vandalism, after the manner of their kind. Mutilated family portraits, priceless Flemish tapestries cut to ribbons, fine old mirrors cracked by pistol bullets, and the hacked and broken furniture that littered the spacious apartments of the chateau, all bore eloquent testimony to the favorite pastime of the Hun. But even this sport for the moment had palled. Outside the rain descended in torrents. As the brandy and liqueur passed from hand to hand, suddenly the Captain has an inspiration. A soldier is despatched to a nearby city. In the evening he returns with five handsome girls. How the table is laid and the fun grows fast and furious as the champagne flows; how in an access of alcoholic patriotism toasts are proposed by the chivalrous Prussians reflecting on the bravery of the men and the virtue of the women of France; what happens to the Baron at the hands of one of the girls—a patriot even if a *fille de joie*—is told as only Maupassant could tell it in the story *Mademoiselle Fifi* found in this superb *Verdun Edition* of

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WHILE the eyes of the whole world are centered on our gallant ally, France, and her heroic struggle against a ruthless invader; with the ghastly picture before us of the brutal atrocities committed by an inhuman foe on her civilian population, her women and young girls; while the smoke still rises from her destroyed cities and profaned temples, and the crash and thunder of her guns is heard from Calais to the Vosges as she hurls defiance at her treacherous enemy — nothing could be more timely than the publication of this Complete Collection of the works of France's most gifted son, Guy de Maupassant, in whom realism reached its culminating point and the short story the perfection of its art, and whose stories of the Franco-Prussian War, told with relentless realism, will be read now with a new interest and a fuller appreciation of their verity in the light of current events. But if such stories as *Boule de Suif, Madame Sauvage*, and *Mademoiselle Fifi* first raised Maupassant to the highest pinnacle of literary fame, that position was rendered secure for all time by his other matchless series of novels and stories covering the widest range of human emotion and experience in which every kind of character, good or bad, yielded material for his art. Literally translated, all these will appear in the *Verdun Edition* which will be published soon in a form unapproached by any previous edition ever offered on this side of the Atlantic.

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PERALTA BROWERS PHOTO

This picture demonstrates how Louise Glaum's vampire wiles are perfected by careful study with an expert.

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Best Interests of All Motion Picture Art and Artists

JUNE—1918

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PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

"LITTLE MARY'S" LATEST PORTRAIT

Mary Pickford is putting it all over the busy bee, these days—not honey, but money is what she gathers in. After completing "How Could You, Jean?" her June release, she spent three weeks campaigning for the Third Liberty Loan. The first subscription recorded was her own, for $100,000.

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

"When the play, the acting, the star, the director and the presentation are mixed in the proper proportions, then only do we have the perfect picture."

The Real Future of the Films

Some New and Radical Ideas Voiced by the Most Popular Actress of the Screen

By Mary Pickford

OUT HERE in California the press agents of the big film companies have each a rubber stamp. Every time a moving picture celebrity comes to town and an interview is in order, the publicity gentlemen get out their rubber stamps, dust them off and begin wielding them all over good white paper, to the glory of their calling and the exasperation of newspaper editors. They preface the words of the stamp by something like this: "Sel U. Lloyd, the moving picture magnate of the Wottawoppa Film Company, on arriving in Los Angeles yesterday, was interviewed by a reporter for the *Morning Grape Fruit.* His views on the picture industry are unique and carry the weight of prestige born of wisdom and years of experience. He said"--and here's where the rubber stamp is called into service—" 'The moving picture industry is only in its infancy. Great things may be expected in the future. The surface has hardly been scratched.' "

But, you know, the surface *has* been scratched, and we are now down to a stratum that offers interesting possibilities. It is the stratum of an entirely new art. Time was when pictures were just animated chases, shown for the effect on the eye. Then they took on the melodramatic form of hair-raising stories, crudely conceived and crudely produced. The beginning of art in the movies came when Adolph Zukor determined on something better than the wornout two-reelers and evolved the "feature picture," the play of five-reels, with famous stars of the speaking stage in the leading parts. It was a big jump from the old days and propelled the industry into new life.

Now comes something neither akin to the stage nor akin to the novel, and yet not unrelated to both. It is a new art of the motion picture, and the beginning of its splendid possibilities is seen in such achievements as De Mille's "Old Wives for New" and "The Blue Bird."

Another fallacy is that a great many people still believe we must give the public what it wants. Now, the public has a large measure of influence in determining what the films shall be, but I do not believe it dictates to the producer what it wants. I do not believe it *knows* what it wants, and I say this in all humility and gratitude to a public that has been most kind to me. I would not think so much of the public if I thought it *did* know what it wanted, because I believe its mind is receptive to every new influence, to every added beauty, to every better achievement that we of the films can provide for it. And when we provide the right thing, the public's response is sure and hearty.

The public does not know what it wants until it sees it. How should it? So from that fact we get our inspiration. We try over and over again until we have discovered what it is it really wants—a sort of *ex post facto* accessory after the fact, so to speak.

Another thing I believe is that, after all, the play is *not* the thing. If it were, one could merely read a play and stay home from the movies. The beautiful presentation, the acting, the whole ensemble of the art of production would mean nothing. If the play were really the thing, the adequate acting, the fine interpretation, the human element of characterization and the ensemble would not be necessary. And yet we know they are necessary—very necessary.

Neither the play, the acting, the star, the director nor the presentation is the thing alone. It is a proper combination of all these that makes the picture of to-day and will make the picture of to-morrow. When we have them all mixed in the proper proportion, then, and then only, we know we have what the public wants.

Of course, the war has brought about conditions that have disturbed the industry to a certain extent, but in general it will not bring about any important changes. For instance, many persons thought that, on account of the war tax on film, future photoplays would be made shorter. This was denied recently by Mr. Zukor, who said: "The war tax will not bring about any noticeable change in the length of the future photoplay. The five- or six-reel feature could not be shown in three reels without impairing

the story, any more than a three-act play could be presented in one. The five-reel picture has come to be an institution, just as has the three-act play."

So much for the length of the "photoplay of the future." The quality, as I have already said, has been so steadily progressing in every respect that I do not doubt it will continue to do so. Already in several instances the legitimate stage has borrowed its material from the screen, or at least dramatized a picture-story after it has been presented on the screen, as in "Seventeen," Booth Tarkington's popular American boy story, in which my brother appeared on the screen about a year before the stage version. There was also "Tiger Rose," which appeared on the screen as "Nanette of the Wilds" before its stage adaptation.

Some time in the future it may be that all conversation, action or lapse of time will be conveyed in the picture itself—that titles and subtitles will be necessary only as incidentals. This will not be, however, until photoplay writing has come to be not so much a branch of literature as a new art of its own.

The photoplay of the future! What glorious possibilities are wrapped up in those words! What chance for infinite good, for heart-warming sentiment, for inspiration of the true value of beauty!

It will not be found in gorgeous settings, in stupendous effects, in huge ensemble scenes, in the wornout term "punch" which the dramatic critics use so freely. Rather it will come from a new vision of a new art — a vision that even now is opening out before our eyes and showing us a truer meaning for the land of the pictured play—that land that takes us away from the humdrum or the turmoil of life, whichever it may be, and gives to us a little surcease from care, puts a little more love in our hearts, makes us better citizens, better men and women, yes, and better Americans.

Mary Pickford

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

"Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" practices "the smile worth while."

Moving Picture Nursery Rhymes

(*For Mary Pickford*)

Mary, Mary,
Light and airy,
How do your pictures go?
Smiles and tears,
Applause and cheers,
Wherever they may show!

(*For Douglas Fairbanks*)

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into the movie game
And beat the other guys!

(*For Charlie Chaplin*)

There was an old woman,
Who lived in a shoe;
'Twas larger than Charlie's—
A nice dow-de-do!

(*For Roscoe Arbuckle*)

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
Said Fatty, "Why eat?
It is truly more meet
To hurl it in somebody's eye!"

—*Harold Seton.*

Those Comedy Pies

Too many cooks spoil the pie.

One good pie deserves another.

Where there's a pie, there's a play.

Never look a gift pie in the crust.

Custard pie makes cowards of us all.

Never cross a pie until you come to it.

To apple is human; to mince, divine.

The pie is mightier than the sword.

'Tis pie that makes the film go round.

A pie in the hand is worth two in the face.

Pie springs eternal in the human breast.

Pies will happen in the best regulated farces.

Never count your pies before they're baked.

A pie by any other name would cause a laugh.

There are as good pies in the property-room as ever were caught.

—*Harold Seton.*

Star Dust

Ella—They kept showing "close-ups" of her eyes and lips.

Bella—Well, she was being "featured" in that production!

Linda A. Griffith

Comments and Criticisms *of a* Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

(Editor's Note: The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.)

A Rare Achievement

AN "EDGAR LEWIS" picture gives hope for the future of the movies. Here is one producer who does not insult the intelligence of the spectator. He evidently thinks that normal adults go to the movies once in a while, and that an audience is not composed entirely of children, or those who are too tired to think, those who don't think, or those who cannot think. It is indeed refreshing to see, once in a blue moon, a photoplay with an idea. In an "Edgar Lewis" picture the idea is always predominant. One is not annoyed by a star's intrusive personality, and so it is possible to forget the complementary almighty dollar. This is a pleasant relaxation in a day when the star's salary is so much more in evidence than her ability. "The Sign Invisible," with that sterling actor, Mitchell Lewis, and a splendid acting cast throughout, is the type of photoplay that is altogether too seldom seen these days. It is moral, it is logical, and, without preaching, it tells that most beautiful story that "sight" is not a matter of "optics," but of "*faith.*" It recalled to my mind a simple little verse I had learned as a child in Sunday school:

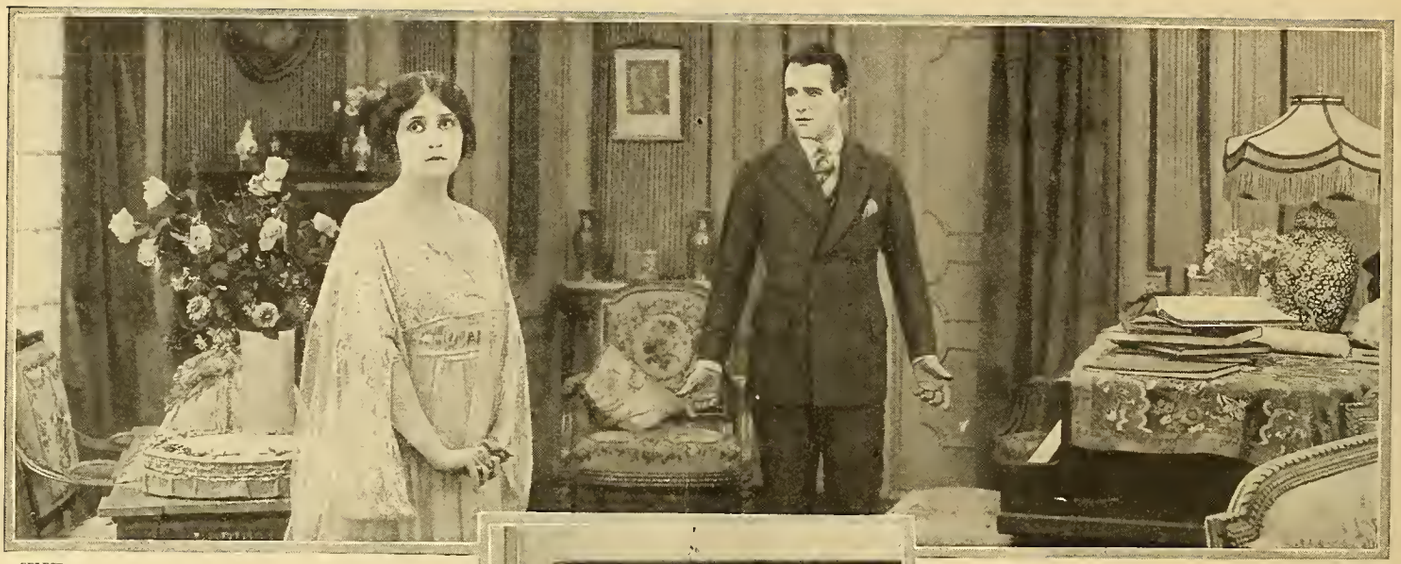
> "And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
> And how what seemed reproof was love most true."

And this, mind you, told in true movie style, with a villain, a hero and a heroine. The settings were the big outdoors, rough cabins and homely interiors—one of those rare pictures in which the heroine did not have a brocaded chaise longue in her boudoir.

Adequate Payment for Good Work

David Wark Griffith rises to say that Mary Pickford, receiving a reputed salary of $20,000 weekly, is greatly underpaid. He compares her salary with the amount of money John D. Rockefeller is said to receive annually from the American public—$50,000,000. Mr. Griffith also says, quoting a great writer, that "sincerity is the basis of all great things." Then, continues Mr. Griffith: "Mary Pickford has endeared herself to many persons, particularly children, throughout the world through her ability to bring sunshine, love and laughter into their lives. This is at a minimum cost of time and money within reach of all. It is her sincerity that is the answer. If the income of the oil magnate is based on merit, then Mary Pickford's salary, compared to what it should be, is like measuring a ray of light with the sun or comparing a drop of water with the ocean."

In the first place, Mary Pickford couldn't even produce her pictures—at least, she could only do *one* where she now does *twelve*, and hardly that, did she not depend upon John D. Rockefeller's gasoline to make the autos go that carry movie actors all over the country to get the necessary scenic effects for her movies. Her pictures wouldn't be shown, they couldn't be shown "at a minimum cost within the reach of all," if John D. didn't conveniently furnish gaso-



SELECT

"The Marionettes" is one of Clara Kimball Young's most striking successes.

FOX

(Center panel) Winsome June Caprice, who has just completed "A Camouflaged Kiss."

line at from twenty to thirty cents a gallon. If Mary Pickford had to depend upon a horse and buggy in the production of her pictures, the time it would take to produce a picture would make the salaries of the actors so enormous that a ticket to a movie show would cost more than one to grand opera. Mary Pickford is a charming little lady, and for the joyous hours she has brought to many lives she deserves all the money she can get. It is a wonderful, wonderful thing to bring laughter and smiles into this sad old world. As far as sincerity goes, however, I think there is as much truth and sincerity in John D. Rockefeller's gasoline as in Mary Pickford's movies. John D.'s gasoline has never failed to make a motor car go if the works are in shape. The issue of this great war may depend upon gasoline. Stop and try to realize what the air and land machines run by it are doing. I think John D. is entitled to his fifty million with as clean a conscience for sincerity as Mary Pickford is entitled to her $20,000 weekly for making folks happy.

Really Star of the Silent Drama

John Barrymore, who has been jumping in and out of the movies for some years past, is now presented to the public by L. Lawrence Weber in "Raffles." John Barrymore has, by his splendid work on the dramatic stage in both comedy and tragedy, risen to stardom and is much loved and greatly respected as an artist by the theater-going people of America. Some day a movie manager will realize that John Barrymore can mean as much to the photoplay audience as he does to the crowds of drama lovers that flock to the theater to see him in everything he does. "Raffles" affords Mr. Barrymore no opportunity to show what his capabilities as a movie actor might be. It is an inferior picture, the story is badly told, deviating too far from the clever original by E. W. Hornung. There is a place for John Barrymore in the movies. He photographs very well indeed. He has "screen" personality. He always looks and conducts himself as a gentleman should. There is no movie star of his type. Let us hope that some day the public may be fortunate enough to see John Barrymore in a photoplay worthy of his talents.

SELECT

This scene from "The Marionettes" is really a family party. On the left is Miss Young's mother, and on the right, her aunt.

International Trade Relations and the Films

The London *News* urges the development in England of the commercial

picture. This paper argues that the United States and Germany are going to use the motion picture for the development of their overseas trade, and therefore Britain should get in line. Even commercial picture theaters are advocated, in which the drummer can see and learn from these commercial films all there is to be learned about his trade. Much valuable information can be disseminated in this manner, but I would hardly go so far as to say that the time will come when a commercial traveler will rent a picture theater and show on the screen before expectant buyers the films taken of the goods he has to sell. If color photography ever becomes practicable, that would be a big step thereto. Buyers would at least want to see the colors of the materials or articles they might want to purchase. Even with color, a conservative buyer would not be satisfied to buy bolts of silk or wool or piles of hides without fingering the actuality and getting the "feel" of things. There are many new and wonderful things for the motion picture yet to achieve, but the day when a "drummer, instead of carrying samples about with him, will carry reels showing the goods he wishes to sell, rent a local theater at each town he visits, and there run off the film before prospective customers" is a long way off, and I doubt if it ever will be realized.

A Stage Success Becomes a Screen Triumph

Clara Kimball Young, in "The Marionettes," is very beautiful to look upon. Not only does she satisfy the eye as to beauty, but she contributes some of the best work of her long motion picture career in "The Marionettes." I liked her better in this photoplay than in any story she has been seen in since she made her first big hit in Vitagraph's "My Official Wife." Miss Young shows great subtlety in her characterizations of the timid convent girl, the gray mouse of a wife, and the later radiant Parisienne. The direction of Emille Chautard was all that could be desired. In fact, the success of this picture lay entirely in the direction, as the plot is as old as the hills. This shows what "treatment" can do. A hundred poets have written about the sunset, a thousand canvases record sunsets, and there have been a hundred motion pictures whose central plot was that of "The Marionettes," but not one that was better told. Delicacy and convincing detail in the direction, Miss Young's clever transitions, the beautiful settings, and the fine work of Nigel Barrie, who supports Miss Young, contribute to make "The Marionettes" a most enjoyable photoplay. A word should be said for the very clever handling of the little Marionette theater and the crisp, amusing verse contributed by Anita Loos.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS

"The Sign Invisible," in which stellar roles are played by Mabel Julienne Scott and Mitchell Lewis, has an out-door setting that contributes to development of the unusual plot.

The Gilt That Glitters Doesn't Meet All Needs

It has often been stated that there is "no royal road to acting." Imagine the indignation that would greet one by making the statement that there *was* a royal road to acting to such dramatic stars as Margaret Anglin, Marjorie Rambeau or little Fay Bainter, who recently made such a tremendous success in "The Willow Tree." What a dreadful

(Continued in advertising section)

PARAMOUNT

ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON PHOTO

The roles filled by Pauline Frederick in screen plays cover an infinite variety of types. The poiseful lady here protrayed possesses to an unusual degree the ability to forget herself and be the characters she assumes.

PARAMOUNT

In "The Love That Lives" Pauline Frederick portrays the self-sacrificing devotion of a mother of the poor.

Personality on the Screen

Some of the Difficulties of Simulating Emotional Roles

***By* PAULINE FREDERICK**

EVERYBODY likes to step out of his everyday role of business man, homekeeper or professional worker, I am told, and everyone cherishes the secret conviction that he or she is in reality a second Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—a person of dual or triple personality. The ability to drop the prosaic things of the workaday world and become, for a time, another quite different person is one of the happiest adventures of human life.

In this respect we player folk have the advantage over most people. We can at will throw ourselves into a role and become quite a different person. This is why many of us prefer happy roles to the more dramatic or sad ones, for in the latter case it tires one out to play them quite as much as if they were real. Personally, however, I find the more complicated roles far more interesting. True, they are difficult to a degree for the player, but to the watcher of the finished product, on stage or screen, the character transformation, the wide sweep of emotions, brings lasting pleasure.

One of the characters which I most enjoyed playing was that of *Molly McGill*, a scrubwoman in the picture by Scudder Middleton, "The Love That Lives." *Molly*, whose life had been a depressing, sordid affair, had a heart still untouched with bitterness and resolved that her children should escape the suffering that had been her lot. With this in view, she accomplished some heroic sacrifices, ending with actually giving her life for the sake of the girl her son loved. The role was not over-melodramatic. It was the simple story of a woman of the slums, not in the least more tragic than many of the lives of the poor women who earn their living on bended knees, mopping office floors in the still hours of the night.

Occasionally the transition from one personality to another is supremely difficult for the player. Then he brings to his aid the greatest of all wizards—music. There are a few directors who can arouse a great emotion without this by retelling the sad portion of the story, or even by frightening the star to tears. This is not often done now, music being the official, as it were, tear starter.

It happened that the very day when the big scenes for "Resurrection" were to be taken, I had received some particularly good news from a friend who had been ill. I was wearing what I must admit to be an especially stunning new hat, and my spirits were correspondingly high. How to get down to the cold zero of *Katusha's* Siberian misery was the question! Charles Whittaker, who made the scenario and who is an expert on things Russian, tried to get me into the mood with his saddest tales of Russian misery. It all seemed unreal and far away, somehow; all I could think of was the good tidings I had received, and I remember wondering secretly, while he was waxing more and more eloquent, whether or not to wear the new hat for a tea the next afternoon.

Seeing that the required mood was not forthcoming, a stringed quartet was summoned, and Tosti's "Goodbye," Massenet's "Elegie," and finally, as a last resort, Irving Berlin's "When I Lost You" were played. At last the effect was secured, and I was able to do justice to the scene. It is not often that I experience such difficulty, however, for, being blessed—or cursed, perhaps—with a vivid imagination, I find it easy to place myself in the position of the person I am trying to portray, to feel the same emotions.

Pauline Frederick

TRIANGLE

POSED EXCLUSIVELY FOR FILM FUN—VICTOR GEORG PHOTO

For Olive Thomas this season of 1917-1918 has been an eventful one. Her first trip to the Great West to film "Broadway Jones," was followed by her marriage in Los Angeles to Jack Pickford, who has now enlisted in the aviation service. "Heiress for a Day" is her current release.

MUTUAL

Edna Goodrich knows whereof she speaks: her "creations" are inspired and inspiring.

The Importance of Being Well-Dressed

Some Reasons Why Correct Costuming is an Aid to Art

By EDNA GOODRICH

IT IS, I think, not too much to say that clothes are nearly as important an element in dramatic interpretation as ability to act. Speaking for myself, I find it impossible to enter properly into the spirit of characterization unless I am correctly costumed to the very last detail.

Makeshifts of any sort in connection with a dramatic production make me miserable. I have been accused of over-emphasizing the importance of clothes in stagecraft, but no one has ever said anything that convinces me I am wrong in my view of the matter, which is that I am likely to look very much as I feel. If I don't feel right, I'm certain not to look right, and to feel right I find it necessary to be correctly attired from the skin out.

Since this is to be, as I understand it, an intimate tale of my so-called idiosyncrasy for expensive clothes, I'll confess that I spent last year over $5,000 for lingerie to use in my star roles, and I don't play "lingerie parts," so, of course, no one but myself gets anything out of the investment, except abstractly, since the wearing of pretty things appropriate to the time, place and situation makes me feel sure of myself, able to face the camera with confidence and a fair degree of success.

Of course, this is purely psychological, but, then, so is the art of acting. Certain kinds of lingerie are adapted especially to certain kinds of gowns, and in order to feel at peace with myself and the director, I want the kind that belongs to the gowns. When I am attired for the ballroom, (to particularize), I insist upon being clad throughout as though I were really going to a ball. If the action of the piece calls for Alpine climbing or horseback riding, I dress those situations with the same punctilious regard to detail.

I remember that while I was in London, newspaper critics were poking fun at the late Sir Henry Irving, because, as it was said, he changed his bill at the Lyceum on an hour's notice on learning that certain starched ruffles he wore in "The Corsican Brothers" had not come from the laundry. This was regarded as the last word in temperamentalism, but I can very well comprehend how Sir Henry felt. He would have felt his characterization incomplete without the ruffles.

Nothing is more fatal to success in pictorial drama than slovenly or makeshift costuming. The idea some folks have that nearly anything will look fairly well in a motion picture has been responsible for some sad failures. My experience convinces me that the best of costuming is essential to satisfactory pictorial presentment. I spend more money in dressing for my picture plays than I do in dressing speaking stage parts.

(Continued in advertising section)

VITAGRAPH ALFRED CHENEY JOHNSTON PHOTO

Betty Blythe, who did fine work with Sergeant Arthur Guy Empey and Lois Meredith, in "Over the Top."

EDITORIAL

A War-winning Wonder

MOTION pictures have become really a tribune of the people in these war times. They are of incalculable benefit and comfort to all of us. This has become such a well-established fact that we no longer marvel over it. Even the really marvelous has ceased to thrill us.

The new war film of D. W. Griffith's will haunt the beholder for a long while and make him a better American "forever and ever." With consummate artistry a fine, clean, simple love story is woven into the fabric of war so exquisitely that the effect on the beholder is like that of a Gobelin tapestry in which every thread contributes to perfection.

Every known means of death in use in this terrible war tragedy is shown—the great guns in action, with their slow recoil, trench mortars, great and small rapid-fire guns and small arms, and always, by contrast, the gallant spirit that animates each individual of the seemingly inexhaustible hordes of marching men.

Slow-sailing observation dirigibles are seen, and occasionally a flight of the swift battle planes. A few night scenes show maneuvers of the air forces, with the flight of star shells searching out the enemy. Every beholder of this great picture—and the "Standing Room Only" sign is needed at every performance—is compelled to feel a new devotion to his country's cause. On those of us who have been doggedly doing our bit as a matter of duty, it acts like stirring martial music. It makes us move with an enthusiasm that, when it becomes general, will be irresistible.

Unfair Play

WHEN three of the screen's brightest stars rose up from their lotus life of ease in the coast studios, where personally they hardly ever work more than twenty hours a day, and came East to engage in the really arduous labor of a Liberty Loan campaign, they deserved praise and co-operation.

Instead of that, troubles swarmed over them like a plague of locusts the first week of their pilgrimage, various suits, aggregating enormous amounts—in one case a half-million dollars—having been brought against them. We would not usurp the privilege of a judge; the claims may all be just, but we submit that if they are just, they can be established, at the right time and in the usual way, without all this notoriety.

Bringing them at this time would seem to have been done with the deliberate intent to hinder and cripple a stupendous and magnificent undertaking that appeals to every red-blooded American.

The third Liberty Loan was over-subscribed in record time, and cheerfully. In the same way the fourth, and as many more as may be needed, will be cared for. America keeps her covenants. But every enthusiast who can arouse the laggards is needed, and deserves all honor and co-operation. These obstructionists may comfort themselves with the consciousness of having hindered all they could.

PETROVA PICTURES MARCEAU PHOTO

"There are two kinds of movie artists—those who think and those who do not think."

Should a Screen Artist Have a Mind?

A Vital Query Raised by An Artist of the First Rank

By OLGA PETROVA

SOME time ago I remember reading a criticism in a Philadelphia newspaper, which, in speaking of an artist more or less well known in the realm of photodrama, made the following comment: "Miss Blank evidently believes that movie audiences are mind readers and acts her parts accordingly."

I have wondered ever since if the aforesaid Miss Blank really deserved the enormous, though quite unpremeditated, praise that this literary genius from Philadelphia had accorded her; for to what greater tribute could the soul of an artist aspire than that she should play to the minds of the public, not merely to the eyes of that hocus-pocus conglomeration of humanity that helps to build up the patronage of the cinema? And to what greater eminence shall that same audience lift up its voice in incoherent worship than to such a phenomenon as the mind of an artist—not to mention the mere fact of the presupposed recognition of a mind of its own?

In simple language, then, and unashamed, let us say that as there are at least two kinds of artists, so are there two kinds of audiences which follow as a *sine qua non* and the natural order of things. These two kinds of artists resolve themselves into those who think and those who do not think. In other words, one actress, in requesting the gentleman who insists upon forcing his attentions, plus his diamonds, upon her shrinking self at two o'clock in the morning, points her delicately manicured forefinger—or not, as the case may be—toward that part of the scenery communicating directly with great truth Whi[illegible]oor, demanding that he go immed[illegible] misled when [illegible] does not point the delicately [illegible]n-

ALOIS
2145 Berkeley

ner, her subconscious thought, the expression of her eyes give the same elderly roue (naturally they must be elderly to be roues) precisely the same stimulus for exit.

There is no doubt, of course, generally speaking, that the *eye* of the moving picture audience has been trained at the expense of its *mind*, and with the artist lies the responsibility for this state of affairs. I mean that the eye has been accustomed after long schooling to appreciate broad and physical action—*action*, detestable word!—rather than to observation of such fine, tiny things as a mind, a soul, looking out of the window of a human face.

The great, the illimitable future of the moving picture must resolve itself into artistry, first, last and always. At present we are struggling vainly to express that art, which is pointed sometimes in the right direction, but more often in the opposite. We are only beginning to realize what a stupendous giant we have nursed in the smug belief that we held a petulant or amusing infant in our metaphorical arms. At present we have few standards upon which to base our future efforts. If one artist raves impotently to express an emotion with wild windmilling of arms and superhuman contortions of the facial muscles, while another relies upon a stony and impassive calm, how shall we tell, we seekers after truth, which is the altar upon which to lay our oblations?

Where is the prophet who shall lead us? Where is our Bernhardt of the screen?

Olga Petrova

PARAMOUNT HOOVER ART CO. PHOTO

George Beban believes he's developing a coming star of first ma.on. These obstructi.. who appears with his father in many plays. His belief finds expression in the n the consciousness of hav. dio at Hollywood, Cal., where he will direct plays such as he refe page.

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TOWN AND COUNTRY FILMS

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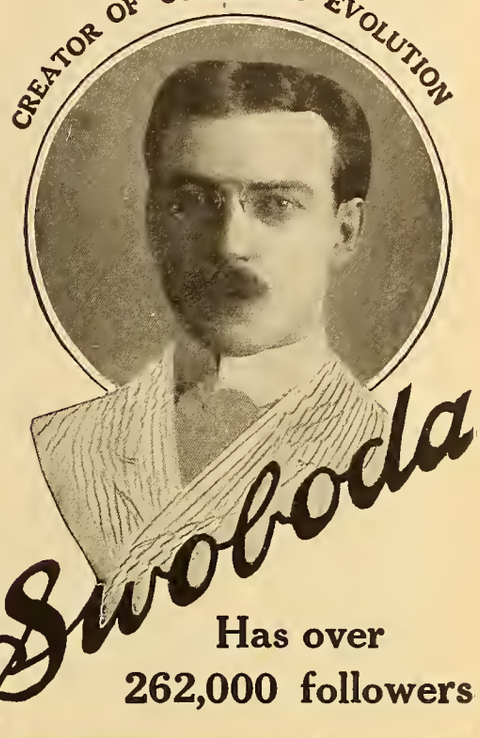
for the women who have lacked advantages,
mind you, but more especially for the type
of women whose outlook has been limited by
their intellectual concepts—who could not
be made to believe that there was anything
worth while outside of their special circle
of culture.

The photoplay has done as much to en-
large woman's sphere as any other individ-
ual educational factor.

Margarita Fischer

Get More Out of Life!

Intensify your thinking power; intensify your learning power; intensify your memory power; intensify your concentrating power; intensify your sensing power; intensify your reasoning power; intensify your planning power; intensify your mental power; intensify your personal power; multiply your every power. Be more. Get more out of life. Make yourself worth more to yourself and to your future.



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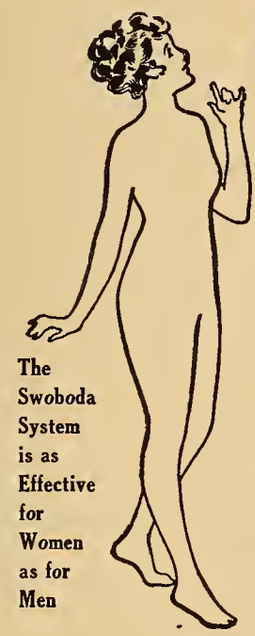

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"CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION" and "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE" will show you how you can increase the pleasures of life to a maximum—how to intensify them and how to make your life more profitable, pleasurable and joyous. These essays will show you the way to the full life, the superior life, the more satisfactory life, the lively life. They will show you how to overcome the inferior life, the feeble life, the negative life, the unsatisfactory life.

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They tell how the cells and their energies build the organs and the body, and how to organize the cells beyond the point where nature left off for you, and where you as Nature may continue your self-evolution. These books will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain through reading all of the books on all of the sciences and philosophies on the subject of mind and body.

Why Miss the Super-Pleasures of Life?

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Conscious Evolution will show you how to intensify, prolong, increase and magnify your pleasures.

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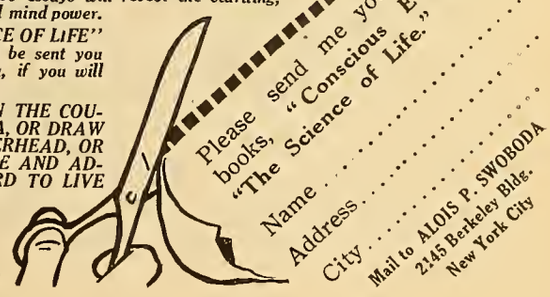

Conscious Evolution must not be confused with Medical Practice, or with any purely Mental Science, Speculative Science, Psychology, Christian Science, Theosophy, Hindoo Philosophies, Self-hypnosis, New Thought, or any other conceptually symbolic systems of the secondary and tertiary type, complexed by ill-equation. Conscious Evolution is a real science—a science of reality, a demonstrable science, an exact science, a science of the evolution of energy. Conscious Evolution is the science of self-evolutionary creation. Conscious Evolution is the beginning of a new era for the human race.

Conscious Evolution leads to a new and higher science, to a new and higher philosophy, to a new and higher civilization, to new and higher planes of evolution—Conscious Evolution leads to higher creation.

PARAMOUNT VICTOR GEORG PHOTO

Geraldine Farrar has sung "La Tosca" to thousands. Her screen presentation of "Carmen" has reached hundreds of thousands.

True Art in the Movies

Possibilities That Geraldine Farrar Sees in Films

By JESSIE NILES BURNESS

"THE POPULARITY of film plays waning? No, decidedly; I think they are now a necessary part of life to the people—all the people—and will become even more an essential part of our everyday doings as the making of pictures is perfected. I know of no other art (and you know that for years I have sung in grand opera) which appeals so directly to the heart. 'What the eyes have seen,' you know, is retained longer in the mind than those impressions which the ear registers."

The speaker was Geraldine Farrar. Our request that she confirm the rumor regarding a new contract led to an interview likely to be of interest to her FILM FUN friends.

Miss Farrar is in all things an enthusiast. She doesn't believe in half portions. Anything that is worth her doing at all receives her whole-hearted devotion.

"I cannot give you details now about the new contract. I have not yet finished my Metropolitan opera season in New York. After that comes a month of traveling, singing in opera, in concert and in several benefits, and, oh! I hope you will tell all our friends about those benefit performances, for at every one of them I shall give, with all my heart, the very best of my art for the cause of freedom."

(How well she kept that covenant is matter of happy memory to the hosts who heard her sing in front of the Public Library for the Liberty Loan, and at the benefit performance she arranged May 5th for the State Women's War Relief "for our boys, those that are here and those that are Over There.")

"What screen play of mine do I like best? 'Joan the Woman.' That was a really great play. It deserves to live. I believe it will live a long time. Other plays have not suited me so well. 'The Woman God Forgot' was spectacular and true as to details, but to be convincing it would have needed historical accuracy, which it lacked. Directors, most of them, haven't yet come to realize that the ring of truth must prevail throughout every play that is to win hearty and lasting popularity. A lack of that realization accounts for the difference in directors. It explains why D. W. Griffith is a genius, while the others are only craftsmen—capable, I grant you, able, earnest and sincere, but nevertheless craftsmen only.

"I do not wish to seem critical. The very best of us in photoplays is only a beginner. Everyone who is sincere and willing to work can contribute something to the making of better pictures. Real progress is being made. Good work is sure to win recognition.

"The new pictures, I am happy to tell you, are to be made in California, where one can work the best, in the open-air studios of sunshine land. There I am never tired, even after a long day. We leave for the coast in June. Just as soon as it can be done in fairness to everybody concerned, I shall give you the details of my new work. You shall have them the very first one."

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No, the real *cementing* influence, as many parents have found, is for the family to *enjoy itself together*, as it does at the motion picture theatre.

Son will chip in on the party as well as Daughter and the youngsters, when it comes to seeing with the old folks the first-class motion picture plays of *Paramount* and *Artcraft*.

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The Importance of Being Well-Dressed

(Continued from a previous page)

For instance, the new clothes I wore in "Who Loved Him Best?" cost a trifle over $10,000. There was an outing costume — epitomizing simplicity in line—which cost $1,500. I wore a full dress gown—a Parisian creation with a good deal of expensive lace — which cost $3,000. The other items were riding costumes, boating costumes, golfing togs, hats, boots, shoes, parasols, gloves, furs and cloaks.

Novelty in dressing, so long as it violates none of the dramatic unities, is desirable. As an example, I wore a set of furs in one of my latest pictures that defied identification even by expert furriers and for that reason caused much comment. Those furs were procured for me by a friend in the United States Engineering Corps; he has been for some time engaged in taking the kinks out of the Trans-Siberian railway between Irkutsk and Lake Baikal. The furs are Russian otter and cost $2,000. My beaded gown in the ballroom scene of "American Maid" cost $1,800. Another gown worn in the same play cost $1,000.

Aside from the professional utility of beautiful and expensive clothes, I must confess I love them for purely feminine reasons. I am never more happy than when wearing, for the first time, a new costume that has turned out as I hoped it would. Call it a hobby if you will, but I'll confess also to saving all my prettiest gowns worn in dramatic characterizations. I've a room full of them, dating from my earliest stage appearances, and they are all ticketed. This room devoted to gowns is referred to by my intimate friends as "Edna's museum."

Clothes do not make the artist, perhaps, but they go a long way toward establishing that self-confident mental poise which is essential to the best artistic results. In short, I'm a pre-Raphaelite for detail in dramatic dressing. I like it, and—it pays.

Edna Goodrich.

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

No. 350—JUNE, 1913

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LEGAL NOTICE.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, etc., required by Act of Congress of August 24th, 1912. Film Fun and the Magazine of Fun: Judge's Library & Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1918.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Reuben P Sleicher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Film Fun and the Magazine of Fun: Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and the business manager, are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Jessie Niles Burness, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Perriton Maxwell, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. 2.—That the owner is, and stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock, are: Owner, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y., Stockholders, John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y., Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall St., New York, N. Y. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, are: John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Mary Peckham Sleicher, 710 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.; Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; City Real Estate Company, 176 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. REUBEN P. SLEICHER. (Signature of the Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1918. A. EDWARD ROLLAUER, Notary Public, Queens County No 962; Certificate filed in New York County No. 201; New York County Register's No. 9165; Commission Expires March 30th, 1919.

Making the Heart Throb with the Camera

(Continued from a previous page)

to think I should introduce the "eternal triangle." I was assured that this is the type of story the public wants. Well, maybe the critics know better than I do, but I have far too much faith in the film public to believe that, as a class, they desire to see only sex dramas.

I believe the American people wish to see reflections of their own lives, of the lives of the hesitating foreigners who come to these shores seeking their "Land of Promise." I like best those of my pictures which deal with the raw material that comes into this country to be assimilated through the tremendous "melting pot" we call New York City.

I want my boy, "Bob White," to become an actor. This is fortunate, perhaps, for it is as inevitable as that smoke shall rise. He is to "the manner born," and from his first picture, "A Roadside Impresario," where he actually danced into the film without being invited, he has shown himself a clever little player. Not once does he look at the "tamina," as he calls it, although after the scenes are taken it seems to hold a fascination for him, for he spends hours with the camera man.

Yes, I want him to be an actor—but a good one. I'd like him to keep up the standards I have tried to set, to overcome even more of the screen difficulties than I have been able to meet. By the time Bob White has reached my age, there will be perfect color pictures. It has been said this would tire the eye; that watching the changing, shifting color effects would distract the attention and detract from the value of the story itself. These and all other obstacles will be overcome. Then will the screen have everything which the spoken drama has to offer—except the human voice. Possibly in some far distant day, "after the war," Edison or some other inventor will perfect a synchronizing talking machine and motion picture. This, however, I have not deeply considered, for with carefully written plays, where only a few titles are necessary, the "silent drama" can continue to be silent and compelling.

George Beban

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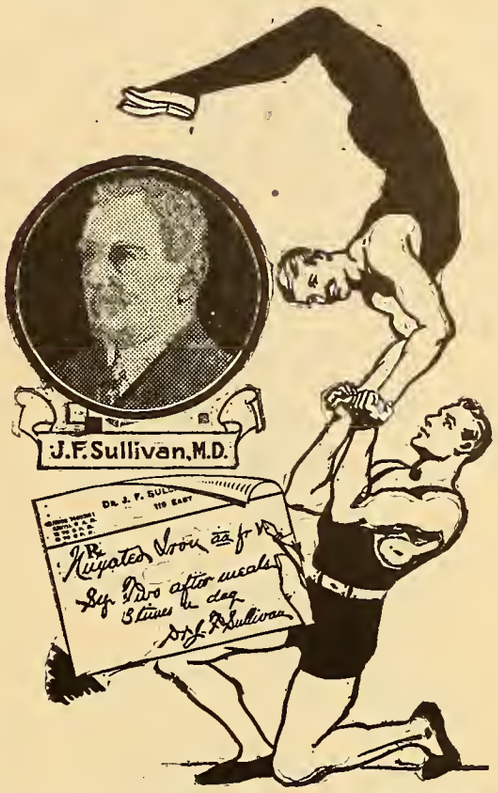

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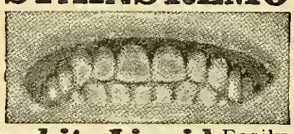

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The Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from a previous page)

reflection on the art of acting! Most actresses who win a big success on the dramatic stage have traveled a long and hard road thereto. Ask the three I have mentioned! That there is no royal road to acting was true before the movie came. It is true no longer. Movie stars are made overnight by publicity men. Such is June Caprice. Everyone knows the story that is told of how Mae Marsh rose from a cash girl in a department store in Los Angeles to be one of the biggest stars in motion pictures. Her rise was not exactly *overnight*, but very nearly *overnight*. It was at least over a *royal road*.

The public prints often carry such headlines as this: "Unknown Girl Gets Movie Start." Then will follow the story: "A girl of more than average beauty and intelligence was needed in a hurry. A telephone operator at the studio was recalled as filling these requirements. She was hurriedly sent for, given a few directions, and in thirty seconds found herself a celebrity. She was said by the director-in-chief to have 'features that photographed like a million dollars.' She is now well started on her way to screen fame." If that isn't a *royal road*, what is?

Nobody Knows, but Here's a Good Guess

What is the proper length of a film? What is the proper length of a novel? What is the proper length of a drama? What is the proper length of a poem? It would seem that the motion picture belonged in that class of art where volume did not matter. Tragedies have been told in four pages by the great French masters. Edgar Lee Masters tells a life story in six lines of verse. Joseph Conrad relates his wonderful tales in stories running from two to three hundred pages. Bret Harte and O. Henry told theirs in ten pages sometimes. There are poems long and poems short. In a motion picture theater, where the time of the numbers comprising a program can be broken up, it would seem that *any* length movies that are *good* movies might be both profitably and entertainingly shown. Why must the so-called "feature" be always five reels? The true feature is often the one-reel scenic or educational film. Only in movies does *length* mean *class*.

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Why I Left My Mustache Behind

By Charlie Chaplin

FIRST NAT'L EX

Charlie Chaplin says "selling bonds is not 'A Dog's Life.'"

AT THE sub-treasury building in New York, they took us through the vaults after we finished our Liberty Loan speeches. From one of the vaults they pulled ten stacks of bills, each about as big as a brick, and piled them in my arms. "Mr. Chaplin," said our escort, "you are now holding $100,000,000 in your hands." And I never batted an eyelash.

But I'd rather hold the attention of 100,000,000 people while telling them of the necessity for buying Liberty Bonds. I'm serious about this. That's why I left my mustache behind when I started out on the tour with "Doug" and "Mary." Somebody called us "the big three," and somebody else called it "the trinity's trip," and somebody else said we were "on deck with a king, queen and joker." I suppose they meant Fairbanks for the joker.

Anyway, it was a wonderful experience. Everywhere people turned out by the thousands, yes, tens of thousands. And if any cynic thinks the public was more interested in us than the Liberty Loan, I'm sorry, for we've all got to get interested in this governmental financial support if we are to carry through the war successfully. Film stars we have with us always, but the opportunity to do our own big bit, to make our own sacrifice when we want to make it, doesn't come often in a lifetime; it's a matter of pride to us that we were able to grasp the opportunity when it came.

Chas Chaplin

When Wall Street Overflowed

By Douglas Fairbanks

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

"Liberty Loan tours are great fun" says Douglas Fairbanks.

I BELIEVE there are eighty million people who used to live in Iowa, and I've shaken hands with all of 'em. Everywhere I went, I got it —Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Saginaw, Michigan, Toledo, Kenosha, Wisconsin, Racine, Milwaukee, Cleveland, St. Louis—all the rest. "Howdy, Doug? I'm from Iowa!"

"Iowa, eh? Fine State that! Howdy? Howdy?"

It was strenuous, that Liberty Loan tour. I'm not used to the "one-night stand" business any more, but I like it when the cause is good. Between you and me, though, I wouldn't do it for any other government in the world, not even Paraguay or Uruguay.

I think the three of us all got stage fright down at the New York sub-treasury, that day. Chaplin and I were there together, and I held him up with one arm. Now, Charlie's not hard to hold, because he's light, and because he is a handy little acrobat and knows how to balance himself to perfection. But after our speech-making he said: "How did you do it, Doug? Do you realize you held me up there for almost three minutes?" It was just sheer nervousness that enabled me to do it.

It was the largest crowd I've ever seen in Wall Street. I used to be a broker down there, and they never had crowds like that in the Street then.

I'm as hoarse as a crow, and even my pen needs a cough drop, but I'll still maintain to my last whisper that we've got to get behind our government now and all the time. Later on we may be called on for heavy sacrifices, whether we want to sacrifice or not. The more we want to work, to help, to sacrifice now, the less of it we'll have to do by and by.

Douglas Fairbanks

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Some Simple Remedies for War-Time Obesity

By FATTY (ROSCOE) ARBUCKLE

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I admit that I have a modest appetite. I usually eat forty-nine eggs for breakfast. Do you think I should eat one more and make it fifty?

A. Hennery.

Answer:

Dear Hen:

Why make a hog of yourself for one egg?

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Answer:

Wakeful Ima:

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Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle

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By **Rob Wagner**

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JULY
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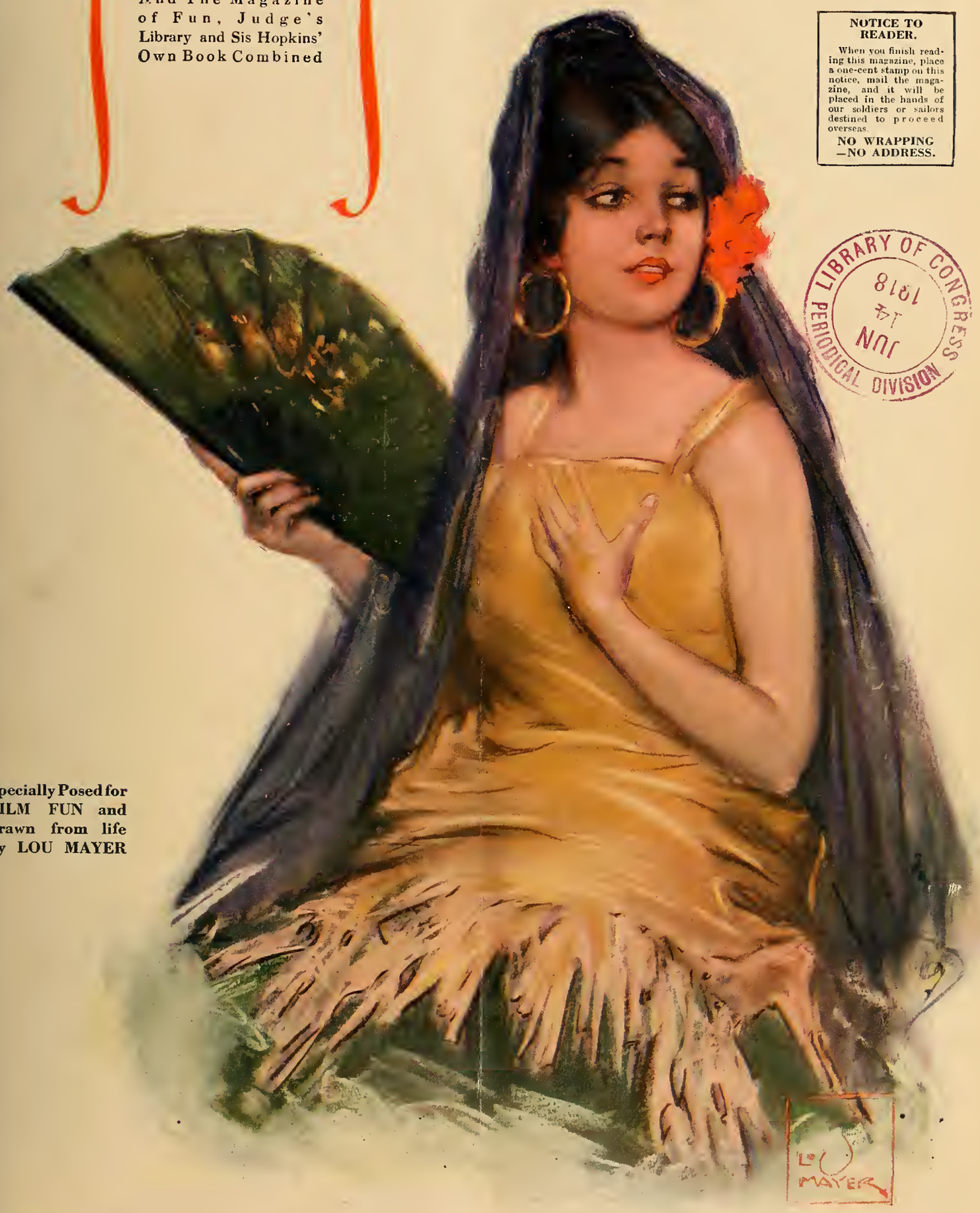

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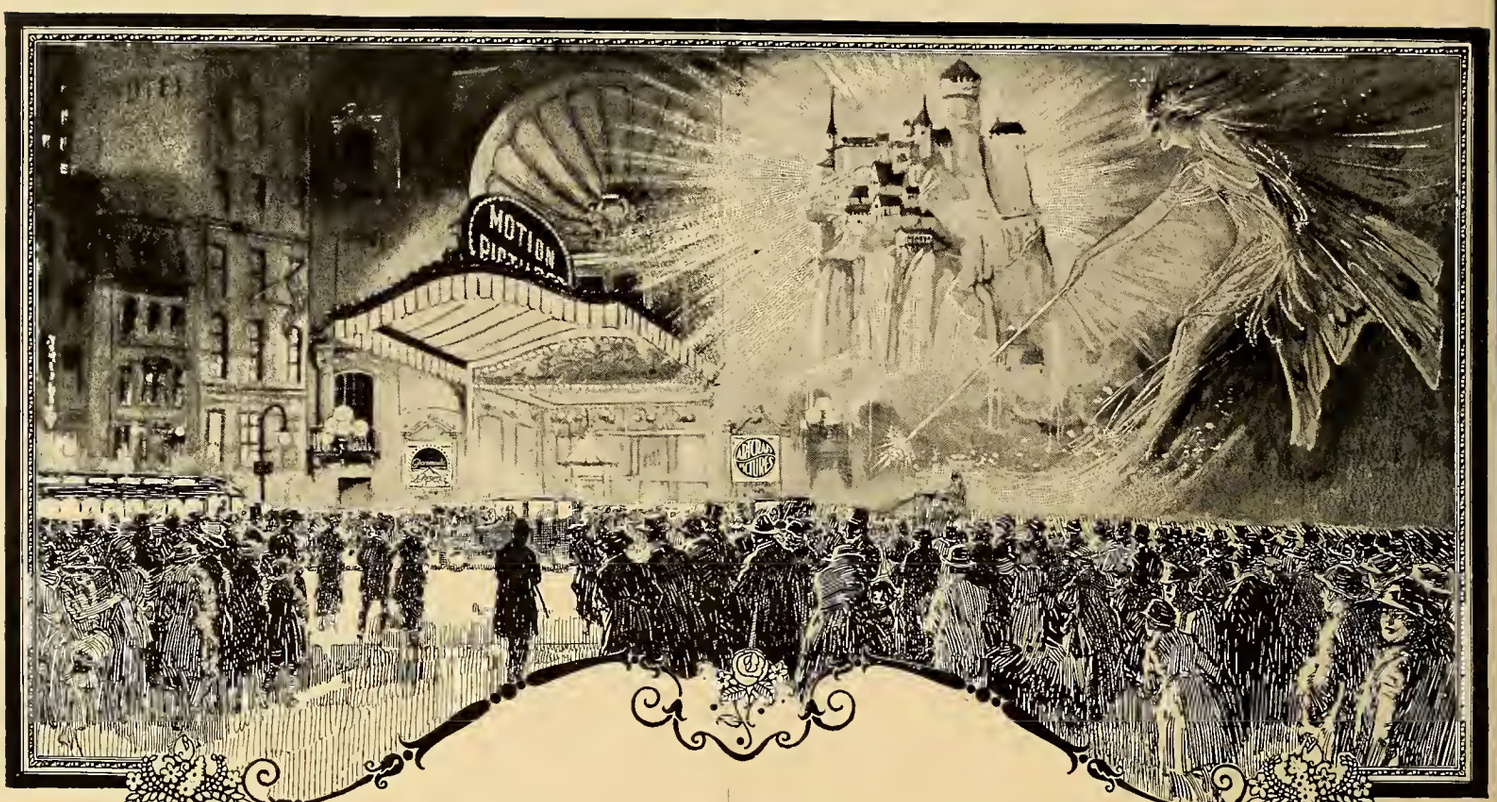
LILA LEE
The Youngest Star in the Film Firmament



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Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Best Interests of All Motion Picture Art and Artists

JULY—1918

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Lila Lee, Emmy Wehlen, Clara Kimball Young, Alice Brady, Veta Searl.

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PARAMOUNT-LASKY

Lila Lee, whose first appearance as a movie star will be in "One Hundred Per Cent. American." The play relates to the work of woman in the war, and the reconstruction which must follow it.

Making a Name for Myself in the Movies

A Rising Star Tells Us Her Fortune

By LILA LEE

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *When "Cuddles" was seven years old, Gus Edwards saw her playing "Ring-around-Rosie" in Union Hill, N. J., and engaged her for vaudeville. Now, seven years later, Jesse L. Lasky, seeing her in "The Kiddies' Revue," has engaged her for star parts in the great producing company of which he is vice-president, under a five-year contract. She began work on her first picture early in June at the California studios. Here is her own story of how it all happened. It just proves that seven is her lucky number.*

GREETINGS, everybody!

For years—that is, I mean, since I learned to read at all, about six or seven years ago—I've been reading movie magazines and envying the great screen stars who were all the time being asked to write for them. And here I am, asked to write my own story for FILM FUN.

To those of you who have seen me on the stage as "Cuddles," there will not be much to say. You know how I love fun and adventure and, above all, pretty clothes. Being in pictures is going to mean lots of all three. And it's going to mean meeting such famous stars as Billie Burke, Elsie Ferguson, Mary Pickford, Bill Hart, Douglas Fairbanks and many others, because I am to work in Paramount and Artcraft pictures.

At the studio everything seems queer and upside down from stage ways, but I liked it. For instance, the rehearsals—perhaps an hour or so on each scene, and then it is taken and finished forever and ever. On the stage I used to get very, very tired of it before I ever got a chance to go through it before the footlights.

In the parts I play I want to be just a typical, everyday American girl, and hope my pictures may bring pleasure to schoolgirls and girls who work, because I believe those girls like to see stories about themselves. They love fairy tales and adventurous stories, of course, but the American girl likes best of all to see stories about things that might have happened to *her*—simple stories with perhaps a love theme worked in and lots of fun and pretty clothes.

So now I have told you what I hope to do and "how I like being in movies." There's not much more to tell "you-all," as my Southern mammy used to say, except that I'm very, very happy at being able to come to you—so many more of you than I used to see from the stage—and that I shall do my best to make you like me quite as much as you did as "Cuddles."

PARAMOUNT

Fun and adventure and pretty clothes — all will be part of my new work.

E D I T O R I A L

A Word to the Wise

PRODUCERS will be obliged sooner or later to give due consideration to criticism from overseas. It might be the part of wisdom to censor the scenario before staging the play, rather than to search afterward for reasons why certain plays fail. We are led to make this suggestion by the headline of a news story—"American Movies Criticised in Africa." The story relates that the American consul at Lourenco Marques, East Africa, reports that newspapers in that locality condemn many film offerings on the ground that they "misrepresent the uniform high sense of justice characteristic of the American people." Respect for American justice and fair play will be hard to maintain if film plays sent to the world market in the Eastern Hemisphere make heroes of those who do not "play a square game." The camera is very convincing. The reputation we now have is worth safeguarding. In the long run the cost of not doing so will be ruinous.

Greater Love Hath No Man

IT IS naturally pleasing to have ideas sprouted in FILM FUN taking root. When our friends take seriously a magazine supposed to be devoted to the funny side of the films, we feel entitled to praise. FILM FUN has had a project very dear to its heart for some time—that of establishing a home for convalescent soldiers, to be fostered by the moving picture industry, because that industry has proportionately as many stars in its service flag as any other important industry in the country. Now we find the newspapers reporting that such a project has been launched in Los Angeles, sponsored by Cecil B. De Mille, David Wark Griffith, Thomas H. Ince, Mack Sennett, Charlie Chaplin, George Beban, William D. Taylor, Dustin Farnum, William S. Hart, Jesse L. Lasky, Frank Keenan and J. Stuart Blackton. With such good men back of so good a proposition, is there a doubt of its ultimate success? These are the days when many calls are made on the patriotism, time and service of all of us, and the time is coming when we will have to do more. Could there be any better way to do our share than to help others, who have served for us, to help themselves when they return after gallant service in need of any aid that we can give? We believe we have kindled a flame which, fanned by enthusiasm, will sweep the country. We hope New York will not be far behind Los Angeles in taking up such good work. If everybody takes hold with good will, a very small contribution from each will total an enormous figure, and "the boys" are entitled to the best that our love and patriotism can give them.

The Proper Length of a Feature Film

INDICATIONS are not lacking that a good many fans are becoming able critics of scenarios. The next logical step will have been taken when exhibitors realize from box-office returns that a poor play dims the luster of the brightest star. And, on the other hand, a good play stands a chance of becoming a classic. Reissues of old films are winning a good deal of popularity. One of the interesting revelations connected with them is that, in perfecting technique, producers too often have added nothing but footage. The same story that used to be told in two reels is now stretched to the five- or six-reel feature now in vogue, and the action is hampered and delayed by sub-titles, lighting novelties and other tricks of the trade which are inexcusable if they impede the action. "The play's the thing." Two excellent examples of recent plays in which the film tells its own uninterrupted story are "Revelation" and "Hearts of the World." If movies are to fulfill their great destiny as teachers and leaders of all the people, they must eliminate the frivolous and useless, instead of exalting the trivial, as seems to be the practice now even with gifted directors.

Nothing But the Truth

THE MERRY press agent has lately been under discussion. It must be a bit of a novelty to him to occupy the spotlight, and when the trade papers insist on putting him there, and turn red, yellow, orange, blue and green light screens on him with great rapidity, they get him all mixed up.

Then it becomes the privilege of his friends to interpose and urge that nice line of distinction which Lincoln was the first to draw between the sinner and the sin. As matter of fact, the press agent is fine. Not infrequently he's "a prince of good fellows." We're for him. When the time comes that he should go, he's entitled to the line proposed by Robert Louis Stevenson, "Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much."

But his sins of omission and commission are many and grievous. All stars look alike to him. He lays too much stress on the little things. His manipulation of the verities is such that nobody believes his stories. The dear fellows could afford to tell the truth, maybe not the whole truth, but surely nothing but the truth. It would pay. If he receives from five to fifteen thousand dollars a year for tampering with facts, what a rich reward awaits the pioneer who will confine himself to the truth!

Sublimated Common Sense

A TURMOIL prevails throughout the motion picture industry. Producers have each a favorite remedy to urge. Many of them are convinced that overproduction is the largest contributing factor. A few of them are convinced that reckless waste and extravagance are leading to ruin, as they usually do. One inspired leader in film enterprises has put the problem squarely where it belongs, and offers a solution so simple it is a wonder no one has suggested it before. He says: "If we used a little more horse sense in the picture business as an offset to the artistic temperament we seem to think is essential, perhaps we would not find it necessary to hold so many useless conventions in large hotels to discuss the motion picture situation. We know what the situation is. Any level-headed business man knows enough to retrench when retrenching is necessary."

Comments and Criticisms *of a* Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

(Editor's Note: The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.)

Following the Footprints of Father Time

IN THE year 1909 the Biograph Company, who gave to the movie world David W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett, Henry Walthall, Mabel Normand, Henry Lehrman and others, rented a lot in Los Angeles and spent about a thousand dollars in laying a floor for a stage and building two rough dressing-rooms the size of individual bathhouses. Here movies were made! A store was rented in town, which was used as a projection room, where the films were developed, dried, cut and spliced. That was the only motion picture studio in the city of Los Angeles then. The other day I motored out Sunset Boulevard to Hollywood, now the center of the world's movie activity. Million-dollar studios have sprung up like mushrooms on all sides, the latest being the immense structure that will take care of William Fox's motion picture productions.

Towering above the neighboring bungalows and framed against the foothills of Hollywood rise the walls of Babylon, palace steps and decorative elephants all intact and representing the Babylonian period in "Intolerance." Strangely weird and grotesque they appear in sleepy Hollywood! But what an awful waste of wood to let it stand when it has passed its usefulness! I could not help think, having just come from New York, where I had seen little children, on days when the thermometer recorded below zero, carting home the wood from broken boxes or begging a pound or two of coal.

Linda A. Griffith

Across the way stands the studio that was formerly "Fine Arts," now retained by Mr. Griffith and where were produced portions of "Hearts of the World." What in 1912 was a couple of acres on which stood two simple cottages with fruit orchards, secured for a studio by the Kinemacolor Company of America, is now a solid mass of buildings, painted green, that look very much like a factory and not one bit like a home of art, but which in truth is the Griffith studio. Mr. Fox's immense studio is nearing completion close by; Lasky's fine plant is one of this colony. William Hart's neat little building is new to the visitor. Charlie Chaplin's new million-dollar studio, representing a quaint English setting, is a joy to behold. Universal City looks just the same.

Theda Bara rides about the streets of Los Angeles in a motor car crushed strawberry in color, herself wrapped up in crushed strawberry veils. Edna Purviance, Charlie Chaplin's leading woman, whom I had always thought beautiful on the screen, quite took my breath away when I saw her in real life. She is radiant. Marshall Neilan, Jr., who had not put in an appearance when I left Los Angeles three years ago, is now a chubby youngster, much like his mother, Gertrude Bambrick, of old Biograph fame, and much like his father, the clever director. Louise Huff was dainty and beautiful as ever in a wonderful new red Easter bonnet with cherries on it. George Nichols, also of old Biograph, and later Thanhouser, and who has contributed wonderful work in a small scene in "Hearts of the World," is looking as handsome as ever and quite as young. Mrs. Leona Ross, the beautiful sister of the beautiful Lillian Russell, is also one of the motion picture colony, her son-in-law, Jack Brammall, having been a member of the coast contingent since the days of Kinemacolor. Thos. Jefferson, whom I last saw when I worked with him in Belasco and De Mille's "The Wife," produced some years ago by Biograph, Klaw and Erlanger, is also an "Angeleno." There are many, many others who have remained in Los Angeles since they made their first pilgrimage Westward.

The Flood of Prosperity Knows No Ebb-tide Here

I wonder how much money the motion picture industry brings into the city of Los Angeles—all Eastern money it is, too! This money stays in Los Angeles; it does not go back East where it came from. There are apartment houses without number in which every apartment is occupied by movie people, and bungalow courts in which every one of the dozen bungalows comprising the court is rented by photoplayers. The story is told of a classy, high-grade apartment building that was erected in Los Angeles and which was only to house wealthy New Yorkers. It was to be something distinctive and expensive, such as is to be found on New York City's Park Avenue. The one thing

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS LUMIERE PHOTO

Who was the author of "smileage?" Edna Purviance ought to answer.

insisted upon was that it would house no ordinary movie folks. The house neared completion, was completed and awaited occupants. The Easterners with their pockets full of money did not deluge the place, and it began to look like failure, when, lo! the ban on movie actors was removed and the house filled up. They were the only ones who had the price and were willing to pay.

Like Real Fairy Tales Come True

Douglas Fairbanks's palatial residence was pointed out to me, as also Mary Pickford's white house, which is almost hidden from view, being set in the center of a solid block of orange trees. She had just bought her brother Jack a new Cadillac, so I was told, and to her sister Lottie she has given many wonderful gems. They say she has taken care of the family since her years numbered ten. Seemed strange to recall nine short years ago, when Mary had a room at a boarding house on Hill Street, Los Angeles, called "The Lille," which she left, taking a room at the New Broadway Hotel with her brother Jack for $4.50 per week. Jack was nine years old then, and Mary allowed him fifty cents a night for his dinner.

The story of the movies, one must confess, does sometimes read quite as magical as the Arabian Nights tales. But there are many hard-luck stories told. There is much poverty among the players, and there is much prosperity. Numbers are so homesick for New York they would take the first train back if they had the price. They live in the hope that some day they may. Some of the actors have comfortable little homes with wife and children. Some who have always earned a very modest salary, and who have lived simply and not squandered, own their own little bungalows and two or three others, from which they get a nice income. Others who have been earning hundreds of dollars a week, and lost their jobs when the general retrenchment and cutting down of productions due to the war began, are wondering now how they are to pay their income tax. So runs the story—the shiftless, the unfortunate, the spendthrift! Prosperity and pinching poverty clasp hands on the studio lot.

Grand Opera Fame Blazes the Trail to Screen Triumph

To analyze the screen popularity of the grand opera singer who makes a detour into movieland is an interesting pastime. Of the three internationally famous opera singers who have sojourned in the film world, Geraldine Farrar, Mary Garden and Lina Cavalieri, the first named is the only one who has contributed to the screen acceptable

GOLDWYN

Maxine Elliott's first screen appearance is in "The Eternal Magdalene."

In "The Studio Girl" Constance Talmadge has a part that fits much better than this frock.

SELECT

motion picture acting. As spoken of previously in these columns, Mary Garden and Lina Cavalieri as motion picture actresses are uninteresting personalities devoid of screen magnetism and utterly lacking in motion picture technique. As a large part of the public cannot afford expensive grand opera prices, even if they live in a city where grand opera is given, they flock to the movies to see these celebrities on the screen.

Being temporarily domiciled thirty-five hundred miles from New York City, in San Francisco, Cal., where art rations, so far as drama and the opera are concerned, are on a starvation basis, I find is quite a different proposition to living in New York City, where the talent and brains of the world come to sell their goods—where every night in the week, during the long winter season, something fine in the way of a play or music can be enjoyed. One need not wonder why, in towns and cities remote from the Eastern metropolis, the people go quite crazy when they have a chance to see in a movie the artists they have read about all their lives and lived in dreams of some day seeing. A hero worship is accorded to grand opera singers that is not given to artists in other lines. Thousands of homes have victrolas with records of these singers, and naturally they want to see, if only through the flickering shadows on a movie screen, the possessor of the voice they have grown to love and reverence. Judging "movies" as "movies," "Thais" and "Carmen" do not win many merit marks. As vehicles to exploit the physical charms of opera singers who dwell on high pedestals in thousands of homes, they should be marked 3 E plus. One who loves the movies for their own sake resents their being used for the exploitation of anyone who has achieved fame only in remote and vastly different fields of art expression. It is annoying to see heralded as great motion picture artists opera singers, novelists, dancers, swimmers, skaters and notorious persons.

PETROVA PICTURES

"Are triumphs worth what they cost?" The problem is presented in "Tempered Steel," a June release, Olga Petrova, star.

PARAMOUNT CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD PHOTO

Even rarer than a day in June is Lina Cavalieri's ability to adapt herself in mood and pose to her summer holiday setting.

PARAMOUNT

Marvelous trailing gowns and queer jewels of the fifteenth century are worn by Mme. Cavalieri in "Gismonda."

Goldwyn Remaking "The Eternal Magdalene"

After completing a six-reel picture featuring Maxine Elliott in "The Eternal Magdalene," and prints of same having been distributed, it is announced Goldwyn is to remake the same Whether this is the result of a star's temperament or the picture is so bad that it should be taken over is not known. However, 'tis gossiped the beautiful and accomplished Maxine was not the easiest proposition in the world to handle. Being a world-famous beauty has its handicaps when the "beauty" signs up to appear in a motion picture, especially if the beauty has passed her sparkling youth. When one has to hold the head "just so" to eliminate the photographing of double chins and flabby muscles, one cannot lose oneself in the interpretation of a

dramatic characterization. In these days of Hooverizing, and just having emerged from a meatless, wheatless, heatless winter, the time is quite ripe for the "beautyless films." They will not be missed. Manufacturers are beginning to realize that "beauties" are expensive from other standpoints than their salary. If producers would only realize that movie audiences have brains as well as eyes! If they would, then photoplays with ideas for which the public is starving might not be as scarce as hens' teeth.

Constance Talmadge in "The Studio Girl." What Direction Means

How movie actresses are made and unmade by their directors is shown in a recent release of the Select Pictures Corporation, "The Studio Girl," with Constance Talmadge as the star. For years little Constance Talmadge plodded along, doing her bit with the old Vitagraph Company. Then one day her sister Norma left Vita and went to California as the one featured player of the National Film Company, which company, I believe, never actually reached the stage of production of pictures. Shortly after this the two Talmadge sisters became Triangle stars. Constance went her way, not being of much importance about the studio, until one day great excitement prevailed at the Fine Arts plant. Little Constance Talmadge, to the utter amazement of all, had been chosen by Mr. Griffith to play the important part of the Mountain Girl in "Intolerance." There were some who thought that Mr. Griffith had suddenly gone crazy. They realized the folly of their superficial judgment later. Constance Talmadge carried off the acting honors of "Intolerance" and rose to genuine stardom overnight. She surprised everyone. Her triumph proved what good direction means to an actress. To see her in "The Studio Girl" proved what bad direction can do. She struggled through the stupid story as best she could. Young, very pretty, full of fire and temperament is Constance Talmadge. In "The Studio Girl" her youth and prettiness only were visible. That all display of talent was so lacking is plainly the stage director's fault. As a well-known screen star once said: "No screen actor is the master of his fate or the captain of his soul." It is up to the director to make or mar.

The Press Agent Solves the Riddle of the Sphinx

The *Moving Picture World* of April 13th prints an interesting letter from the dramatic editor of the Newark *Star-Eagle*, a Mr. Justin Fair. Mr. Fair takes exception to the publicity sent out by motion picture studios, especially the stories about stars. I heartily agree with Mr. Fair that if the press agent would only approximate the truth in the telling of a story, it would be far more interesting and convincing than the weird, unreasonable, mad tales that are told. If Theda Bara were a bit mysterious looking, one might like to think of her as being born in the shadow of the Sphinx. Outside of her predilection for wearing cool, transparent clothing, there is nothing about her that might suggest that she first opened her baby eyes on the hot desert sands of the Sahara. She suggests Cincinnati, where she was born, much more than Cairo.

I know a young woman who tells of having been in the same company with Olga Petrova when Olga was struggling for a foothold. This girl's father was the manager of the company, and there were then no wild press stories being told of Mme. Petrova's birthplace in far-off Russia —or is it Poland?—as the story is now related. William Fox takes the prize for circulating wild stories about his artists. Sonia Markova—simple Gretchen Hartman of a former movie day and known to the fans as such—is his latest weird concoction. I confess to have "fallen" for "Sonia" when I saw her in "Les Miserables," and I had worked with her when she was Gretchen Hartman at the old Biograph! So Mr. Fox did his trick well, but not too well for the movie fans to uncover. However, somehow, "Sonia" did not hit the highest mark, and she is plain "Gretchen" once more. I seem to recall having heard rumors of her adopting another euphonic *nom de plume.*

Mr. Fair's comment on the gushy stories told of male stars like Bushman and Kerrigan needs to be heeded. He says: "Even young girls who feast their souls on the movies day in and day out are not fools exactly. Some of the stuff written in Bushman's behalf is fit for the intellectual nourishment of the inmates of an asylum for feeble-minded." There is a limit to the credulity of the movie public in accepting impossible stories about stars. Whether or not "fans" wish to know (as Mr. Fair says he wants the readers of his paper to know) that "men and women of the movies are *regular human beings* just like we are" is a doubt in my mind. I happened one day to be with a well-known movie actress while she was doing her marketing. A "fan" approached, spoke to the actress of how much she enjoyed her latest picture, and then noticing the order of steak, peas, lettuce, etc., added: "Oh, I didn't know that movie actresses ate regular food like I did." That happened in Los Angeles!

There is a middle course well worth adopting by the press agent. A press agent for dramatic stars of a former generation once told me some of the unbelievable, far-fetched stories then written about stars—the milk bath, the diamond robberies and the pursuing army of lovers leaving a trail of broken hearts behind. Dramatic stars of to-day prefer their press agent to write of them as normal humans, as a contented wife or happy mother, as have been all the stories told of Ethel Barrymore since she started on her maternal career. Let the movie actress also adopt a middle course. It would be an interesting experiment for some motion picture star to follow Maude Adams's quiet way and make herself of real interest by reason of her silence.

No Chance at All for the Truth

Apropos of the above, the following item in a trade paper catches my eye: "Mme. Olga Petrova receives 1,800 letters weekly from fan admirers, *each one answered personally* by the star herself." Anyone with an ounce of gray matter in his head knows that not only Petrova, but the prize winner of a stenographers' speed contest could barely get out 750 letters of a line each in an eight-hour day. But we are told that Petrova, after film acting all day, answers 1,800! After having been fed up on untruthful, exaggerated tales such as these, if the ambitious press agent ever experiences a change of heart and spins veracious yarns, no one will believe him.

METRO

DAVIS AND SANFORD PHOTO

Emmy Wehlen becomes a photo fan. Posing for portraits is a duty little relished by stars, but results such as this, achieved just before she left for California, carry consolation.

SELECT

Clara Kimball Young sends greeting to all her friends from her studio garden in California.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

HEDDA NOVA was born in Odessa. She wouldn't know the old homestead now!

Marie Dressler claims to have made Charlie Chaplin famous. The egg said the same of Columbus.

Mack Sennett is one business man who is always willing to show his figures. If you think we are referring to bookkeeping—you lose!

Jack Pickford as *Tom Sawyer* impresses the average young lady to the extent that she would give a million regular dollars to be a boy.

Francis X. Bushman has a play called "The Brass Check." If it's the one we lost, calling for five cents in trade, Frank, you may keep it. We are now on the w. w.

Tully Marshall and Raymond Hatton were endeavoring recently to see which could tell the biggest story. Theodore Roberts got into the game, and they both quit in disgust.

Dick Barthelmess is off critics for life. One of them said the best thing Dick ever done was when he died in "War Brides." You know, it's the way a thing is said that makes a guy sore!

A certain film star has requested his employers to pay him every month instead of each week, as usual, and what do you think his reason was? Said he wasn't able to spend it all in just a week!

Don't be surprised this summer if your young son shows an ambition to become a sailor. William S. Hart is putting on some sea pictures, and Peggy Hyland has recently completed "Peg o' the Pirates."

Hoover should get after Doug Fairbanks before he exhausts the leading-lady crop. Not satisfied with using a different one for every picture, Doug goes and squanders two of 'em in "Headin' South."

Virginia Pearson was born in ol' Kaintuck. And like another famous Kentucky product, she brightens the eye and quickens the pulse. Only there are no remorseful after-effects from gazing upon Virginia.

During the taking of the death-bed scene in "Du Barry," Theda Bara's tears were induced by the strains of a three-piece orchestra playing Massenet's "Elegie." Theda should have sent for Wallace Reid and his saxophone. When Wallie breathes into that thing, everyone within two miles bawls.

This is becoming a "less" and "less" age all the time. We're used to seedless oranges, stringless beans, fireless cookers, biteless tobacco, smokeless guns, horseless carriages and iceless ice cream, and we have adjusted ourselves pretty well to Hooverizing; but now that eugenists want kissless courtships, and their partners in crime, the censors, want motionless motion pictures, it is about time to call a halt.

SELECT C. SMITH GARDNER PHOTO

Alice Brady's father evidently knew that a child with a chin like this wouldn't endure being called "a quitter."

Winning by a Nose

A Battle Royal Over a Dominating Proboscis

By ALICE BRADY

WHEN I entered motion pictures, my screen future balanced on the bridge of a tiptilted nose. It (the nose) was like one of those unpleasant duties which we contrive to keep always ahead of us, but at least out of the way, and I had never really grasped its awful significance. That it might impede my progress in the new venture didn't occur to me at all.

Since I can remember, the stage has been my guiding star. Even as a tot I was hypnotized by it, and before I was in my teens I had broken the news to my father that I was going to be a second Bernhardt. My years at the convent where I was educated, instead of hindering my determination, only strengthened it, and I shall never forget the joy of those school theatricals. However, I was probably the only one who enjoyed them, for I invariably tried to boss the whole show. If I played *Rosalind*, in "As You Like It," I knew just exactly how the other fellow should play *Cecilia* or *Orlando* and I never kept my knowledge to myself. In the light of later years, I must have been an obnoxious little busybody!

SELECT CAMPBELL PHOTO

When Alice Brady, actress, turned her profile to Alice Brady, judge.

I went almost from the schoolroom to the stage, and after winning success in my chosen field, drifted naturally enough to the new medium of dramatic expression. The filming of my first picture was an interesting experience, and I looked forward to seeing it with keen anticipation. The jolt, therefore, was unexpected. I went into the projection room in a flutter of excitement, and I came out sadder than Niobe. The opening scenes hadn't been so bad, but suddenly Alice Brady, screen actress, had turned her profile to Alice Brady, judge, and whatever I possessed of self-complacency fled. Could that be *my* nose, apparently standing on end? I was shocked as I'd never been before. There was something almost indecent in the stand-up way it flaunted its imperfections on the film.

Up to that moment I hadn't taken the new dramatic art very intensely. I had conscientiously put the best work

possible into my picture, but if anyone had offered me a contract on the legitimate stage that called for all of my time, I should have left the motion picture field with not a twinge of regret. There is a difference, however, in leaving of one's own free will and being forced out on account of deficiencies, and the latter possibility made me gasp. It also infuriated me. Who was I to be dominated by a nose!

I went home and laid the case before my father. All of my fighting Irish was aroused, and I regarded the projection on my face with hostile dislike. For the first time pictures really intrigued me, and the thought that I might not be able to continue in them brought out all of my obstinacy. There was another aspect to the matter. I was one of the first of the stage people to enter the film world in competition with those stars of the screen who had mastered its secrets, and the idea of failure under the circumstances was doubly humiliating. In fact, it was so galling that I made up my mind to get another nose if necessary.

My father listened to my trouble calmly, until I announced my determination to have my nose operated on. Then he exploded in true Brady fashion.

"I wouldn't have believed that a daughter of mine would be a quitter!" he remarked truculently.

I stared at him in amazement.

"Quitter!" I echoed. "That's just what I'm not going to be!"

He pounded the desk with his fist.

"I call it quitting," he maintained, "when you don't make good with what you've got. If I were in your boots, I'd force my audiences to like me in spite of my nose. I'd be such a blamed good actress that they wouldn't know I *had* a nose!"

I got his point then—right between the eyes. And I stopped thinking about tucks in my nose. Instead, I got down to hard work. I studied the lines of my nose, tried out all sorts of poses before the mirror and watched the effect of each. In the end I discovered how to hold my head before the camera, and when I had made the discovery, I never let go of it. If you will notice my pictures, you will see that in every one my chin is carried high. The long line of throat is generally attractive, and in my case the tilt of my nose is not nearly so apparent with my head up.

But, beyond all that, I worked at film expression. The shape of my nose and its proper placing were, after all, nominal issues. It had served its purpose in giving me a battle royal to stage, and I flung into the struggle for screen recognition with all my might. I learned all of the camera tricks, studied light and shade effects, and got the value of different colors on the film. The deeper I went into it, the more it fascinated me, and I remembered my history-book Alexander with real commiseration. Here was I with a brand-new world to conquer, and *he* had cried in vain!

SELECT CAMPBELL PHOTO

In her new play, "The Ordeal of Rosetta," Alice Brady plays four roles.

And now the years I put in at hard labor are still taking toll, for work has become an unbreakable habit with me. When I get a new script, there is just one thing that interests me until the story has been metamorphosed into a photoplay, and that is how best to secure the finest results. Nothing else matters. And if it becomes necessary to stand on my head or to hang over a precipice by my toes in order to accomplish that end, I am there—with life savers maybe—but, at any rate, on the job.

Furthermore, I am never quite satisfied, no matter what the results; but discouragement in my case doesn't mean quitting. I can never quite grasp the mental attitude of a person who retires from the fray at the initial setback. I might make up my mind to withdraw at a later date if things were going wrong, but I'd get in a good wallop first, and when I did step down, I'd do it because I pleased to and not because I was forced.

My advice to beginners would be this: if the urge within you is irresistible, then take stock, honestly, of all your gifts and your handicaps, face the facts, develop a genuine love for hard work, and success is assured. Work is the watchword.

Getting back to my muttons, I might add that the old grievance is laid and that my nose and I are now more inseparable than ever.

Alice Brady

My Bit in the World's Work

A Picture Record of One Day's Doings by Madge Evans, Famous Kiddie Star

WORLD

"Mother is my best director, and always catches me when I forget anything. She thinks the proper way to begin the day's work is by saying 'Now I rise me up to work, I pray the Lord I may not shirk'"

WORLD

Lessons must be learned.

WORLD

One idol and two idlers during a wait between scenes. This is one nice way to learn geography and history, for players wear costumes of all countries and ages. These must be exactly right. Talking about these things is fascinating.

WORLD

Director Knoles discusses the scenario with me and makes me like my part.

WORLD

"If I should die ere set of sun, I pray the Lord my work's well done."

How "Innocent" Was Filmed

Oriental Customs Followed With Fidelity

By FANNIE WARD

IN PREPARATION for my appearance in the film version of this stage success I studied carefully the contrast between life in the West and the East. The difference between the Oriental woman and her sister of the Occident is the difference between the screen before the photoplay starts and the same screen a few moments later, on which a vivid story of life is unfolding.

In China and Japan people are schooled from the cradle in the subtle art of suppressing every visible sign of emotion. This art is developed to the highest degree in the woman. In America the face of a woman is the mirror of her soul. Her beauty depends upon the spontaneity with which every emotion is portrayed. In the Orient the face of a woman is a mask, and her beauty depends upon her ability to conceal every evidence of emotion, no matter how great the conflict within her.

This difference was impressed upon me while making "A Japanese Nightingale." I play the part of a Japanese girl who loves her brother, from whom she has been separated for three years. The brother returns unexpectedly. Knowing that Orientals are wont to suppress emotions, I asked the Japanese actor, who plays the part of the brother, for a little inside information.

"How would your sister greet you, if she loved you a great deal and had not seen you for three years?" I asked him. "Would she throw herself in your arms, kiss you and make a fuss over you like American women under similar circumstances?"

PATHE

The Japanese mother is permitted to show some affection for her boy baby.

PATHE

Occidental display of concern for her sick father could not be stamped out by Oriental training.

"Oh, no!" he replied, and there was amusement in his eyes. "She would approach until within about three feet of me and bow formally."

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Yes, that is all."

"But," I insisted, "how on earth can I 'get it over' on the screen that I love my brother, that I have missed him terribly during his long absence, that I am so happy he has returned? How can I make the audience realize my thoughts and emotions by standing three feet away from him and bowing as though I were being introduced to a stranger?"

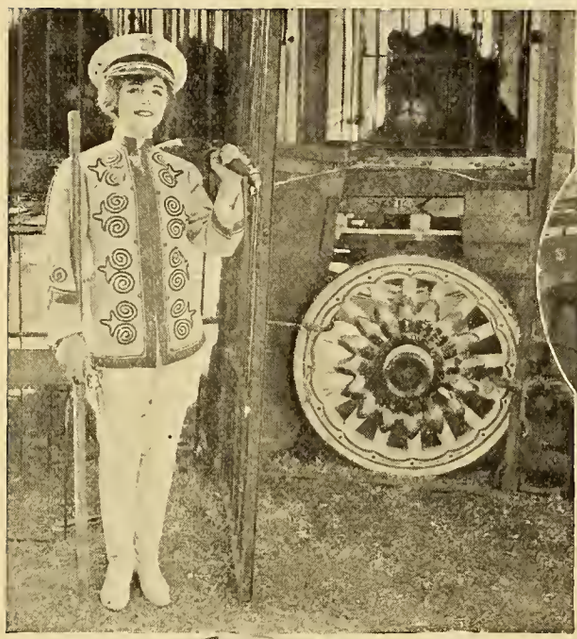
"A Japanese feels in his heart, not in his face or man-

(Continued in advertising section)

RICHMAN PICTURE CORP. CAMPBELL STUDIO PHOTO

Veta Searl made her screen debut in support of Creighton Hale, Linda A. Griffith and Sheldon Lewis in Mrs. Griffith's great photoplay, "Charity." Four feet ten inches in height, ninety-seven pounds in weight, and three years in pictures, is her record.

"The Biggest Show On Earth"



Mlle. La Fleur (Enid Bennett) being fearless enjoys her performances with the lions.

The eventful birthday when "Dad" decrees she must make good his promise, and go to school.

ROXIE KEMP, lion-tamer, learns on her seventeenth birthday that by her dead mother's will she must leave circus life for school. Through her power over animals she rescues Marjorie Trent from a vicious dog. She meets Owen Trent. His people object to her. Roxie returns to the circus. Later, Owen's father admits he is Kemp's partner. They decide to make the "K-T" a double partnership.

Marked aptitude in ancient lore is easily developed under an able teacher.

Roxie's return to the circus finds all the performers under the sway of fear.

PARAMOUNT

With the familiar uniform the old habit of easy domination re-asserts itself.

It is a pleasant surprise to learn that Owen's father is her father's partner.

Film Stars' Styles

WORLD

Barbara Castleton has chosen for this creation the newest designs in girdle, pockets and harem skirt.

TRIANGLE

Belle Bennett designed this, in dull gray, silver and gold embroidery, with monkey fur border and old rose girdle.

PARALTA

Louise Glaum worked out this device. She says it is irresistible with pale gold for the foundation color.

METRO

One of the gowns worn by Katherine Harris Barrymore in "The House of Mirth."

WORLD CAMPBELL PHOTO

There couldn't be anything prettier than the new sleeves shown in this frock worn by Evelyn Greely.

TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Maud Wayne wears this wonder gown of painted satin, with folds of rose, and metallic girdle in lavender and green.

What Kind of Movies Do Our Soldiers Like?

***By* Private C. V. COMBE, No. 238, First Canadian Division**

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Combe has been in the war since its earliest days—as attested by his official number. Canada has sent nearly 500,000 men. Following three months' service in the trenches, Mr. Combe spent sixteen months in a German prison camp and thirteen months were spent on parole in Switzerland, and is now working in the interests of the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission in the United States. He tells from first-hand knowledge what the boys really want in movies.*

"THE BIG job for big men" was not slow to lure Robert Warwick, actor and movie star, to Plattsburg first, and then to a captaincy "on Pershing's staff" in France. To-day he is there where the great guns boom and the battles surge, while an outraged civilization opposes the pride of its manhood to the senseless self-seeking of the Boche. His absence on democracy's business leaves a gap in the fraternity which has given unsparingly of its best to the only cause to-day.

To "our boys" over there, the presence of a movie star is always of great interest. They see in the flesh a man or woman who used to move them to laughter or tears in other days, and they think of home and the old home folks who used to attend the movies with them.

"Wish I was back in little old New York to-night, going to see him on the screen, with my girl at my side," said one sturdy, sentimental Sammy as Warwick walked by. He forgot for the moment that he had the movie right there in France.

And this brings up the whole question of Sammy and his recreations on active service. Some people think that the soldier has his amusements right in the front line with him. That would be impossible. In the front line soldiers invariably find their time fully taken up with watching and tracking the unspeakable Hun. They are strictly on the job twenty-four hours a day. That, of course, is their main business there.

But all work and no play makes Sammy a dull boy, and his mentors in the various recreation huts behind the line are watching out to see that Sammy does not get dull. Sammy is himself essentially a happy boy when he gets a chance to relax from soldiering in rest billets. His recreations are innocent and frolicsome. He can learn French from some sweet little mademoiselle with witching eyes. He can take in a vaudeville show. He can participate in the various military sports contests and cross-country runs, or, best of all, in complete relaxation he can now go to some good movies, like they used to have at home.

Times were when the movies for soldiers were a joke, when old, worn-out films were sent for the men who risked their lives for civilization. But that was before Uncle Sam got into the business of cleaning up the world and keeping the cleaners cleanly amused. Now all that is changed. The best is thought to be none too good—indeed, is reserved for France.

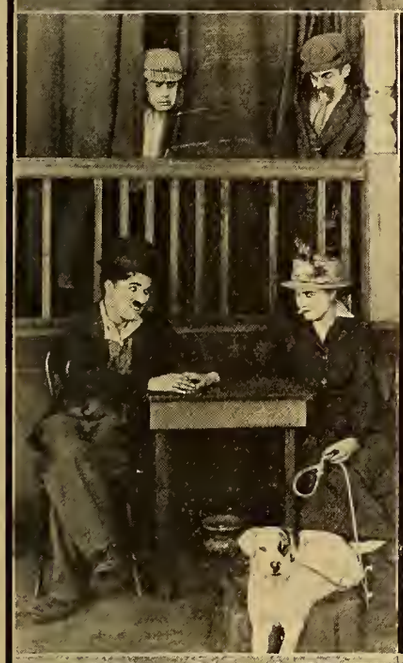
What kind of movies do our soldiers like? The most popular pictures are those which portray war activities at home. The huts rock with enthusiasm when a crowd on Wall Street buying Liberty Bonds or a Liberty Bond parade on Fifth Avenue is portrayed. The boys give a regular ovation at sight of work in shipyards and in munition factories. They like to watch films of camp training in "The States," and they go wild over a picture of the women of the country getting into the war, whether through the Red Cross or by other means. These pictures make good substitutes for letters, and they carry to the boys over there the assurance that their home folks are getting really into the war and not spending their time in moping and whining out mere puerile criticism. That is solid satisfaction to a soldier in action — to feel that the people at home identify themselves with his struggle and have fullest co-operative sympathy with him in his harrowing of the Hun.

UNDERWOOD PHOTO

Captain Robert Warwick

Sammy's nature in khaki and out is pretty much the same. He still has a heart hunger for home and all that home means. On the battlefield he dreams of it. In the rain and sleet he longs for the comfortable fireside and

(*Continued in advertising section*)

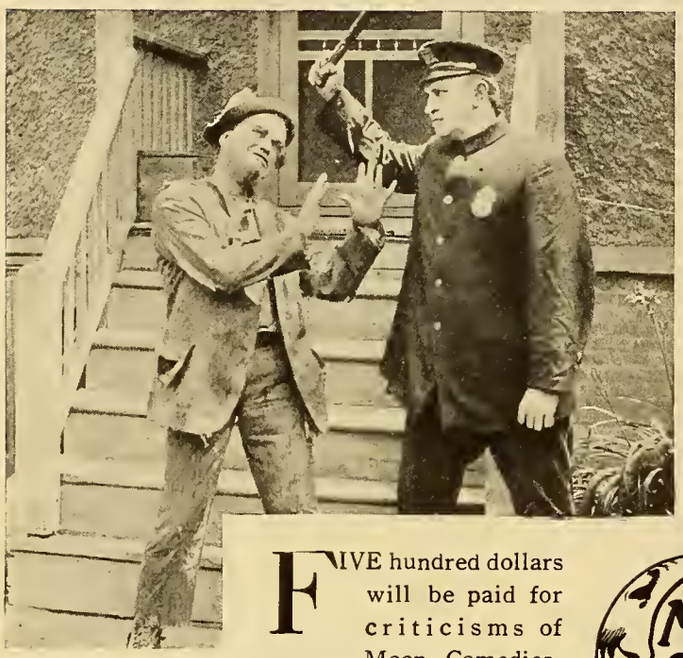


"A Dog's Life"

IN THIS photoplay Charlie Chaplin is a tramp. He picks up a cur as a comrade. In a fruitless quest for food he visits a cafe, where through sheer luck he becomes possessed of a fat wallet. He invites a cabaret girl to dine. While they are talking, two ruffians stun Chaplin with a club and rob him of the wallet. Hard pressed by the police, they bury the purse in the alley. Chaplin later comes here to sleep, and the pup digs up the wallet. Together they proceed to vanquish the villains and reclaim the heroine. In the end Chaplin marries the singer, they buy a farm and retire to the simple life.

FIRST NATIONAL-CHAPLIN

They Are Hunting for Money—Maybe You Can Find It



Gus Pixley, a hungry tramp, determines to outwit the law by a surprise visit as "The Bogus Uncle." After he gets by the law and is in a fair way to annex the profits the real uncle arrives, but having satisfied hunger other troubles are easy to manage.

In "No Money, No Fun" the hero suffers an ailment he calls "money shortage." He seeks the cure that never before has failed, but guardian says, "Come here and live; get busy and earn what you need." Whereupon Willie sees a great light.

FIVE hundred dollars will be paid for criticisms of Moon Comedies.

For each of the five best and most skillfully constructed criticisms of Moon Comedies, produced by Sunshine Film, Inc., $100.00 will be paid.

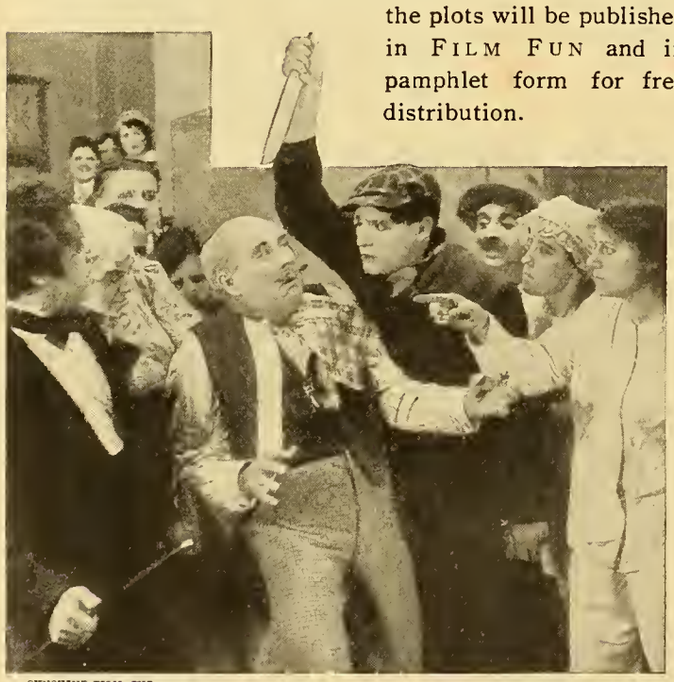
Criticisms may be based on screen performance or published stories, and censure as well as praise is permissible. Contestant must state his full name and home address.

As plays are released, stories of the plots will be published in FILM FUN and in pamphlet form for free distribution.

The contest closes October 1st, at 12 o'clock noon, by which time criticisms must be at the company's office, 126–130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, N. Y.

Payment will be made on October 15th. The judges who will make the award have no connection with Moon Comedies or with FILM FUN. They are Mr. N. Binham, 22 North William Street, New York City; Mr. S. Wald, 2653 Decatur Street, New York City; and Mr. H. Jenssen, 37a Cooper Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. All criticisms received will be carefully read and fairly judged.

A new comedy will be released each week.



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By opening a boarding-house at prices which attract crowds, he amasses much money but no fun, for late arrivals create a riot.

Among the complications is this of the reverend gentleman in the wrong room, as annoyed about it as the actress who has lost her lines.

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General Gibson Says He Feels that every Soldier Who Goes to the Front Should Take Nuxated Iron

Dr. James Francis Sullivan Explains Why It Helps to Increase Strength and Endurance and Build Up Weak, Nervous, Run-down Folks.

What every soldier most needs is tremendous "stay there" strength, power and endurance, with nerves of steel and blood of iron. To help produce this result there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron, says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "I have personally found it of such great value as a tonic, strength and blood builder that I believe if General Gibson's advice were followed many of our fighting men would find it of great benefit. In my opinion there is nothing better than organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for enriching the blood and helping increase strength, energy and endurance.

General Horatio Gates Gibson says Nuxated Iron has brought back to him in good measure that old buoyancy and energy that filled his veins in 1847 when he made his triumphant entry with General Scott into the City of Mexico and he feels that every soldier should take Nuxated Iron.

Another remarkable case is that of General David Stuart Gordon, noted Indian fighter and hero of the battle of Gettysburg. General Gordon says: "When I became badly run-down this year, I found myself totally without the physical power to 'come back' as I had done in my younger days. I tried different so-called 'tonics,' without feeling any better, but finally I heard of how physicians were widely recommending organic iron to renew red blood and rebuild strength in worn-out bodies. As a result I started taking Nuxated Iron and within a month it had roused my weakened vital forces and made me feel strong again, giving me endurance such as I never hoped to again possess."

Another interesting case is that of General John Lincoln Clem, who at the early age of 12 years was Sergeant in the U. S. Army and the last veteran of the Civil War to remain on the U. S. Army active list. General Clem says: "I find in Nuxated Iron the one and ever-reliable tonic. Two months after beginning the treatment I am a well man."

And then there is Judge Samuel S. Yoder, Statesman, Jurist and for 18 years a practicing physician—formerly Surgeon Major in the Army and now Commander in Chief of the Union Veteran Union, who says: "Nuxated Iron restores, revivifies and rehabilitates the system. To the man of 70 as I am it is just as certain, just as efficacious as to the youth in his teens."

It is surprising how many people suffer deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

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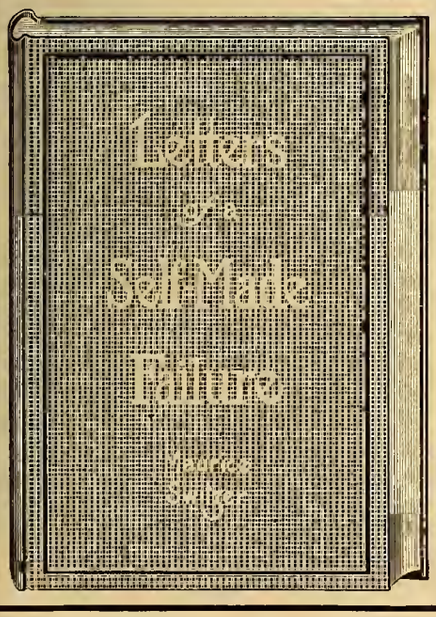
MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is prescribed by Dr. Sullivan, and which has been used by Generals Gibson, Gordon, Clem, Judge Yoder and others with such surprising results, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores.



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Practice Makes Perfect

By Michael Gross

AT THE movies Larry Loudvoice could be found most any day;
As a pest he had no equal, folks that sat near by would say.
For he thought it was his duty to play teacher to the crowd,
And he'd read each movie title in a voice both harsh and loud.
Years went by, still Larry labored; every title he would bawl.
Practice took him into Congress, where he out-talks one and all.

Ezra Knowall was a wizard. He could guess in half a reel
What would happen at the finish; every plot he could reveal.
In a voice that needed filing he would tell folks, far and near,
Just the way the wicked villain would wind up his brief career.
Ten years passed, and little Ezra, through his practice on the screen,
Made the finest weather prophet that the country's ever seen.

Sammy Bighoof was a terror; had the others beat a mile.
He would straddle in an end seat, with his feet stuck in the aisle.
Every time a picture ended and somebody would walk down,
Sammy's feet would start a tangle and there'd be a broken crown.
But now Sammy's joined the circus, and he's billed on every street
As the only living mortal with two educated feet.

Hortense Sournote was another species of a movie pest;
When the music started playing, Hortense couldn't seem to rest.
He would hum, and he would whistle, stamp his feet and shake his hair;
Seemed you couldn't keep him quiet if you nailed him to the chair.
Every one of us who watched him wondered in what cell he'd land,
But to-day Hortense's the leader of a jazz-jazz ragtime band.

How Considerate!

In Greenville children are admitted on half price to the matinee performance at the motion picture theaters. While waiting to purchase his ticket, a small boy was having quite an argument with the girl in the box.

"When I goes into a movie house, I pays the same price as grown-ups. My favorite actor is Mary Pickford, and if I pays five cents instead of ten cents, she will get that much less in her wages."

The Merry-go-round

First writer—What's Scribbler so busy for these days? I never see his stuff.

Second writer—No, Scribbler hasn't time to turn out any movies. He's keeping an up-to-date card index of the changes which occur in the scenario departments of the film corporations which are in the market for the kinds of scenarios which Scribbler could write if he didn't have to keep his *index* up to date!

Jerky Jingles

Mary Miles Minter, Gee, Whizz! Helps Huyler's chocolate biz! She eats 'em, (we've seen). During meals, and between! No wonder she's sweet as she is!

We are tickled clear down to our shoes. When her comedy leads we peruse! A few words does she take. Shakes 'em up, and they make, Our blues lose their hues,—does Miss Loos!

If every book, when we buyed it, Had a Storey like Edith inside it. We would read all the day, 'Till our glims gave away, And never be sorry we tried it!

Doug Fairbanks, whose ways are so winning, Won't go to church—is it sinning? "The reason," says Doug, "Is, the smile on my mug, Starts the whole congregation a-grinning!"

—*Harry J. Smalley.*

To Accommodate the Fans

First postal clerk—Uncle Sam is going to need a new tranpsort service one of these days.

Second p. c.—Why?

First p. c.—To transport the mail addressed to the movie stars who have enlisted!

Money Talks

Millie—Many actresses get more money posing for the movies than they ever did for acting on the stage!

Tillie—Which proves that "silence is golden."

—*Harold Seton.*

"WALL-NUTS" "GOOD-NIGHT, NURSE"
By James Montgomery Flagg

"ARE MY LIPS ON STRAIGHT?"
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How "Innocent" Was Filmed

(*Continued from a previous page*)

ner," was the enigmatical reply. "A show of feeling is not dignified."

Finally I said: "Could I smile a little?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Could I cry?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then," I announced, "I'll smile at you with tears in my eyes. Perhaps that will show in an Oriental way some part of the emotion I should like to show if I were playing an Occidental woman."

And so we played the scene, although I am sure he felt that such an "extreme" display of emotion was quite disgraceful on the part of any well-brought-up Japanese girl.

There is one thing, however, which they are not called upon to suppress—their vanity. They are very fond of pretty things. They love to make up their faces, and they take extraordinary pride in their hair, hands and feet.

Fannie Ward

What Kind of Movies Do Our Soldiers Like?

(*Continued from a previous page*)

the tender ministrations of mother, wife or sweetheart. He hears the romping play of children and would gladly join them. The film which portrays these things back there in billets in France appeals the most strongly. It makes our fighting men conjure up the picture of their own happiness before the menace of the Hun overshadowed their loved, defenseless ones and called them forth to fight America's battles on the fields of France and Flanders. As never before they know what home means—they who are offering, proudly offering their all to make it secure for their own folk. Sammy knows, as he sits and watches these home scenes, these touching, simple home pictures enacted before him, that he is defending the homes of his country from the terrible fate that has overtaken those of France and Belgium, of Serbia and Armenia.

Then, again, there is something universal in the love for the antics of happy, healthy children, in the grateful benediction which all cast on the sweet love-making of a lad and a lassie in a shady dell, in the great satisfaction with which one regards home life simply lived. After Sammy has seen this, his yearnings are purified, and he returns to the grim drama of war with a loftier courage, with a higher determination that the homes of his own country shall be inviolate while his life shall last.

All the popular, clean fun-makers of filmdom are favorites. The men like to sit back among their comrades and cronies and watch the antics. Nor are the men ashamed to abandon themselves to the hilarity of the hour. They enjoy every effort made for their amusement.

It is a surprise to know that the American khaki-clad youth likes to see films that are usually regarded as ancient history. Something with a background in the Spanish-American War, in the Philippine struggle, in troubles in the Mexican border, in any theater of the war on land or sea except France, is bound to be received with avidity. He bars happenings in France and Flanders. He thinks, and rightly, that no film-maker can give him information on life there. The old-time and, as some erroneously think, threadbare cowboy films are favorites also.

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

No. 351—JULY, 1918

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Who's Who and Where

Merl La Voy, war camera correspondent, is leaving early in June for his third tour of European battlefronts, this time in company with Burton Holmes, lecturer. His marching outfit, including camera and equipment, weighs about 150 pounds, but past experiences will enable him to get all he goes after, he believes.

Arthur Ellis, a private in the old Sixty-ninth, but hitherto of the movie staff of C. L. Chester, Inc., writes that he is recovering from "a lucky wound." The censored letters are vague as to the injury, but very explicit about the beauty of southern France, where he was sent to recuperate, the goodness of the French people and the glorious privilege of serving with our army there.

Captain Robert Warwick made a hurried trip from "somewhere in France" to New York and Washington, D. C., on a special mission for General Pershing, to whose personal staff he is attached. His stay was short and his return hurried, but he contrived to lend an able hand in aid of the Red Cross drive in May, making several speeches that told of things as they actually are, concerning which we are all anxious.

Donald Thompson, *Leslie's* special camera correspondent, whose Russian war films, shown in picture theaters throughout the country, have aided greatly in arousing vigorous resistance to the Hun, left in the latter part of May for his third expedition to the battlefront. He will make a record of the situation in Siberia, and the stories should reach the home office in time for publication beginning early in September.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sears, formerly editor of FILM FUN and for the past year publicity director for the American Film Company of Chicago, sailed for France on June 1st. She will spend three months in the war zone, as representative of *To-day's Housewife,* gathering material for a series of articles for that magazine as well as for a number of others. Her "Wartime Journal," which has appeared recently in *Today's Housewife,* was written as a help to women in readjusting their lives to the exigencies of war.

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This deparment belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

E. S , Tampa, Fla.—Carol Holloway's address is 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood. It has not been possible to reply to your question until now.

H. C. C., Ottawa, Ont.—Broncho Billie films are being re-issued by Essanay. You will have opportunity to see them soon.

L. M. C., Spokane, Wash.—Scenarios are in demand, but most producing concerns have able writers in charge of that department. You could make inquiry of them.

B. H., Elkin, N. C.—Alice Lake and Jack Mulhall can be reached at Universal City, Cal. Shirley Mason's home address is 3053 Perry Avenue, New York City. Betty Schade's we do not know.

D. B. C., Norwich, Conn.—Lou Telligen played this past season in "Blind Youth," which had a long run at the Republic Theater, in New York. Your age would make it difficult for you to get into pictures now, because they would think you might be drafted any time.

D. R. M., Altoona, Pa.—At present about a million and a half feet of film is sent abroad for the little theaters behind the lines. Camp activities here in America make popular films. "Pershing's Crusaders," showing what our boys are doing over there, has just been released.

C. R., Hamilton, Ont.—Jack Pickford has gone to war. His home address is 5284 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. Olive Thomas, his wife, is there, we believe, filling her Triangle contract. Margery Wilson's address is 4619½ Melbourne Avenue, Hollywood. We cannot answer your question about Paul Willis.

The Khaki-clad Boys, Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.—That "jokey Irish woman" who used to write the stories you ask about is now editing the *Naval Reserve* for the boys at Cape May. We will ask him to send you a copy. He is still joking. We hope to grow, but that might mean a higher price, and we are proud of being the ten-cent magazine.

M. S. B., Niagara, Wis.—It is exceedingly difficult to get into pictures, because many changes are being made in producing companies, fewer and better pictures are being made, and many old actors are out. Pearl White is still playing. A letter addressed to her in care of Pathe, 25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City, will reach her promptly.

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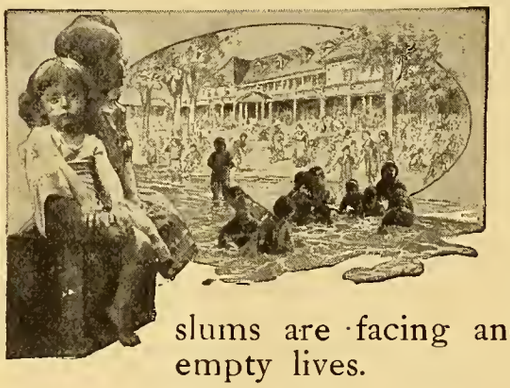

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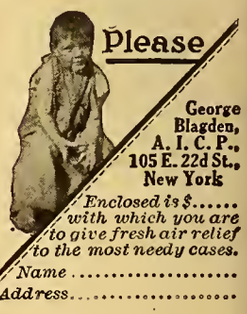

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Do not permit your friends in service to tell you—or write you—"inside" facts about where they are, what they are doing and seeing,

Do not become a tool of the Hun by passing on the malicious, disheartening rumors which he so eagerly sows. Remember he asks no better service than to have you spread his lies of disasters to our soldiers and sailors, gross scandals in the Red Cross, cruelties, neglect and wholesale executions in our camps, drunkenness and vice in the Expeditionary Force, and other tales certain to disturb American patriots and to bring anxiety and grief to American parents.

And do not wait until you catch someone putting a bomb under a factory. Report the man who spreads pessimistic stories, divulges—or seeks—confidential military information, cries for peace, or belittles our efforts to win the war.

Send the names of such persons, even if they are in uniform, to the Department of Justice, Washington. Give all the details you can, with names of witnesses if possible—show the Hun that we can beat him at his own game of collecting scattered information and putting it to work. The fact that you made the report will not become public.

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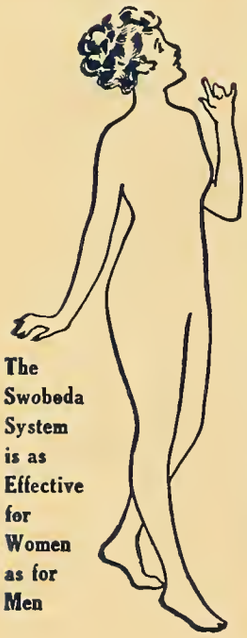

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A Monthly Reel of Laughs

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Whenever a new, youthful dancer appeared at the Paris Opera House the *habitués* vied with each other in showering her with attentions and in overwhelming her with a veritable broadside of Cupid's artillery.

For how could these young and pretty girls with every right to life, love and pleasure, and subsisting on a very small salary, resist the seduction of the smell of flowers and of the glitter of jewels?

She had the voluptuous form of a Greek Helen and she took the old guard of the Opera House by storm. The very next morning a perfect shower of *billets-doux*, jewels, and bouquets fell into the poor dancer's modest apartment.

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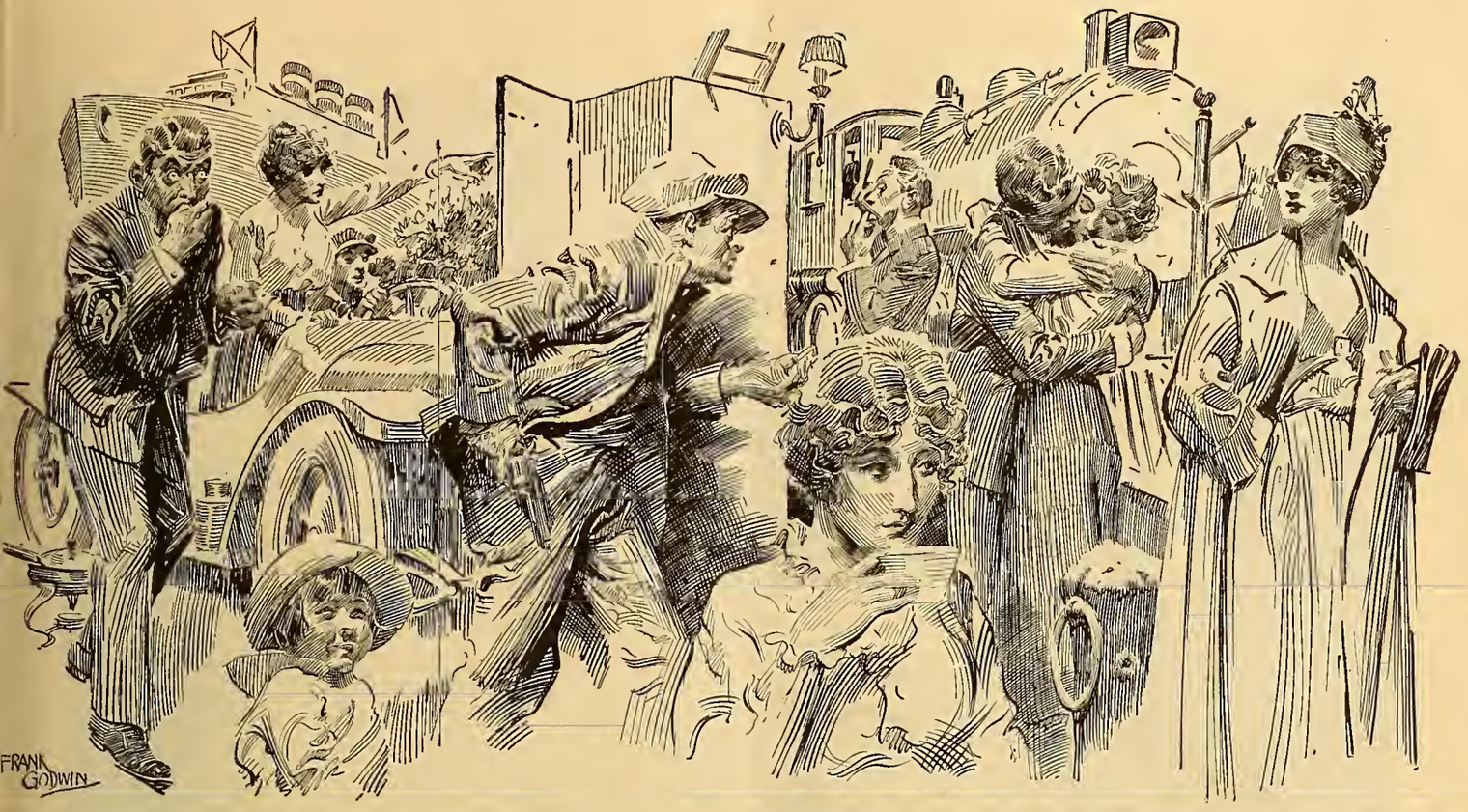

THE DREAM—AFTER THE MOVIES

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Best Interests of All Motion Picture Art and Artists

AUGUST—1918

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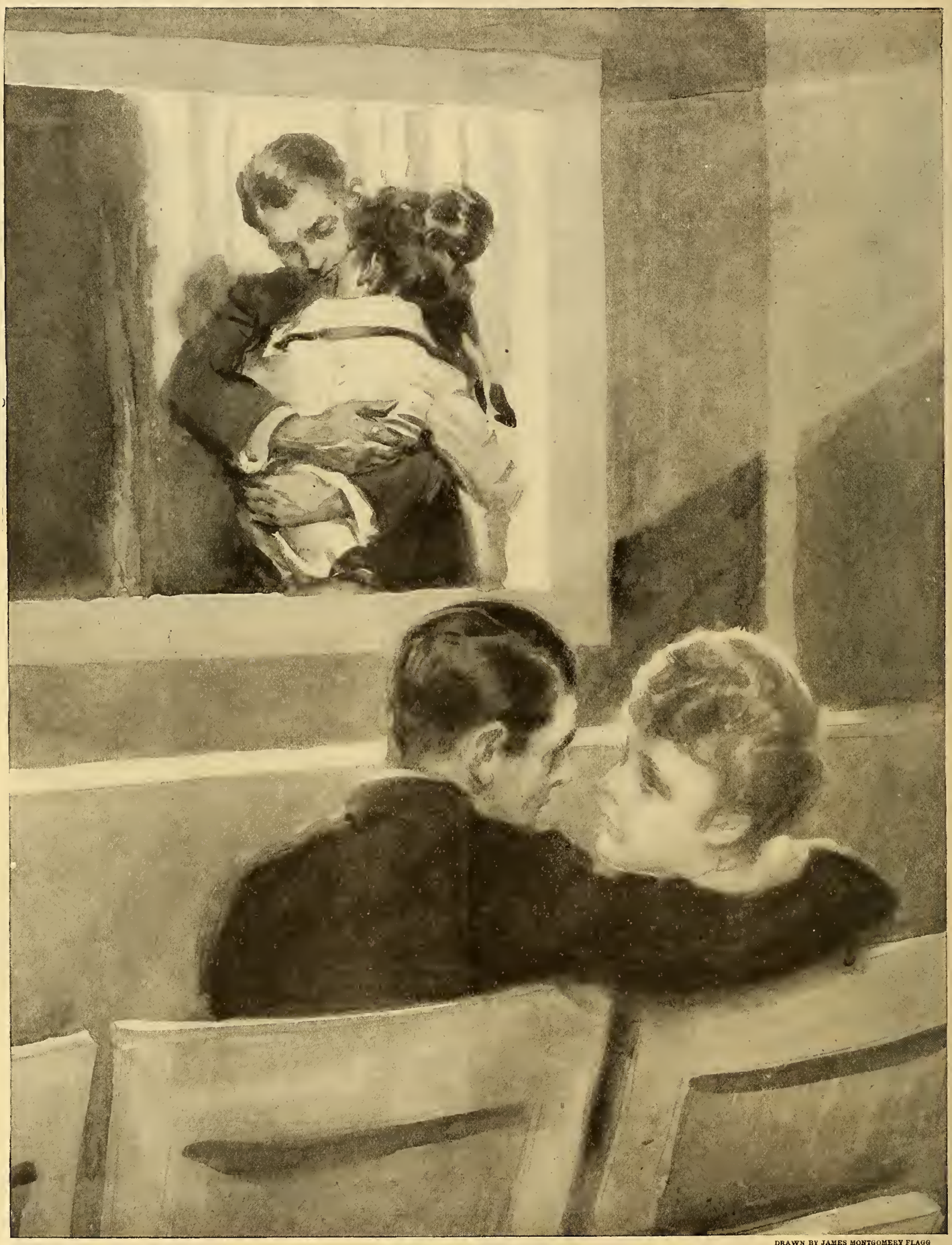


DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

REEL LOVERS

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

EVERY "extra" thinks Genius climbs the steep stairs to success, while Luck goes up in the elevator.

A scenario writer killed himself because his plays were not accepted. Ah, if only some—(You finish it!)

A strong five-reeler depicting the ravages of rum will make more converts than six Billy Sundays.

Eileen Percy denies she has married Otto Busch, Anhauser Busch or any other Busch. There's still a chance, fellows.

Joy Note: Marguerite Clark is to play both *Topsy* and *Little Eva* in Paramount's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A bit of art in black and white.

Do actresses enjoy themselves? Sometimes much. Frinstance, Enid Bennett had a regular circus in "The Biggest Show on Earth."

Titles are often queer, sometimes weird, and occasionally just nutty. For instance, the story of "Intelligence" is laid in a German beer garden. Ach, Himmel! by such a Blace, it couldn't!

William S. Hart has left the Drys and joined the Wets. Which is our way of stating that he has quit desert pictures and is to produce some sea stuff. But, damp or dry, he'll be the same ol' Bill.

Fatty Arbuckle's heft being against and on him, he was placed in Class Five by his Los Angeles Registration Board. Guess the only way Roscoe can butt into the big scrap is to enlist as ballast for one of the transports.

Paramount has a new staress who bears the nippy name of "Cuddles" Lee. We tremble lest it creates a fad, and they'll all be doing it. Wear your regular name, "Cuddles"—which is Lila, and very, very pretty.

Metro's "With Neatness and Dispatch" has the first "butlerette." This may or may not be a useful hint to householders. Adele Barker, who plays the part and likes it, claims the first qualification is weight, and 250 pounds is the minimum.

We have seen many hilarious sights during our gay and festive career, but Mary Pickford in muff and goggles on the hind seat of the motor cycle in "Amarilly"—say, if you saw the picture, we *dare* you to think of that scene without laffing!

In a magazine article leading staresses unloosen their ideas of their ideal man. All of them seem to seek a person of he-perfection, but one of them—Polly Moran—asks for the utterly impossible. Her ideal guy is one who can change an auto tire without swearing.

E. H. Allen, Will Hart's business manager, sent a purchasing agent into the land of the Zuni for buckskin chaps, beadwork and moccasins for a pending picture. He says that's all wrong about "Low, the poor Indian," but the goods were gorgeous and worth all they cost.

A character actor who claims to know says, "One should always have their characterization thoroughly established in their mind before commencing work," etc. He doesn't say so, but we believe he writes for the guidance of students of motion picture schools of acting.

In "The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop" Edith Storey leaves the village wearing a straw lid embellished with cherries. Three years later she returns wearing the same bonnet, and the cherries are still there. Hoover should give Edie a medal for saving 'em so long.

Viola Dana, being of a saving disposition, did not discard the voluminous overalls she wore in "Blue Jeans." She had 'em tailored down to her size, and then made a garden to wear 'em in. The garden is not much larger than a handkerchief, but Viola claims it is awf'ly deep. Runs clear down to China.

When "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin," appeared in Emporia, Kan., a fervid patriot in the audience arose in anger and the darkness and plunked three bullets into the screen Kaiser's anatomy. The newspapers played the story big, until it was learned the gunful gent was simply trying to do the right thing by the piano player. Then everybody lost interest.

FOX

SUMMER IS TRYING ON THE COMPLEXION

Virginia Lee Corbin, four-year-old film star, on Guard against the Freckle.

FOX UNDERWOOD PHOTO

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Ambition burns in lureful Theda's breast,
  Ambition secret, therefore more intense.
She tears her hair (the camera tells it best);
  Her eyes betray her seething soul's suspense.

Wouldst know the nature of her dearest wish?
  Wouldst know the boon she craves of fickle fate?
Attend and listen; this is her ambish:
  To change the Empire to the Vampire State.

EDITORIAL

Elevate the Screen Picture

THE SUCCESS of "The Blue Bird" should encourage the Artcraft people to secure more literary work of a high standard for screen portrayal. The other day I was talking with a professor of the University of California, the father of three children, about the movies. He was quite enthusiastic as to their great value in a child's education and pleasure. The difficult part was, he contended, in their non-reliability. His children were never allowed to see a picture that either he or his wife did not previously see. He spoke so happily and so gratefully of "The Blue Bird" and "The Seven Swans," it seems unfortunate that there are so few like them.

Vogue of the Motion Picture

THE ANNOUNCEMENT that the New York *Dramatic Mirror* has changed owners, and hereafter will be devoted entirely to the movies, with a complete elimination of all other theatrical features, indicates the trend of the times as to the relative popularity of the movies and the spoken drama.

The time was, only nine short years ago, that not a word could be found between the covers of this same paper regarding the then struggling, insignificant motion picture. Frank Woods, who was at that time on the staff of the *Dramatic Mirror*, became interested in the movies, and gradually, largely through Mr. D. W. Griffith's entreaties and Mr. Woods's slowly growing interest, a few pages in the back of the magazine were turned over to the reviews of movies. Mr. Woods himself then turned his hand to writing scenarios and wrote a series of "Jones" pictures, relating the adventures of "Mr. and Mrs. Jones." He is now the head of the scenario department of the Jesse Lasky Feature Film Co.

There is at present no paper devoted to the interests of the spoken drama only. There are a dozen, at least, devoted to the movies. If people did not buy them, they would not be, so there is the proof of the pudding.

Not "Taps," but "Reveille"

S. RANKIN DREW'S name heads the Roll of Honor of film folks who have given to the utmost, even life itself, that liberty may live. But twenty-seven years old, the only son of Sidney Drew, he was a gifted and successful actor, and also a director in pictures. At the earliest opportunity he volunteered for war work in France, and before the United States entered the conflict drove an ambulance while he qualified for the aviation service, in which he met death in a flight over the German lines. Surely he is not dead—this friend. The final flight of brave, true, free souls like his and Castle's and all the others of the glorious company should set at rest forever all doubts about immortality. God is just, and they will live as long as the ideal of freedom, for which they willingly sacrificed all, endures in the human heart. "Greater love hath no man than this."

(Editor's Note: The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.)

Linda A. Griffith

Comments and Criticisms *of a* Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

Some Nuisances of the Movies

THAT entertaining writer, Homer Croy, contributes to the "Sun Dial" of the New York *Evening Sun* a few "interesting facts about the movies." Mr. Croy, having recently made a close study of them, offers the following as his observations:

667 people are actively engaged in imitating Charlie Chaplin.

12,201 cigarettes are smoked daily in motion picture plays.

99,221 people get into automobiles in motion pictures every night of the year.

99,221 people get out of automobiles in motion pictures every night of the year.

2,223 artists' models are ruined nightly.

30,123 pies are used daily in the making of motion picture comedies in the United States alone.

14,444 times daily, year in and year out, the sub-title "With the Morning" flashes on the screen.

14,444 times daily, year in and year out, the sub-title "That Night" flashes on the screen.

As one who has acted in the movies, written scenarios, produced them, supplied sub-titles and studied the films for ten years past, I not only approve but heartily enjoy Mr. Croy's facetious remarks. Many producers and movie actors are "wise" to the pernicious use of the cigarette, the overworked auto, the ruined artists' models and the sub-titles "That Night" and "With the Morning," so Mr. Croy cannot "pick" on them. As concerns the auto, it is now almost as much a part of modern, everyday life as the morning bath. Its use in the movie can be defended, therefore. The pie slinging, except when practiced by the only Chaplin, might well be dispensed with. And the cigarettes! Wouldn't it be a fine idea if the movie people would start a "Smoke Fund," like the *Sun's*, for the soldiers, and every time an actor wanted to get the effect of appearing nonchalant or thoughtful or as though he owned ten million and took it calmly, have him deposit the cigarette in a box, which, when filled, could be sent to the *Sun's* Smoke Fund? It would be a double charity. The soldier boys couldn't possibly get more enjoyment from the cigarettes so saved than the spectator, who would thereby be relieved from watching on the screen the continual "puff, puff, puff," of the movie actors.

Most every producer can plead guilty to the 14,444 times he has used the sub-titles "That Night" and "With the Morning"—but if Mr. Croy will forgive answering his genial fun poking with a serious reply, I would ask, did he, or anyone for that matter, ever read a theater program that did not specify the lapse of time between scenes or acts? The programs of motion pictures could not very well contain such an announcement as "Between the 365th and 366th scene twelve hours elapse." So what is to be done about it? I have encouraged a headache more than once wondering what could be used in place of "That Night," "Later," "A Few Years Elapse," "Months Roll By," "With the Morning," "Eventide" and "Sun Up." Time lapses must be noted in the movies as much as in the play—and it has to be done in a different manner. But this is almost sermonizing on "The Limitations and Crudenesses of the Movies." That is not my intent. These few expressions were called forth in appreciation of Mr. Croy's humorous remarks about the movies.

De Mille and "The Whispering Chorus"

Cecil B. De Mille is a modest man! In an announcement regarding his production of "The Whispering

PARAMOUNT

(Left)—"The Whispering Chorus" is a morbid story, but the end dispels the gloom.

(Right) — Mary Pickford, as Amarilly, the little slavey, does excellent work.

PARAMOUNT

Chorus," his press agent says: "Cecil B. De Mille has produced more wonders in motion pictures than any other living director." No knowledge of the sudden demise of D. W. Griffith, Edgar Lewis, Raoul Walsh and Maurice Tourneur has been forthcoming up to the time of writing. Producers as well as actors might happily modify the extravagant remarks about them that continually greet one in the public print. *Facts* are *realities*. It is not a reality that "Mr. De Mille has produced more wonders than any other living director." Without these conceits, one would more freely grant that "The Whispering Chorus" is a very fine film play. The scenario is well put together; the direction and acting are of the best. The story is moral, the dominating theme being self-sacrifice. Although the story is morbid and depressing, the end dispels the general gloom. It leaves one with the comforting thought that the dissolution of the body is not the death of the soul. There is a lesson for all in "The Whispering Chorus," and that lesson is to obey one's better impulses and reject the promptings of the devil that continually struggle to get a foothold in, or rather to dominate, mortal man. The audience might well be spared the harrowing scenes of the electrocution. They add nothing to the artistic merits of the picture.

A Rising Star

Some four years ago I saw a motion picture, the name of which I have forgotten. I recall the circumstance on account of one of the players, a young woman, and the part she portrayed, that of a simple country girl. She had

PARAMOUNT

"Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" is a sweet, pretty story, well acted, directed, and presented.

Gladys Brockwell, in "The Devil's Wheel," proves that she is possessed of intelligence, magnetism and fine dramatic feeling.

INTERNATIONAL

Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purveyance, in "The Count."

intelligence, magnetism and fine dramatic feeling. I looked at my program to see who she might be, and her name was Gladys Brockwell. I forgot the incident. I forgot the girl. I wondered what had happened to her. When Raoul Walsh's great picture, "The Honor System," was produced, there was a part of a demi-monde in it, that was so splendidly acted I looked at my program to see who the actress might be. To my surprise it was Gladys Brockwell! Her "make-up" and characterization were in such striking contrast to the part she had played in the other picture in which I had seen her that I did not recall her on her appearance in "The Honor System." Miss Brockwell is now a "Fox" star, and one of her late releases was "The Devil's Wheel"—a stupid, impossible story, very badly directed. Miss Brockwell did as well as could be expected of the cleverest actress under the circumstances. It seems a pity to waste such good material as Gladys Brockwell, for she certainly was being wasted in "The Devil's Wheel." She is one of the few women who can play more than their own vapid personalities. Give her a fair chance! Even Theda Bara might have to look to her laurels!

"Her One Mistake" permits Gladys Brockwell to enact a double role and in many scenes both characters are in action on the screen at one time.

The Genius of Charlie Chaplin

When the day is dark and cold and dreary, be thankful for Charlie Chaplin. When the sun is shining brightly and cheer and pleasantness obtain, give thanks for Charlie Chaplin. The long-awaited picture, the first from his own new million-dollar studio, has arrived. "A Dog's Life," it is called. It seems the exhibitors fussed a bit about paying an additional 25 per cent. for this picture, which overran the usual 2,000 feet by an additional 700 or more. As it was in the contracts that anything over 2,000 feet would mean an extra charge of 25 per cent., why were the exhibitors peeved? Considering the mobs that were on hand at the theaters as early as six-thirty p. m. in order to get a seat, and the hundreds that had the doors closed in their eager faces

and patiently waited in the cold entrance way for the second running of the picture, and considering the excellence of this Chaplin picture, why need anyone be peeved? The audience even endured without protestation (perhaps some slept—you couldn't have blamed them if they did) the most stupid, deadly dull five-reel picture, a Triangle feature, which preceded the Chaplin film in the San Francisco theater that I attended. This, I presume, was good business judgment on the part of the house manager to cut down expenses by securing a cheap picture to fill out the bill and even up for the Chaplin film. The audience survived this Triangle picture only in the hope of what was coming. One flash on the screen of their beloved "Charles," and they immediately "came to."

"A Dog's Life" shows what Chaplin can do as actor, author and manager. Chaplin is not only the one genuine comique the screen has produced. He has dramatic ability as well. In one of his early pictures he gave a hint of this in a pathetic scene, not much more than a pause and a droop of the head. It told volumes. In "A Dog's Life" the pathetic note is there, but Chaplin is too wise to think the public will ever accept him in serious roles. The public will keep him where they want him, as the one gloriously funny man of the screen. But though "funny man of the screen" he is destined to ever be, he is withal a genius. He is the one movie actor universally admired by the young and old, from children to their grandparents, enjoyed in equal measure by men of intellect and the carrier of hod, by sedate matrons and giggly girls.

"Hearts of the World"

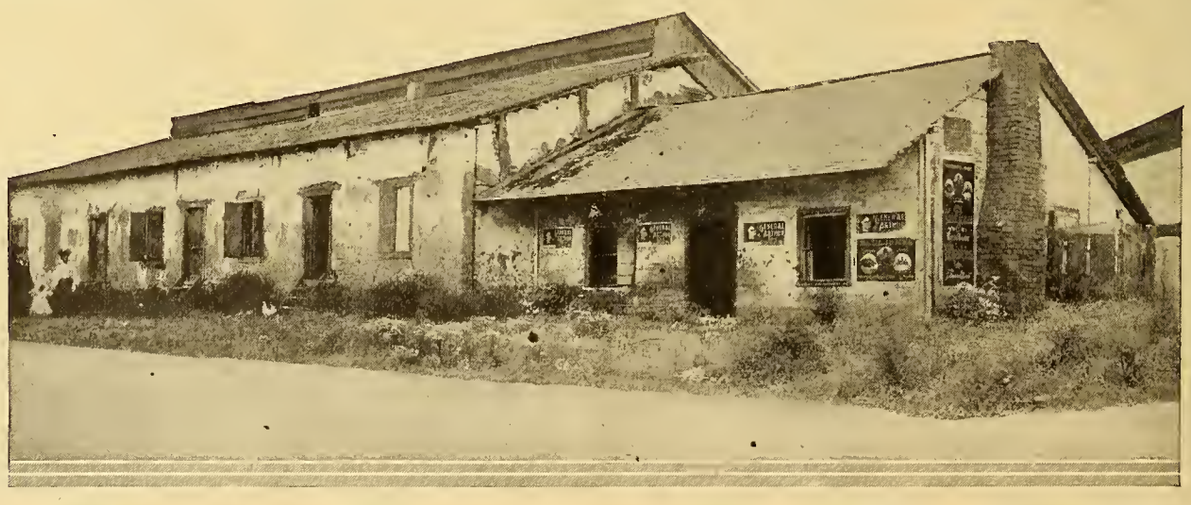
The reviewers on the daily and weekly papers in all the cities where "Hearts of the World" has been shown so far unite in proclaiming this latest photoplay of D. W. Griffith's the best work he has so far done. "Hearts of the World" is Mr. Griffith's masterpiece. The story is simple and direct, not involved and chaotic, like "Intolerance," nor melodramatic, like that part of "The Birth of a Nation" which pictured Thomas Dixon's book, "The Clansman." "Hearts of the World," by its very simplicity, humanness and lack of the sensational, touches deeply the hearts of the world. To see pictured on a screen, with the artistry that is Mr. Griffith's gift, the suffering that this war has brought to little children and the aged, and the unbelievable barbarity and fiendishness of the Hun, is sufficiently stirring to stimulate the organization among the women of America of a Battalion of Death. The photography is exquisite. The opening scenes of pastoral France were masterpieces of composition, with all the softness and depth of hand painting. Splendid acting was contributed among the men by Bobby Harron as *The Boy*, little Ben Alexander as *The Littlest Brother*, Robert Anderson as *Monsieur Cucckoo*, George A. Siegmann as *Von Strohm*, and George Nichols in the small part of a *German Sergeant*. The surprise was Dorothy Gish, who revealed herself for the first time as one of the clever ones. She was quite irresistible, contributing to a flawless performance delicious comedy and touching pathos. Any person who sees "Hearts of the World" and doesn't want to stick a saber in a Hun must be pro-German. It's that kind of a picture.

California's First Theater

One cannot escape the movies! At the charming Hotel Del Monte, by the side of sleepy, dreamy old Monterey, I thought to spend a week oblivious of the flickering films. The wonderful motor roads, the cypress groves and the blue waters of the picturesque Monterey Bay, the flowers, the white sandy beaches and the many landmarks in this old California town—one of the few that have preserved the atmosphere of the day before the Gringo came—have sufficient interest to more than fill any visitor's days. Here is the old adobe house where Robert Louis Stevenson lived and wrote for two years; the old Custom House, from which the American flag was first flown in California; Colton Hall, the first capitol of California; the General W. T. Sherman rose tree, where the general, so the story goes, courted and wooed a dark-eyed senorita; and two of the oldest missions. As if to leave nothing lacking, now preserved as a museum, stands the oldest theater in California. Part of the building was Jack Swan's cafe and part was used as a storehouse.

The first theatrical performance in California took place in the room used as a storehouse at Monterey and it came to

(Continued in advertising section)



Here, at Monterey, preserved as a museum, stands the oldest theater in California. And in this building, in May, 1918, "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" was shown.

THE NEW MOVIE THEATER AT YAPP'S CROSSING TAKES A LOCAL FEATURE REEL

THE MOVIE PIE-PLANT

(To Constance Talmadge)

Sing a song of Constance, with the laughing eye.
Lady of the pie-plant, is't for movie-pie?
If it is, then throw one, be it hit or miss;
Who would dodge a pie made of pie-plant such as this?

The Motion Picture Press Agent in Wartime

By Pat Dowling, U. S. N.

THE press agent sat in his little swivel chair amidst clouds of aromatic tobacco smoke—and he thought and he thought. But he didn't think long, because the telephone bell was ringing—again.

"Darn!" he said, as he took down the receiver and said "Hello!" oh, so sweetly, as only a press agent can. Even as you and I.

"Yes, this is the publicity department," he cooed, as he gnashed the end of his cigar. "The Red Cross benefit? Oh, I see! Well, Miss Hobnob, you know it is very difficult to say this far ahead whether any of our stars will be able to attend or not. You know they are scheduled to be working in their pictures, and really we can't tell— What's that? Oh, no! I'm sure they would be only too glad to take part, if they are in the city. I'll let you know. . . . Yes, surely. . . . Not at all. . . . Go-o-o-d-by!"

The press agent lit his cigar again. "Another of those benefits! I'm patriotic, all right, but you would think—Now, wouldn't you think those people would realize our stars have to work—once in a while, at least?" This last he addressed to a ravingly maniacal director who had just entered the lair of the publicity department.

"You would think so," agreed the director. "What's the matter with me? Everything! Half way through the picture, and one man's killed in a wreck, the juvenile is called out to go to his training camp, and the star's gone to San Diego to entertain some soldiers! And the office expects me to finish on schedule. Aw, everything's all wrong!"

The press agent sank into his swivel chair dejectedly. The tinkle of the bell at his elbow jostled him into fresh mental disorder. "Oh, hello, Mrs. Clymer! The Yuletide Festival for charity? Sure, we'd like to help. Marguerite Pickford? Now, I don't know whether she could come or not. You know she is going to be on location in Santa Cruz all next week. . . . No, I don't see how she could come back for the festival. You know it's five hundred miles, and salaries are pretty big, you know, and delays are costly. Oh, surely, I'll find out. Yes, I'll let you know. . . . Not at all. . . . Go-o-o-d-by!"

The bell tinkled again while the earpiece was still warm. "Yes, Robbins. How are you? What are you promoting now? All-Star Benefit? Yes—where? . . . Oh, Auditorium! . . . February 20th? You want Douglas Chaplin

to put on a sketch. Sure, we'll do all we can. But that's a long way off. . . . Yes, I know it's for the government, but Doug might be dead by that time—or in Arizona. . . . Sure, that's almost as bad! . . . Ha, ha! . . . Oh, sure, we'll send a check right away to start off the fund. . . . No, that's all right. Don't mention it. So long!"

Once again the bell buzzed.

"Red Star Dog Show? Well, I don't know. . . . You saw a picture of Louise Dana's chow? . . . Oh, that was just a photograph. I don't think she has any dogs of her own. . . . Call her up? Well, I don't know. We don't have any 'phone numbers of stars. You might try, though. . . . Could she come down and auction off the toy dog? Oh, yes, I think she'd be glad to. That is, if she is in town. You know we never know till the day before whether they're going on location or not. Surely, I'll let you know. . . . Not at all. . . . Good-by!"

The press agent reached for a pad of notes. "I'll write that story now or bust!" he said, with much vigor, first brushing the ashes off his clothes where he had dropped the cigar end in the excitement.

"Bust! Darn it!" he muttered, as he took down the receiver. "This is the publicity department," he said, not quite as suavely as usual, but still suave. "No, I am not Mr. Goldsky. I merely represent him in a publicity way. Oh, yes, we have a great many stars in our company You're having a parade? For the Marine Fund Affair. Oh, yes. . . . Oh, no, we haven't any bathing girls. Would suggest you call up the studios, Wilshire One-Five. . . . No, not at all. . . . Good-by!"

The press agent hung up the receiver and struck a pose similar to that of Little Nell in Badman Gulch, just after her hero had been dragged away by the bandits and the villyun stood threateningly before her. He gazed out of the window reflectively. "Gosh, there goes Vivian Minter! I've got to get those photographs to-day or bust!" he ejaculated, as he raised the window sash. "Oh, Miss Vivian! How about some poses this afternoon? Just a little snapshot stuff at the house?" He was talking through the window and gesturing with one hand while reaching for the telephone with the other.

"Can't do it to-day," came back at him from the star. "Have to pour tea for the Ladies' Auxiliary of the local Allied Relief Fund. Charity event, you know. Have to go. I'm sorry about the photographs."

The press agent was talking over the 'phone again after closing the window. "Of course you understand, Mrs. De Cheas, we'd be glad to send Wally Farnum down, but I'm pretty sure he's going to be working this afternoon. . . . Oh, no, he couldn't take a vacation! . . . He's already been away three shooting days this week. . . . Yes, he'd be glad to, but— Yes, I realize the Society for Collecting Old Tires is doing a great work, but really, you know— Oh, surely, I'll do the very best I can. You can count on us. Yes, we'll send a check this afternoon. Not at all. . . . Good-by!"

The press agent felt sure he could see at least seven more gray hairs when he stepped to the mirror in his stenographer's office. He went in to dictate a letter to the home office, asking for two more assistants, but the 'phone had rung again.

"This is Mr. Pusher," he said wearily, as he reached out to sign for a registered postal card. "An ad in your program, did you say? . . . Oh, the benefit for the Great Aunts of the Algerian Expeditionary Troops. . . . Of

(Continued in advertising section)

WHAT DAVID AND GOLIATH MISSED BY BEING BORN TOO SOON

James Montgomery Flagg's "Lonesome Girl"

Mr. Flagg sketches Molly as she tells of her disappointment.

"Where are you going, little girl, with your canary?" "I go to Camp Upton, sir," she said, "where there are more men."

I sure am right good-lookin'—less'n that pool's a liar!"

Pansy Mullen, in "Advice to the Lovelorn," had told Molly to forget Hermes and so she tried fishing.

The only man for miles and miles was Hermes, who had whiskers.

TOWN AND COUNTRY FILMS

This is the twelfth and last of James Montgomery Flagg's one-reel comedies, in which "Girls You Know" have won so many friends. "The Lonesome Girl" is *Molly Fipps* (Florence Dixon). She has a great disappointment when she finds her bearded friend Hermes of the mountains is married. She tries to forget, but in vain; she is haunted by this bearded face everywhere. Suicide is a failure 'cause "blondes don't sink," so, lonesome and lovesick, she leaves for Camp Upton for new "spoils." The moral is, "If at first you don't find love, move, move again."

"Gulliver's Travels" would have been as nothing compared with Fairbanks's travels upon Gulliver.

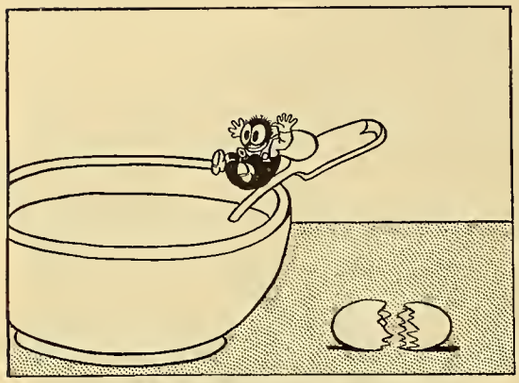
What Douglas Fairbanks Missed

THE trouble with History and Literature and Legend is that they were in too much of a hurry. They didn't wait for Douglas Fairbanks. They happened or were written before Douglas was born, thereby denying him opportunities of which he would have made much. FILM FUN suggests, in the accompanying pictures, three occasions well suited to his agility or his smile. Dean Swift might have fitted him nicely into a scenario of "Gulliver's Travels," and kept Gulliver from getting bored or dropping off to sleep. With him, Browning might have had a happy ending, instead of a dismal one, for his "Pied Piper of Hamelin." And as for Chaucer, not on his "tales" alone would the Canterbury Pilgrims have depended for relaxation had Douglas been born some seven or eight centuries sooner. Literature is full of lost opportunities; so is History. What might not a Fairbanks have accomplished with the Trojan Horse as a "location"? Or a Roman chariot race? As it is, he must be content with such tame, modern devices as motor cars and bucking broncos.

The hero of "Mr. Fixit" could have saved at least an armful of Hamelin kiddies from the spell of the Pied Piper.

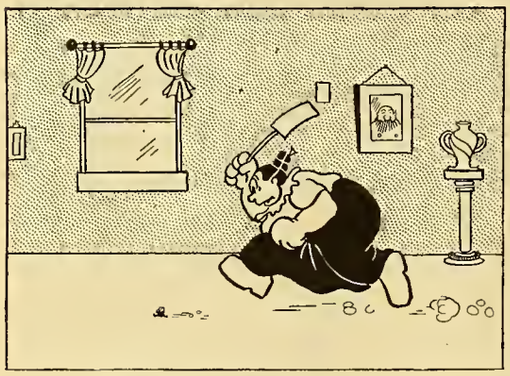
And, by various flying leaps to the saddle, he might have put pep in the day's ride of the Canterbury Pilgrims.

Swat the Fly: An "Educational" Film



The birth of a nuisance.

"Ah, I haf got him!"

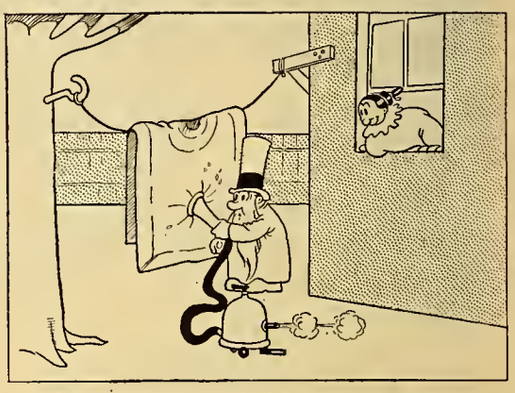


The villainess still pursues.

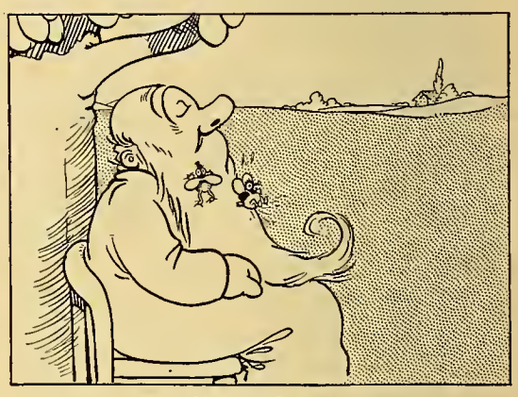
Molasses in the paint makes the Captain popular.

FLIES and summer are one and inseparable, so a "swat-the-fly" movie is seasonable. You require a moment to recover on reading that a screen comedy, featuring the Katzenjammer Kids, has been "released by the Educational Film Corporation," but such is the fact, undoubtedly. In these days one may pick up an education from the most unexpected sources. "Swat the Fly," however, is not topheavy with educational features. The flies, for the most part, are light comedians, created for the purpose of plaguing Ma Katzenjammer and the Captain. Captain Katzenjammer, who is painting a floor, paints from the border of the room inward toward the center, and ultimately maroons himself. The versatile Kids have put molasses in his paint—a combination which makes the Captain an object of much interest to the flies. Of course, the Inspector figures in the "educational" process. With characteristic helpfulness he manipulates a vacuum cleaner, as shown in one of the adjoining pictures. A later complication includes the Kids, the cleaner and a hive of sportive bees, the bees doing as much as any of the cast to add to the "educational" value of the film. "Swat the Fly" should be seen by all students of the habits of flies, bees—and comic supplements.

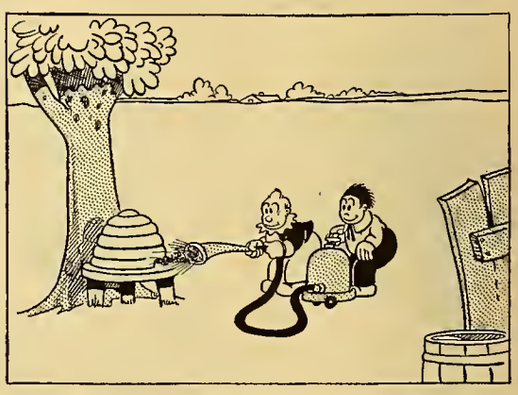
Ping Pong in fly-time.



The Inspector and the vacuum cleaner.



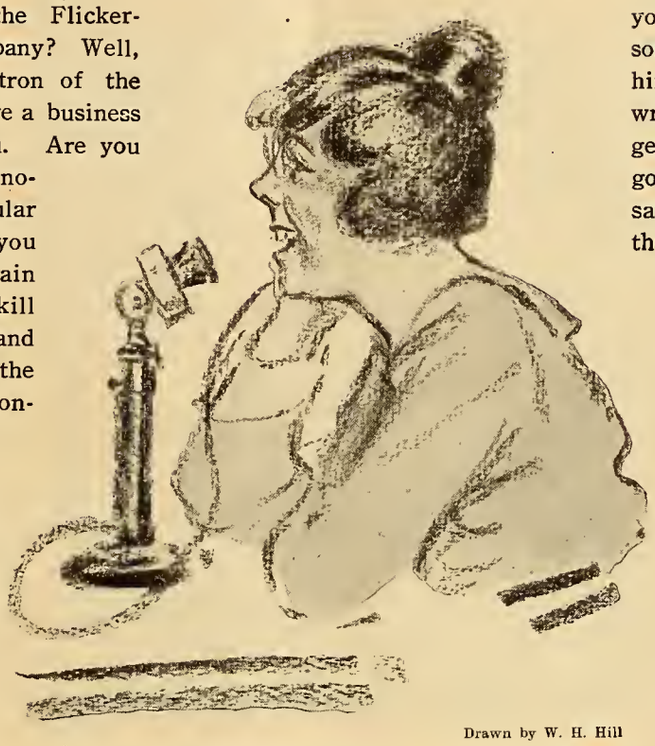
The flies make merry.



A vacuum cleaner has more than one use.

Before They Cut Her Off

"HELLO! Is this the Flicker-Flicker Film Company? Well, I'm a regular patron of the movies, and I have a business proposition to make to you. Are you listening? Oh, all right. I notice that one of the most popular films is the railroad film—you know—the one in which the train robbers tie the engineer or kill him or something exciting, and then start the train down the track in the direction of the oncoming express, in which the daughter of the president of the road is riding, you understand. It's usually done by the pretty girl telegraph operator, who climbs on top the big steel bridge and drops to the locomotive cab at just the right instant and gets into the cab. But you know all that? Yes, of course you do.



Drawn by W. H. Hill

"I have a business proposition to make to you."

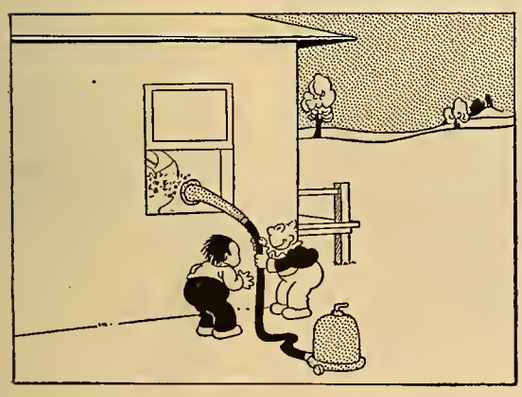
"Well, here's what I called up to suggest. Maybe you think I'm a long time in getting at it, and maybe I am, but the idea is worth it. Nothing makes such a big hit with an audience as a good kid act, and my little boy, Edgar—he's just turned five—is as good a little actor as any you ever saw in the movies, your own or anybody else's. You just ought to see him walk like Charlie Chaplin; you'd laugh till you couldn't stand. Well, Edgar has a little kiddie car— Yes, I *am* getting at it just as fast as I can—and what I'm going to suggest—and if you don't take it up, some more enterprising movie firm will—is that you put my little boy in a big feature film, 'The Engineer's Baby,' or something like that.

"Are you there? Yes, all right. I thought maybe they'd cut us off. Well, the usual thing, you know. Lots of train pictures and black smoke and men in overalls and monkey wrenches; and then, of course, the train robbers or the safe wreckers or anything that fits the story. Script, you call it, don't you? Well—somebody ties the engineer or hits him on the head with a monkey wrench—any way so long as he gets unconscious and the engine goes down the line. That's the same as usual—everybody expects that and looks for it—but here's where it gets to be different. Here's where you make your big hit.

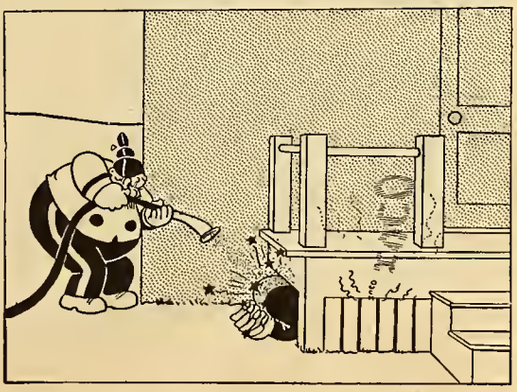
"Edgar—that's my little boy—he's the engineer's son. He's playing in his front yard, waiting for papa's engine to go by, so he can wave to it; and when he sees papa hanging limp out the cab window, he knows something's dead wrong and that papa's train'll be wrecked. This is where begins the greatest movie chase picture that ever was made—if you people have got the enterprise to make it. Hello! Are you there? Oh, all right.

"The boy starts his kiddie car out after the old man's engine, his little legs working like pistons, and him in his little car bumping over the space between the tracks. Well, he catches up with the engine, grabs hold of the step or something, and climbs over the coal to the cab and brings the engine to a stop—just four feet from the busted bridge. Ain't it a winner? Hello! I say, ain't it a winner? It's plum preserves for anybody that'll put it out, and I'm giving you the first chance.

"What's that? Why, say, it ain't any more unlikely to happen than a whole lot of the railroad things that you do put out. Of course, my son being a minor—he's only five—his thousand dollars a week will come to his father and me. What? Are you there? Hello! The Flicker-Flicker Film Company? Hello! I'd like to know who cut me off! The telephone service is terrible these days!"

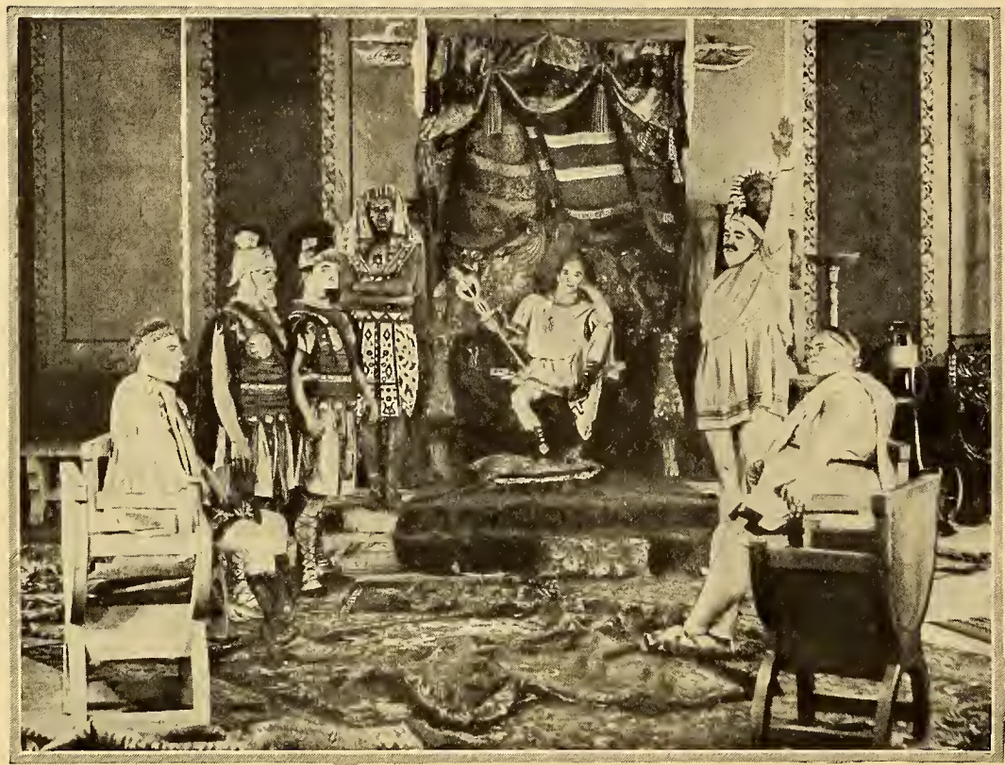


An unexpected offensive.



A surprise attack in the rear.

Summer is the Season of Burlesque; If "Cleo



The Roman army in the war to the death; we'll

Scene: Rome. Mark Handy, with Ventulatus and Octoberus, decide to "start something" in the land of Cleo.

THE movies have entered the realm of burlesque, and it is a realm of limitless possibilities. Screen burlesque of serious screen drama, if well done, should be as popular with a nation-wide audience as were Weber and Field's still famous travesties with the Broadway audiences of a decade and more ago. Nile," presented by the Ro of Theda Bara's "Cleopatr of such modern trifles as phones, cash registers, cra

In the oval to the right is the Cleopatra of Theda Bara, who lures with her eyes.

The historic meeting of Mark and Cleo. Quoth Cleo, alluringly, "Stay here a minute till I find my heavy kimono." "Hum-m-m," murmured Mark, "rather a cool reception, methinks. What you've on is all right."

The fall of Mark Handy. His vampirish friend lights his cigar for him.

sy" Interferes With History, Give Up History

desert of Sa-ha-ha. "It's put Egypt on the blink."

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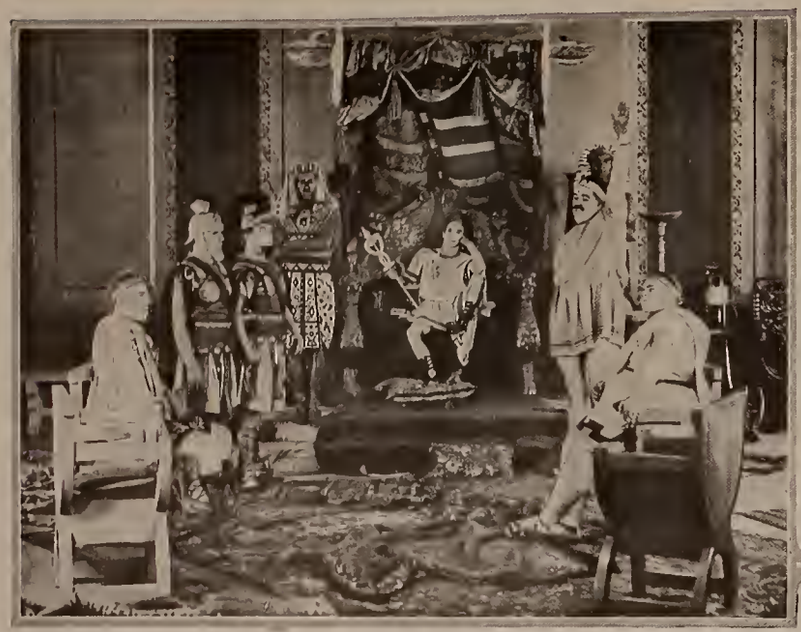
Cleopatsy's town house in Alexandria. "Drag Cleo out here on the lawn," orders Mark Handy. "Get rough with her."

In the oval to the left is the Cleopatsy of Dora Roggers, who believes in the personal touch.

And otherwise lures him, with wiles Cleopatric, till Rome loses out.

Ventulatus, sore on Mark, "brings the bunch over from Rome" to wage war. The finish is not as tragic as in the versions of Theda Bara or William Shakespeare. Mark and Cleo wake up and resume the grind.

Summer is the Season of Burlesque; If "Cleopatsy" Interferes With History, Give Up History



Scene: Rome. Mark Handy, with Ventulatus and Octoberus, decide to "start something" in the land of Cleo.

The Roman army in the desert of Sa-ha-ha. "It's war to the death; we'll put Egypt on the blink."

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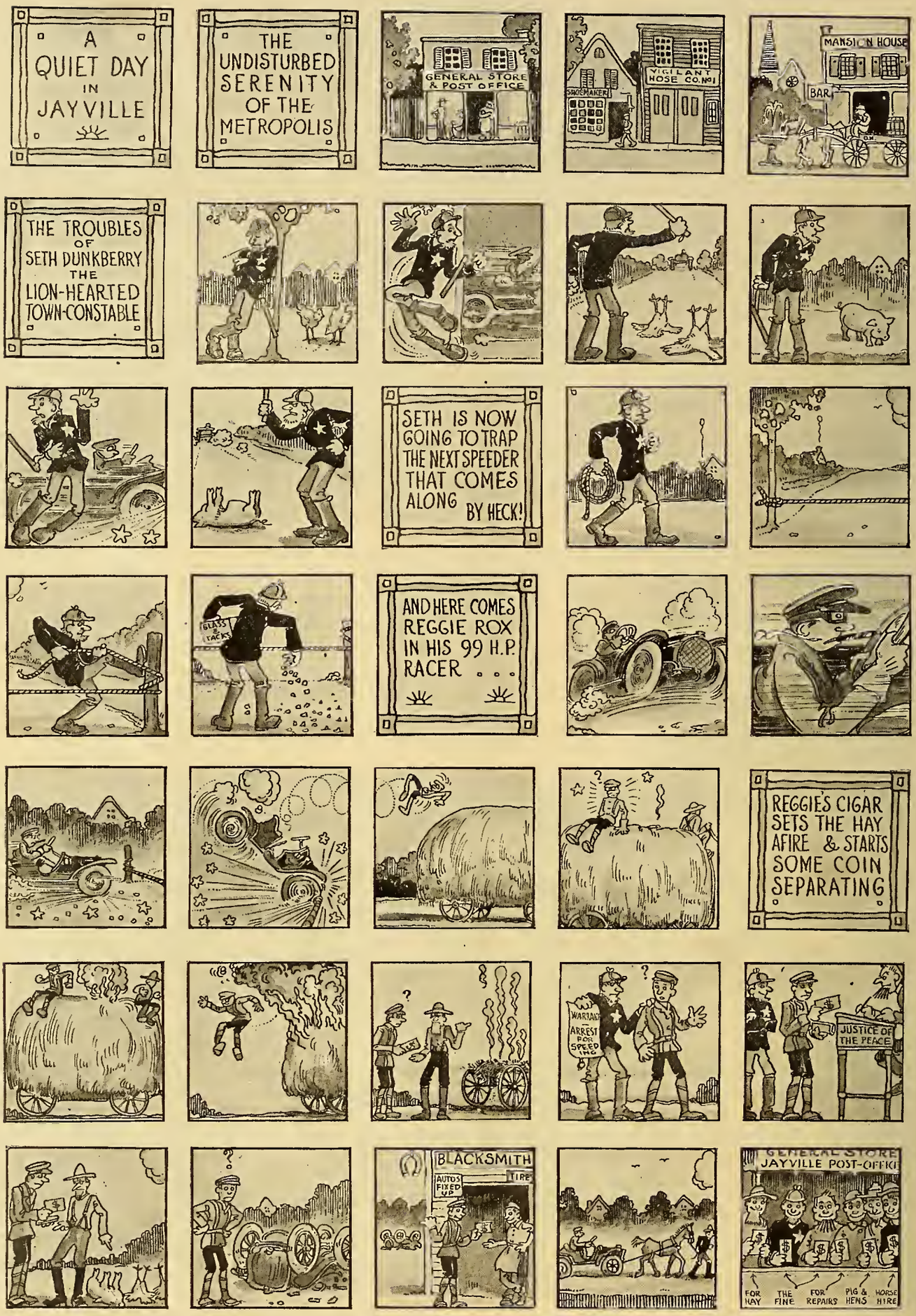
Movies From Film Fun's Screen



A QUIET DAY IN JAYVILLE: IT IS ALSO QUITE PROFITABLE TO THE INHABITANTS

THE POWER OF ILLUSTRATION

Aunt Tessie (*describing her favorite screen hero*)—*He was a tall, powerfully-built man—like this, you know.*

From "Daily Talks With Shakespeare"

Written After Reading the Syndicated "Daily Talks With Mary Pickford"

HOW beautiful is summer! Especially summer here at my home at Stratford. The trees are all in full leaf, there are flowers everywhere in field and wood, the river Avon is singing its slumber song of peace and rest, and altogether Stratford is a very pleasant place to be.

Summer, as someone has said, is the top of the year. I have been working hard in London on some new plays for the Globe Theater, and I just ran down to Stratford for a few days to see my father and the old friends in the home town. Oh, if you young people who have stage ambitions will only remember to love your home town, wherever it may be, and to go back to it once in a while, you will spare yourself contact with so many of the temptations which beset those who rub elbows with the great world without.

I remember, when we were rehearsing "Hamlet," up in London, a poor little fellow came to me and applied for the part of the *Second Grave-digger*. He was very much discouraged at the way things were going, and he wished the part of the *Second Grave-digger*, so he could stand down and pull the grave in after him. By degrees I got his story from him, and the great outstanding fact about it was that he had neglected to visit, every so often, his home town. Indeed, he couldn't remember where his home town was located, so I made him one out of scenery and hung a sign on it, as we do at the Globe—a sign reading, "This is your Home Town." And he went there and reformed and was perfectly happy. He is now head usher at the Globe and starts the applause.

My father, when I told him the circumstances, said: "Oh, isn't it lovely here at Stratford in the summer, with the trees in full leaf, the flowers everywhere in field and wood, and the river Avon singing its slumber song of peace and rest! Bill, old son, what do you say to strolling down to the Red Lion and splitting a bucket of sack?"

Short Scenarios

I. Elevating the Stage. Four reels.
- Reel 1—Mated.
- Reel 2—Aggravated.
- Reel 3—Renovated.
- Reel 4—Celebrated.

II. Frenzied Finance, or The Missing Millions. Three reels.
- Reel 1—Trusted.
- Reel 2—Busted.
- Reel 3—Dusted.

III. The People's Choice. Four reels.
- Reel 1—Projected.
- Reel 2—Elected.
- Reel 3—Detected.
- Reel 4—Ejected.

The Beanfugles at the Movies

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

UNFORTUNATELY Colonel and Mrs. Beanfugle had dropped in at a moving picture performance just before the climax of the last act of a thrilling Western drama in two reels. Then the lights went up, and the intermission was on.

"Just our luck to get in here at the wrong time," sniffed Mrs. Beanfugle. "We've seen that cowboy throw the villain over the cliff to the rattlesnakes, but now we've got to sit through a three-reel sea story and two split-reel comedies and a travel scene before we can find out what the unfortunate man did before he was converted into snake food."

"Oh, well, what's the difference?" said the colonel. "I like those things just as well when I begin in the middle and then go all the way round the circuit before I get the start of a play."

"That shows how you and your whole sex have been bluffing all the time!" exclaimed Mrs. Beanfugle, smiling triumphantly.

"In what way?" asked the colonel dubiously.

"Why, in accusing women of being the only ones who like to begin their stories in the middle and read to the end and then jump back to the first chapter and read to the middle. That accusation has been hurled at us ever since there have been any novels. Men have claimed that they always began stories in the beginning and read them religiously through to the end, but we women — the unstable, flighty female sex —have persisted in reading stories backward and both ways from the middle and every way but the right way."

The colonel settled glumly into his seat.

"But now what do we find?" continued Mrs. Beanfugle, with a rising note of triumph in her voice. "Here are you men drifting into these moving picture shows at any old time and admitting you like the patchwork effect of it all. You come in long after the preliminaries, preludes and preambles are out of the way. You haven't the haziest idea what has gone before. You don't know why the villain hates the hero, and why the heroine's father is planning to ship her hastily to the South Seas in order to save her life from Black Handers. You don't know why the poor girl who works in a dynamite factory pauses just before starting from her humble cabin and says, in twelve-inch letters on the screen, 'I don't know why I dread to go to work this morning.' You don't know any of these things, and yet you are just as serenely contented as the woman who has begun a novel somewhere in the seventeenth chapter."

PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

FOUR FOR 'FORE

Why tire yourself yelling when your fingers can speak for you, argues Golfer Fatty Arbuckle.

"Aw, shucks!" said the colonel. "Please be logical. There's a lot of difference between movies and popular novels."

"Technicalities again—mere technicalities," said Mrs. Beanfugle hotly. "But that flimsy refuge avails you men no longer, now that our sex is turning the searchlights of truth on your real characters. As a matter of fact, you are even more curious than women to know what is to be the ending of any kind of a story. I believe you prefer to drop in at these moving picture places right in the middle of a play. Your very lack of curiosity as to the causes that led to that unfortunate young man being fed to the serpents would tend to prove my theory, no matter what you say."

"Why not open a theater for men and produce plays that are begun in the middle? We could leave when we liked, if the play suited us, or if it didn't."

"Well, why not? It would be a good idea. It would draw crowds, and there'd be money in it," snapped Mrs. Beanfugle, as the lights went down, the intermission ended, and the "scenic" began its program turn.

"More Trouble" With Frank Keenan

Lemuel Deering (Frank Keenan) is a mill owner whose son is a pure youth who doesn't drink or smoke; yet, following the signing of co-partnership papers trouble follows trouble, until son is landed in jail and mysteriously rescued by the real culprit.

"Don't smoke, don't drink. Well, what do you do?"

Bills arrive by mail, messenger and even by telegraph, so that even the faithful old housekeeper is bemazed.

It becomes necessary to forcibly eject a collector who has intruded on a family festivity.

PATHE

"Where is my son?" the surprising query by father Deering of the recumbent officer. The rescue party has been led by one of son's "Eta Bita Pi" brethren and his chauffeur. Loyalty to his fraternity has caused all the trouble.

The breaking of daughter's engagement, because of son's disgrace, brings to father the first ray of comfort.

A Crimson Episode

By Charlotte Mish

WITHIN the darkened picture house,
Rose took her powder puff
And dusted well her pretty nose,
Just what she thought enough.

But once outside the picture house,
She couldn't understand
Why everybody stared and stared,
And laughed to beat the band.

But as she passed a mirror by,
She gasped, "For goodness sake!"
For she had used upon her nose
Her *rouge puff* by mistake!

Dialogues Never Heard at the Movies

Voice of woman in back of you—Oh, I've seen this piece before. It's lovely; you'll like it.

Another voice—Oh, have *you* seen it? Then you can tell us all about it. Who's that feller on the screen now? Is he the feller she——

First voice (very firmly)—No, positively *not.* I am not going to explain it all to you and tell you just what the next picture is and all that. It would annoy everybody within hearing distance of us.

Fond mother—Can you see, Charley dear?

Small voice—Oh, yes, ma.

Fond mother—The man in front isn't in your way?

Small voice—No, ma; not a bit.

Fond mother—Do you understand what the pictures are about, or do you want mother to explain them to you as they go along?

Small voice—I understand 'em, ma. You needn't tell me. You just sit back and enjoy yourself.

Male voice—Do you care for this crazy, knockabout style of comedy?

Another voice (also male)—Well, I suppose I should say I don't, that I detest it; but, as a matter of fact, I like it. Even if I live to be 500, I shall never get too old to laugh when someone is hit in the face with a pie or a stream from a siphon. I laugh for the same reason I do when the cross-eyed mule in the Sunday supplement kicks somebody. And I don't care who hears me say so.

"God Save Our Men"

There's a movie theater in New York where at each performance these words are thrown on the screen, with the request that the audience join in singing them, to the tune of "America":

God save our glorious men,
Bring them safe home again
To land and home.
Make them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us—
God save our men.

Maybe the poetry might be improved, but the spirit that is manifest in the singing would certainly gladden hearts that may be suffering hardship "over there."

AT NIAGARA FALLS

"Gosh, Mandy, this is almost as good as seein' it at the movies."

Registered Emotions of the Screen

NOT to be outdone by the serious-minded motion picture publications, FILM FUN takes pleasure in printing the following register of emotions by the celebrated screen favorite, Miss Imogene Flicker. Miss Flicker's facial expression, in all varieties of dramatic situation, is considered marvelous by competent critics who have watched her work. Judge for yourself:

"I love you." "I hate you." Scorn and loathing. "Do not kill me." Rage and despair. "Kiss me, sweet." "Quick! The papers!"

Miss Flicker is a relentless self critic. The perfection of her art is not the result of chance, but of hard study. Ten hours daily she has been known to stand before her mirror, while her luxurious limousine is completely glass-lined, so that not a moment may be lost to art. On long trips across the continent she makes faces at herself by the day in the mirrors of her drawing-room compartment. The photographs of Miss Flicker's interpretations are published through the courtesy of the Pentagon Film Company, Inc.

DISPIRITING RESULT OF THE MOVIE HABIT

Picture of a family wishing to travel trying to find a place they have not seen at the movies.

Perils to Provoke Our Smiles

By MRS. D. W. GRIFFITH

THE big stars of the photoplay nearly always are endowed with sporting blood, and I have never known one to refuse to do any "stunt," however risky, that might be called for in the script. When Western pictures were the vogue, the intrepid courage of the cowboy riders must, I presume, have fired with equal courage the actors who were playing in the same picture. I recall one such, a motion picture of Spanish California, in which Mary Pickford and Henry Walthall were playing the leads. There were some Wild West riders in the cast, and Mr. Griffith offered a dollar to each rider who would "pull a stunt." They pulled them, all right! They would drop their hats and pick them up while madly riding. Horses on all sides reared on their hind legs, their fearless riders sitting calmly in the saddle, waving aloft their Mexican sombreros.

It is a difficult thing to "ride horseback" in a moving picture, to manage a horse and get him to stop at the designated spot before the camera, to make him trot, run or gallop, as the situation demands. All the time, while you may have to spur your horse in the left hind leg and say stern things to him under your breath to make him go, in the camera, according to the script, there should only be recorded on your part a coy smile intended for one's sweetheart. But all this is simple compared to riding a horse with a bunch of Western cowboys. I have seen Mary Pickford get away with it. There was never any dangerous performance that Mary shirked from—stunts on horses, in autos, aeroplanes or falling into muddy rivers. The same can be said of many of the stars. Think of the chances Pearl White has taken in her "serial" career. Mabel Normand is one of the fearless ones. Her nerve, willingness and capacity for stunts made her a star as much if not more than her acting ability, clever actress though she is. It seems the little women have been called upon to do the most daring tricks, although Kathleen Williams had a season's work when her acting support was confined mostly to junge animals, elephants and such. She worked with them as calmly as an ordinary mortal might play with a kitten. The astounding performances that take place in Mack Sennett's comedies and Charlie Chaplin's perfect acrobatics make one gasp. It is said that Sennett needs a new force of policemen every two years—that is as long as they last. Watching their antics, one wonders how they last that long.

EARL V. LEWIS PHOTO

Mrs. D. W. Griffith as an Indian mother in "The Stampede."

There are "stunts" that every movie actor has to perform at some time or other. A true picture artist has a certain pride in wanting always to be "game" when asked to do things that have an element of danger in them or are unpleasant or distasteful. My line of work as a picture actress was that of an emotional ingenue in straight, clean-cut dramatic plays. Once in a great while I was called upon to play in a thriller. The things that came my way come to every motion picture actress. I have stood on the edge of the New Jersey Palisades and jumped to a narrow ledge six feet below, from which ledge was a sheer drop to the Hudson some hundred feet below. I attempted to commit a "movie suicide" on the brink of the Grand Canyon of Arizona, but just as I was leaning over to jump, my "movie father" rescued me. I did what I was asked to do, although at first even to look down into the frightful depths of the Grand Canyon takes courage. All that night, in my sleep and when awake, I was falling down that Canyon.

Once when playing an Indian girl in the movies, I was buried by my Indian movie father in an ant hill for being disobedient. My body was dug deep in earth, with only my head, which the ants were supposed to eat, protruding.

"Once for a week I was snowed in on a mountaintop."

"We were after the famine scenes from 'Hiawatha.'"

Minnehaha's grave in the snow. Hiawatha watching the fire he builds to light his loved one's soul on its way to the spirit world.

On my face was smeared honey, into which coffee grounds were stuck to get the effect of "ants." Horses were roaming about on the location, and although several men were detailed to keep them away from me, my feeling was none too comfortable, wondering which horse was going to trample my head. Then I began to feel cold and damp, and the thought of "worms" began to flitter through my mind. This scene should have taken a very short time to take, but as we were depending upon the horses to stand still throughout the scene, before the ordeal was over time had elapsed. I have been hauled up the side of a cliff, a rope around my waist, while I was supposedly unconscious. If my face hit a rock as I was being hauled up, being unconscious, naturally I couldn't put out my hand to protect myself. In another picture, also in an "unconscious" condition, I was thrown on my stomach over a horse's back, while the horse ran with me some distance in this position. I have lost the oars of a rowboat in a picture, tipped over a rowboat out on the Pacific, and then been rescued by my movie lover, who swam to the overturned boat to which I was clinging. The first time I ever rode a horse in a picture (previously I had merely sat on a horse's back and cringed if he raised a foot) was through a burning prairie, chased by an Indian on horseback. The dry grass of the plain was set on fire by kerosene. I was seated on my horse in the distance, waiting for an effective blaze, and then told to "come on."

I have been wet and almost frozen, waiting on a rock by the seacoast for the tide to come up and drown me. The only thing to cheer my dampened spirits was the picture of the director and camera man in their bare feet. For twelve successive days I have risen at six a. m., hopped into an automobile at seven, ridden fifty miles to the "location," worked all day, left at six-thirty, back in town by eight, had a bite and was in bed by nine. And once for a week I was snowed in on a mountaintop. We were after the famine scenes from "Hiawatha." When they buried *Minnehaha* (which part I played) in the snow, there was no camouflage about the scene. As it kept on snowing and we had to get back to work in Los Angeles, the only way out was to walk, which we did, down the mountain seven miles to the train.

"Two Tough Tenderfeet"

Being the Adventures of Polly Moran, Ben Turpin and Charlie Lynn in a New Paramount - Mack Sennett Comedy

"Five aces are too many."

Experiences that made them tame as wood doves.

"Take the bird away or he'll eat it!"

"I will save you, girl!"

PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

"Haste, noble steed, and away to her rescue!"

IN a poker game, after you have lost all your money, you can still bet your watch. But it is just as well to make sure it isn't the watch you have just lifted from the other fellow, otherwise serious complications may follow.

That's what Charlie Lynn did, and as a result Charlie and Ben landed on their ears from the back of a Pullman train in the middle of a hot and thirsty desert. Charlie hit the biggest rock, for all through the story it was he who drew the gritty end of things. Ben just fell into everything, including love. Now, Ben and Charlie were tough birds. They were so crooked, the very jails were ashamed of them. They were so tough that the mirrors cracked when they passed by. But when they fell off that train into the desert, they landed on some experiences that made them as tame as wood doves.

Polly Moran, the famous Girl Sheriff, made a decided hit with Ben, who, with the help of the ever-present Charlie, managed to save her from the wiles of Bert Roach, owner of the town and would-be owner of the Sheriff. For some of the humorous details of the adventures of the "Two Tough Tenderfeet," see our Spectacular Film in Ten Parts on the sides of the page.

Packing all his troubles.

Ben in the safe, "listens in."

"You may fire when ready, Gridley."

Ben interrupts a proposal of marriage.

And "all's well that ends well."

A letter from Charlie Chaplin

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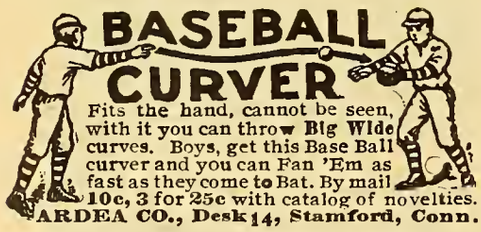

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Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(*Continued from a previous page*)

pass in this way. About the time that Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers was disbanded, three companies, including the colonel, came up to Monterey. Soon after the soldiers attempted a theatrical exhibition, which was a success. Encouraged by the liberal patronage, the managers induced Jack to fix seats, stage and scenery in the old adobe. The bills were got out in due form, posters printed with a blacking pot and brush, and programs announcing "Putnam, or The Lion Son of '76," the first piece to be played. C. E. Bingham played *The Son*, Mrs. Bingham *Martha Washington*, and Charley Cluchester *George Washington*. The original curtain is still in place. It was built by a whaler, is of wood, about 10 by 8 feet, and is pulled up and held to the ceiling by a rope. Even the Metropolitan Opera House is to take over the movies for the summer months, but here, thought I, is one theater that has never shown a movie and never will. When I returned to my hotel that evening, however, there greeting me in the lobby was an announcement on the blackboard where the daily golf and polo information is put forth, stating: "Movies to-night at 8:30 in the Art Gallery. Mary Pickford, in 'Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley.'" So, after dinner, I "fell." I paid my 28 cents and saw Miss Pickford. I had not seen her for a long, long time and enjoyed her "Amarilly" quite as much as anything I have ever seen her do. It is a sweet, pretty story, well acted, directed and presented. Kate Price was irresistible as *The Mother*. The audience, composed mostly of golfers, gave evidence of their enjoyment.

The Motion Picture Press Agent in Wartime

(*Continued from a previous page*)

course, Miss De Bue, our company hasn't a great deal of money to spend for local advertising. . . . Yes, the home office, you know. . . . Yes, I suppose we could take a page. . . . I know it is a worthy cause. . . . I'll write the copy. . . . Yes. . . . Not at all. . . ."

The press agent reached for the registered message and read: "This is to notify you that your division of selected men in the National Army is summoned to depart from this city on March 1st. You will report at the Southern Pacific station, prepared to leave for Camp Lewis at 6 p. m. on that date. (Signed) Charles Fuhr, Chairman, District Board Number 13."

"Thank heaven!" murmured Mr. Pusher, as he thrust his half-finished copy into the waste basket. "Sherman said a mouthful, and he never saw a studio in wartime, either. I'm glad I'm going to the trenches!"

Heard in the Studio

Daughter—This new skirt is too short for me.

Mother—You needn't send it back; I'll wear it.

The Drama's Trend

Tragedian—You tell me, sirrah, that I am behind the times?

Manager—Yes. You come with me. I'm going to produce a screen version of "Ben-Hur," with motor cycles for the principals in the chariot race.

Old Stuff

"This camouflage is not new."

"Yes?"

"The Broadway restaurants have been using it on their menus for years."

Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

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Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, when interviewed on this subject, said: "There can be no sturdy iron men without iron. Pallor means anaemia. Anaemia means iron deficiency. The skin of anaemic men and women is pale, the flesh flabby. The muscles lack tone; the brain fags and the memory fails and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

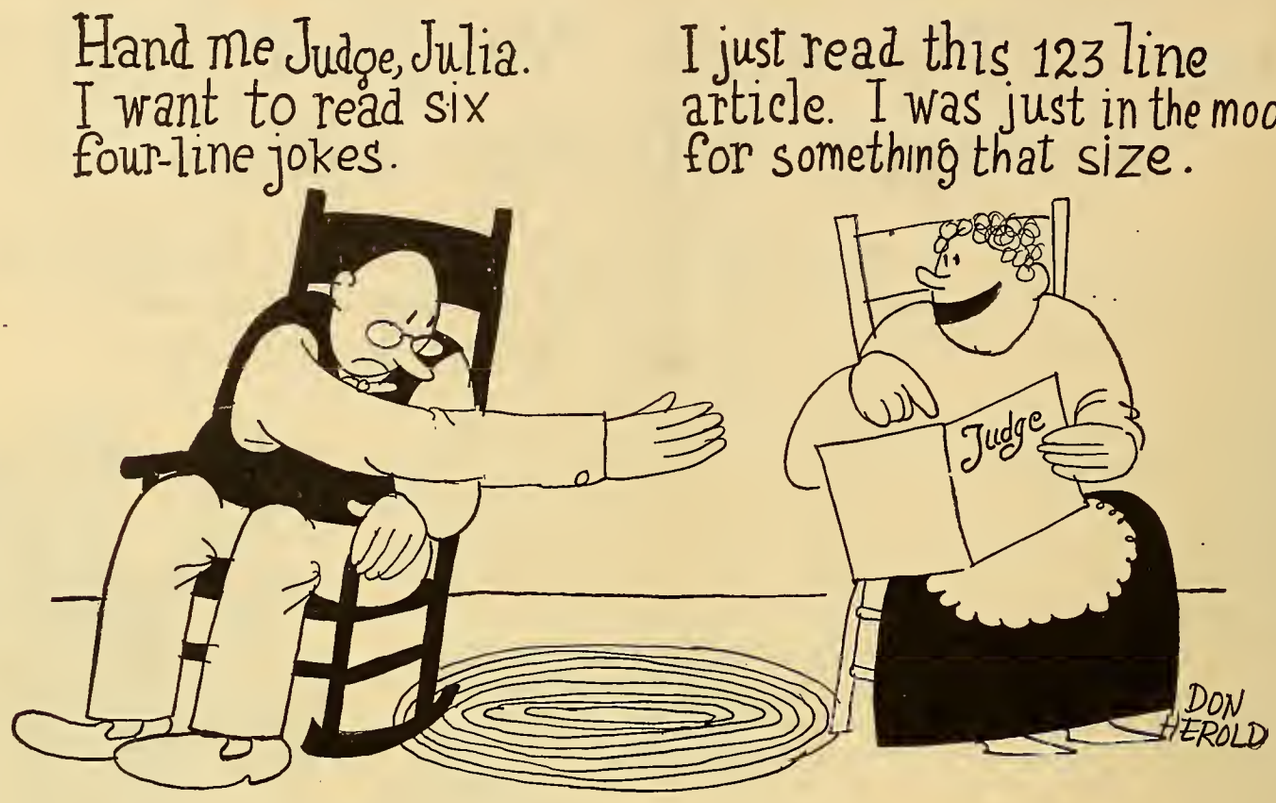
"Therefore, you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Out-Door Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "In my talks to physicians I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of their making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on suffering year after year, doctoring themselves for all kinds of ills, when the real and true cause underlying their condition is simply a lack of sufficient iron in the red blood corpuscles to enable nature to transform the food they eat into brawn, muscle tissue and brain. But beware of the old forms of metallic iron which frequently do more harm than good.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by physicians formerly connected with well-known hospitals thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases, to get a physician's prescription for organic iron — Nuxated Iron — or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package."

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists and general stores.



Do you like your humor long or short?

There are just as many lengths of humor as there are kinds of humor.

It is absolutely ridiculous for you to say you like long humor better than short humor, or short better than long. A great psychologist has said, "Sometimes people like their humor short and sometimes long."

Judge has, of course, gone into this matter very deeply.

Judge has found that, while there is **no** rule as to the proportion of long humor a man may consume to good advantage at a given hour of the day, or under given circumstances of stress, or relaxation, it is entirely possible to strike a law of averages. Judge has examined, in large white laboratories erected especially for this purpose, thousands of people, thin and fat, oozy optimists and purple pessimists, bright and half-bright, to determine how much long humor and short humor is good for an average normal subject over a week's time.

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F.F.-8

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SUNSHINE FILMS, INC.

As a conductorette *Aggie* becomes bread winner for the family when her husband loses his job. "Duty" leads her through many strange and laughable adventures, with here and there a touch of romance and a spice of danger. The film ends with each member of the interesting family "doing his bit" to win the war.

"Their Downfall" might very well have been called the "four-bits worth of fun," because of the hairbreadth escapes a certain half dollar figures in. The play opens with two adventurers who have seen better days than this particular one on which a square meal seems the most to be desired of earthly blessings. They get it, and many a laugh as well by their clever juggling with circumstances, but when the "copette" comes into the picture, that's their downfall.

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And frequently your finding out more about it *now* will make you want to get it a good deal sooner than you anticipated.

Here are some brief reminders typical of the variety of prospective purchases you can learn about through the advertising columns of FILM FUN:

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Books—Brunswick Subscription Co., 225 Fifth Ave., New York City, will send full particulars regarding special price and terms for complete works of Guy de Maupassant on request.

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Business Incorporation—Laws, blanks, and directions for incorporating your business in Arizona will be sent free upon request by Stoddard Incorporating Co., Box SM, Phoenix, Arizona.

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A Moving Picture Scenario

The Uncertainties of Life

I

BUSINESS office of Gayboy & Co. Jim Gladhand enters and asks Gayboy for the fifty dollars he owes him. Doesn't expect it, but is handed the money in crisp bank notes. Exits overwhelmed by emotion.

II

Drawing-room of Miss Charmer. Gladhand, very much smitten, calls, determined to press his suit. Doesn't expect to be greeted very cordially, but is encouraged by Miss Charmer's smiles and is finally accepted. Exits very much agitated.

III

Office of the *Highbrow Magazine.* Gladhand, who is a disciple of the Muses, enters with a "little thing" he has turned out. Expects to be turned down, but after the manuscript is read is effusively treated by the editor and is handed a check. Exits with a fluttering heart.

IV

Bachelor apartment of Jim Gladhand. Gladhand returns and finds a letter from a legal firm, informing him that an uncle, whom he has not heard from in ten years, has left him twenty thousand dollars in stocks and bonds, and directing him to call for the stuff at once. Puts letter down, much moved. Lights a pipe and lingers over the way things have been going with him, and is so shocked by all that has happened that he falls into a comatose state and dies as easy as falling off a log. Enter coroner, who delivers the verdict: Killed by kindness and good fortune. Curtain.

A Modern Achilles

A bet was overlooked
When Percy wasn't booked
To sail across the Drink and meet
The foeman face to face.
Because to him a shot
In any vital spot
Would faze him not a particle
Nor leave a single trace.

For this immortal Goof
Is truly bullet-proof;
They shoot him several times a week
In every town he goes.
And still he's on the job,
Serenely up he'll bob,
For Percy is the villain in
The moving picture shows.

Save the *Thoughtless* Dollars

"I got the sweetest hat today. And, my dear, of course, I didn't really need it, but—"

* * * *

"What if it is only a few blocks? Here, taxi!"

* * * *

"I know I'd feel a lot better if I ate less, but I simply must have a big order of—"

* * * *

Over there in the Picardy mud, pock-marked with significant craters and "plum-caked" with unspeakable things that once were men, our soldiers can't hear all that some of us are saying. Good that they can't, isn't it? It wouldn't make it any easier to stand firm against those blood-crazed, grey hordes who come on wave after wave because they believe their Kaiser is "God's anointed shepherd of the German people."

* * * *

It isn't that we Americans are a selfish people. We have simply been thoughtless.

Money is needed to win this war—let's give it. So far, we have been asked only to lend—to lend at a good round 4% interest. Turn your THOUGHTLESS dollars into War Savings Stamps.

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* * *

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Or, are you too wise to be natural—are you afraid to play hookey from yourself?

You're not? Good enough. Then you've kept your grip on the greatest thing in life.

And the spirit of play, of make-believe, is what lets you go on, day in and out, forgetting those practical, prosaic things that hold your nose to the grindstone.

It's no secret at all—the gate to the great playground.

You'll find it on the screen of the modern motion picture theatre—the theatre that advertises and shows the motion pictures of the American family—Paramount and Artcraft pictures. Paramount and Artcraft pictures are the *better* pictures of the motion picture art—supreme in stars, masterly in direction, superb in mounting and discriminating and authoritative in the literature and drama they visualize.

* * *

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two By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS DIVISION OF PERIODICALS
AUG 12 1918

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Whenever a new, youthful dancer appeared at the Paris Opera House the *habitués* vied with each other in showering her with attentions and in overwhelming her with a veritable broadside of Cupid's artillery.

For how could these young and pretty girls with every right to life, love and pleasure, and subsisting on a very small salary, resist the seduction of the smell of flowers and of the glitter of jewels?

She had the voluptuous form of a Greek Helen and she took the old guard of the Opera House by storm. The very next morning a perfect shower of *billets-doux*, jewels, and bouquets fell into the poor dancer's modest apartment.

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The petty meannesses of human nature and the passions—lust and cupidity—which stir most men and women to action did not stay Maupassant's impartial hand so long as this ugly side of humanity existed. Pitiless as is his art, at times he surprises us with a touch of tender pathos in which we recognize the warm heart of a fellowman.

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As the supreme master in what is one of the most difficult forms of art—the short story—Maupassant's fame has extended into all civilized lands. Tolstoy marveled at the depth of human interest he found in his stories; Andrew Lang declared he found in him "the tenderness of Fielding, the graphic power of Smollett, the biting satire of Dean Swift, mingled and reincarnated in Gallic guise;" and Henry James hailed him as "a man of genius who had achieved the miracle of a fresh tone."

AUG 12 1918
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PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

CALIFORNIA SEA-URCHINS

It is high tide when Fatty's in; low tide when he's out.

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Best Interests of All Motion Picture Art and Artists

SEPTEMBER—1918

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$1.00 a year **Number 353** **10c a copy**

PASSED BY

THE BOARD

OF CENSORS

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

THE only time Doug Fairbanks is unhappy is when someone calls him "Mister" Fairbanks.

It is easier for Ben Turpin to cross his eyes than it is for Hughie Mack to cross his legs.

Al St. John, "Fatty" Arbuckle's side-kick, is so ticklish that he doesn't dare to dance. Says the floor tickles his feet.

Doris Kenyon says the strenuous exercise in making a serial renders one as hard as nails. Yaas—and then the director drives 'em!

Nature equalizes all joys and woes. Cincinnati, the town that never had a good baseball team, is the birthplace of Marguerite Clark.

A new picture is to be called "Moonlight Through the Rafters." May we suggest that the rafters are supported by the beams of the moon?

The Answer Man says Antonio Moreno was born in Spain and has an olive complexion. Which is about as odd as a man born in Ireland having a brogue.

A critic says Ann Little rides like a boy and wears trousers like a boy. We don't quite get the last part of that. The only way a boy wears trousers is—out.

No, dear reader, Wallace Reid's "The Thing We Love" has nothing to do with your old friend, Mazuma. Never take a title seriously—the producers may be kidding you!

The prize for the best trained husband goes to Charlie Murray. Twice a day, whether at the studio or on location, he 'phones to wifie. That's keeping tabs on 'em, girls!

The most beautiful woman in the world has been sighted. She is a screen actress. Her name? Oh, you'll have to guess. Six different companies claim to have made the discovery.

Polly Moran's right arm is three inches larger in circumference than her left. She says it is caused from lasso practice. "Over-development from carrying her pay envelope!" says Mack Sennett, and he ought to know.

It looked for a time like "Hobbs in a Hurry," the new William Russell production, might have to be changed to "Playing Hobb," for three members of the company and Russell himself were injured in the taking of the scenes.

It is seldom that author and director can remain in perfect harmony during the making of a picture. But Harold Lockwood's "Broadway Bill" was produced without a single clash of temperaments. The director was also the author.

Dorothy "Dimples" Dalton had a perfectly dreadful time over her love letters in the play with that title. It should be a warning to us girls, but—oh, shucks! As long as the earth contains lovers and writing material, there will be love letters. And we all like to writem and gettum!

Motion Pictures is the first magazine that ever offered a prize for the most foolish question. We think the judges were right in awarding the $10 to Frank Dill, of Salt Creek, Wyo., for this: "If, through war economy, pants are to be shortened, I would like to know at which end and how much."

Robert McKim bet Charlie Ray he could take Charlie's car apart and put it together. He took it apart and put it together—in a pile, thereby winning the wager on a technicality. It required the services of six auto experts three days to reassemble the mile-eater, AND Charlie is "off" betting forever.

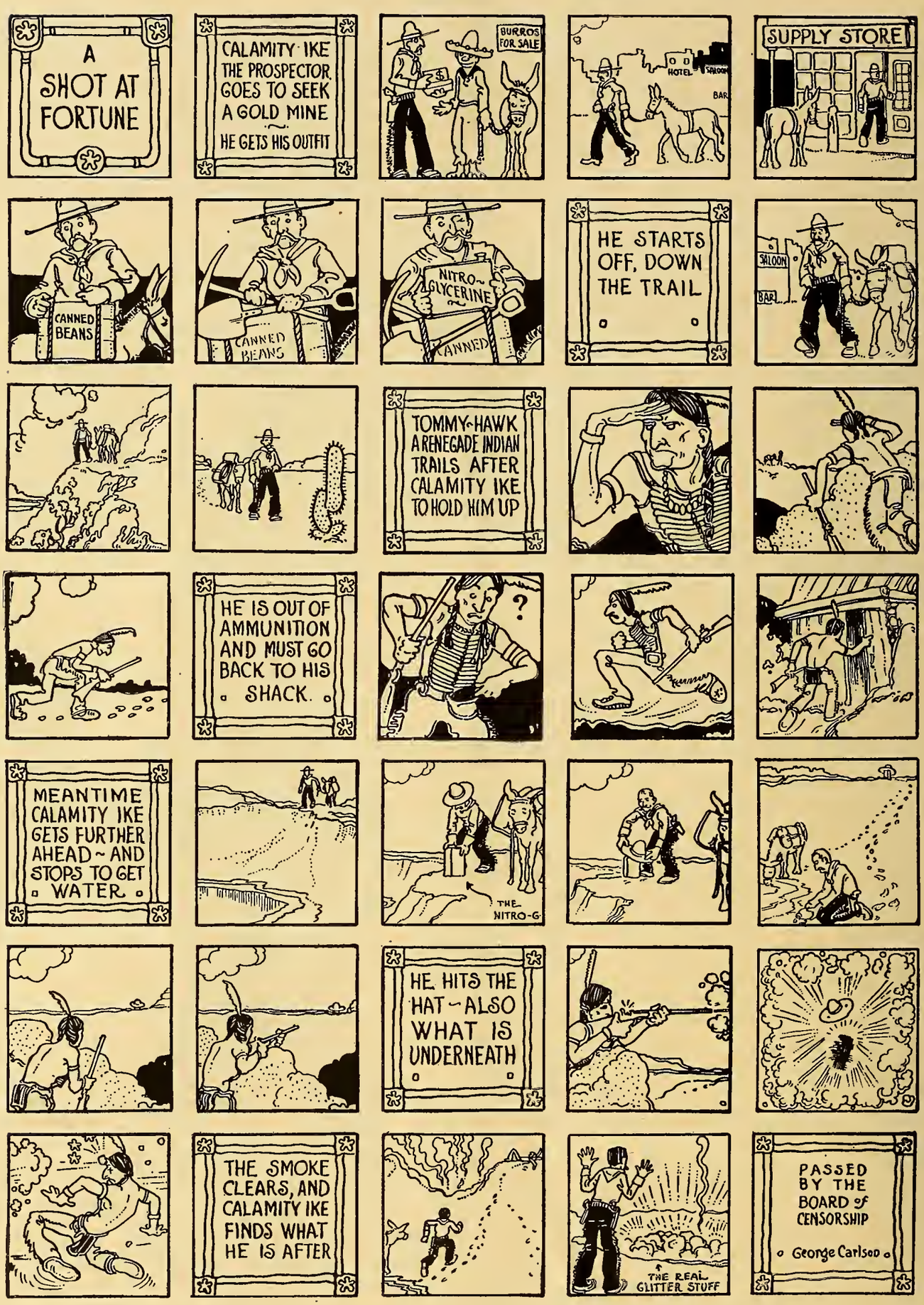
The morning that Wallace MacDonald arrived at the Triangle studio, the Culver City Bank was robbed. The first afternoon he visited Culver City, the post office was burglarized. And the day he started work at the studio, an "extra" was glommed for his Ingersoll. Billy Pinkerton should hear of this.

"Beauty To Let" is the latest play released by Mutual, starring Margarita Fischer. She slides down a pipe from the third story onto the first-story fire escape, thence to the top of a passing taxi. They'd had only a working title up to the time that scene was filmed, but then and there it won the name.

PATHE

Harold Lloyd has made drilling a delight by this simple device of his own designing.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



A SHOT AT FORTUNE: OR, CALAMITY IKE'S RATHER SUDDEN SUCCESS

(Editor's Note: The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.)

Linda A. Griffith

Comments and Criticisms *of a* Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

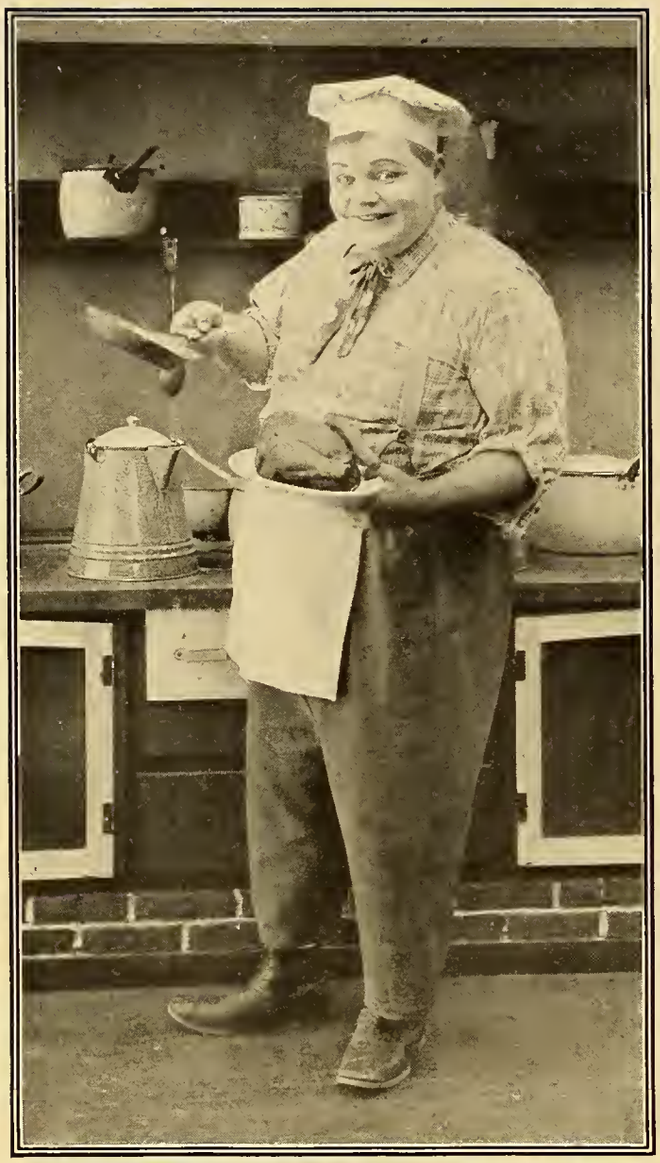
(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

Films Rushed to Their Ruin

THE chief reason why stage stars have failed on the screen is not that they were not temperamentally suited to the work, but because of conditions. Many stars have come to the movies to "do" a big picture in a limited number of weeks between dramatic productions. This compels a director to do many feet of film a day, and good work cannot be done under pressure. Neither director nor star has time to think. An actor in a movie, to do good work, needs to know his scenario quite as well as he knows his three-act play. Sometimes a scenario isn't even completed when the actual taking of a picture begins. Some producers direct scene by scene and have no rehearsal of the whole story for the actors before they begin to "shoot." If the 240th scene follows the 17th scene in the taking of a picture, and if the actor doesn't know his story backward, or have at least a script of his own to which he can refer, how can he do good work? If the 18th scene be taken a week after the 17th scene, and the actor has worked in 200 scenes in the interim, and time isn't taken to explain, it can easily be seen how smooth, finished, intelligent work is impossible. Inexperienced young directors who haven't much knowledge of the drama and whose experience is mostly along the technical end of the movies, when given a big star from the dramatic stage to direct, are sometimes quite overawed and hesitate to give the necessary direction to the "star," even when they see that the idea of a scene is all wrong. These directors imagine the star to be "up stage." They expect he carries a chip on his shoulder when he carries nothing of the sort, and is in reality quite a democratic person. Some stage stars never could succeed as screen actors, but a number of splendid actors from the stage can point their failure in the cinema to improper handling, non-suitable stories and bad direction.

Charles Chaplin has made good in the movies! His previous training seems to have been confined to playing an acrobatic drunk in a box on the stage in a sketch known here as "A Night in an English Music Hall," but in England called "The Muming Birds." He was very good in it. He began humbly in the movies, playing extras and bits, but he made the one affiliation that started him on the right road, and that was "Keystone" and Mack Sennett. E. H. Sothern, always a better director than actor on the stage, failed miserably in pictures. I recall the deep, fifty-foot sets in which he was allowed to slowly walk the whole fifty feet to the foreground. Let a director do that to the biggest movie star, and the people would soon get tired and say: "Isn't he pokey? Why doesn't he get a move on?" I rather think Sothern tried to take his movie work seriously, but he had an entirely wrong conception of the movies, and possibly there was no one to put him right. Possibly he couldn't, possibly he wouldn't take direction. Sir John Hare, in "Caste," cinemaed in England, showed wretched direction. The producers weren't even camera-wise. However, with everything against him, his wonderful finesse told as well on the screen as on the stage.

Of the great actresses of the stage, Miss Cram names as having failed in the movies Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, Laura Hope Crews, Emily Stevens and Viola Allen. Most emphatically Mrs. Fiske failed in the movies. Could anyone with an ounce of intelligence expect Mrs. Fiske not to fail? In the first place, she is too old. Her directors, fearing this, kept her eighteen feet in the background, and in "Tess of the D'Urberville" this was so marked that one



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

Many things that the public doesn't know about chefs are disclosed by Fatty Arbuckle in his new comedy, "The Cook."

couldn't tell which one of the village maidens Mrs. Fiske was. These little "fliers" into screenland by stage stars are generally a case of easy money for both star and producers. The producers rely solely upon "name." Does anyone imagine, if Geraldine Farrar were really "Katie Jones," that nearly all the critics in the New York papers would have raved over her "Joan the Woman"? She was physically, mentally and spiritually as fit for the part as Mae Marsh is to interpret *Lady Macbeth.* Neither Ethel Barrymore nor Emily Stevens is considered a failure by the public or producers. But there are many who do not care for them. Miss Barrymore's face loses its womanly expression and becomes hard. She is too mature for the screen, and the absence of her melodious voice in the movies annoys anyone who has heard it on the stage. Emily Stevens, one of the most charming and clever stage stars, falls far short of filling, in screenland, the position she occupies on the stage. She plays emotional parts in the movies and has an unpleasant way of distorting her features to express emotion. She is infinitely more attractive on the stage. Her screen failure along artistic lines is possibly compensated for by the material things the movies have brought her, such as a motor car, summer home in the Adirondacks and a sumptuously furnished New York apartment. Viola Allen fails for the same reason Mrs. Fiske does, although as a stage star she never approximated Mrs. Fiske. Laura Hope Crews's attractive personality is not of the quality that transfers itself to the screen, and she also photographs a bit too matronly. Of the famous operatic trio, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar and Lina Cavalieri, I do not consider any one of them a successful

PARAMOUNT

Something new in girlish coquetry is inspired by Douglas Fairbanks in "Bound in Morocco." From meeting to marriage in twenty minutes, a new high speed record in Fairbanks's love making.

movie star. Geraldine Farrar, however, seems willing to contribute "acting" if the scenario call for it. Lina C. and Mary G. simply refuse. Cavalieri isn't capable of dramatic expression, but the world knows that Mary Garden can act all over the place if she wants to. Possibly she didn't like her director, and possibly working in the movies appealed to her as unintelligent and uninteresting. The flashing short scenes in movie plays do not easily enable an actress to reach emotional climaxes.

Mabel Taliaferro, a charming young actress on the stage, pretty and with a sweet personality, loses these attributes in the movies. Her physical make-up is too fragile and her features too small for the screen to "get." Among those who have succeeded equally well on both screen and stage might be mentioned Elsie Ferguson, Jane Cowl, Pauline Frederick, Billie Burke, Bessie Barriscale and Nazimova. The last made a tremendous success in the screen version of "War Brides." She packed even the smallest nickel theater on the East Side. But she certainly wasn't very beautiful to look at. She suffered too obviously. That, however, she should be able to overcome in future screen work.

Quality, Not Quantity

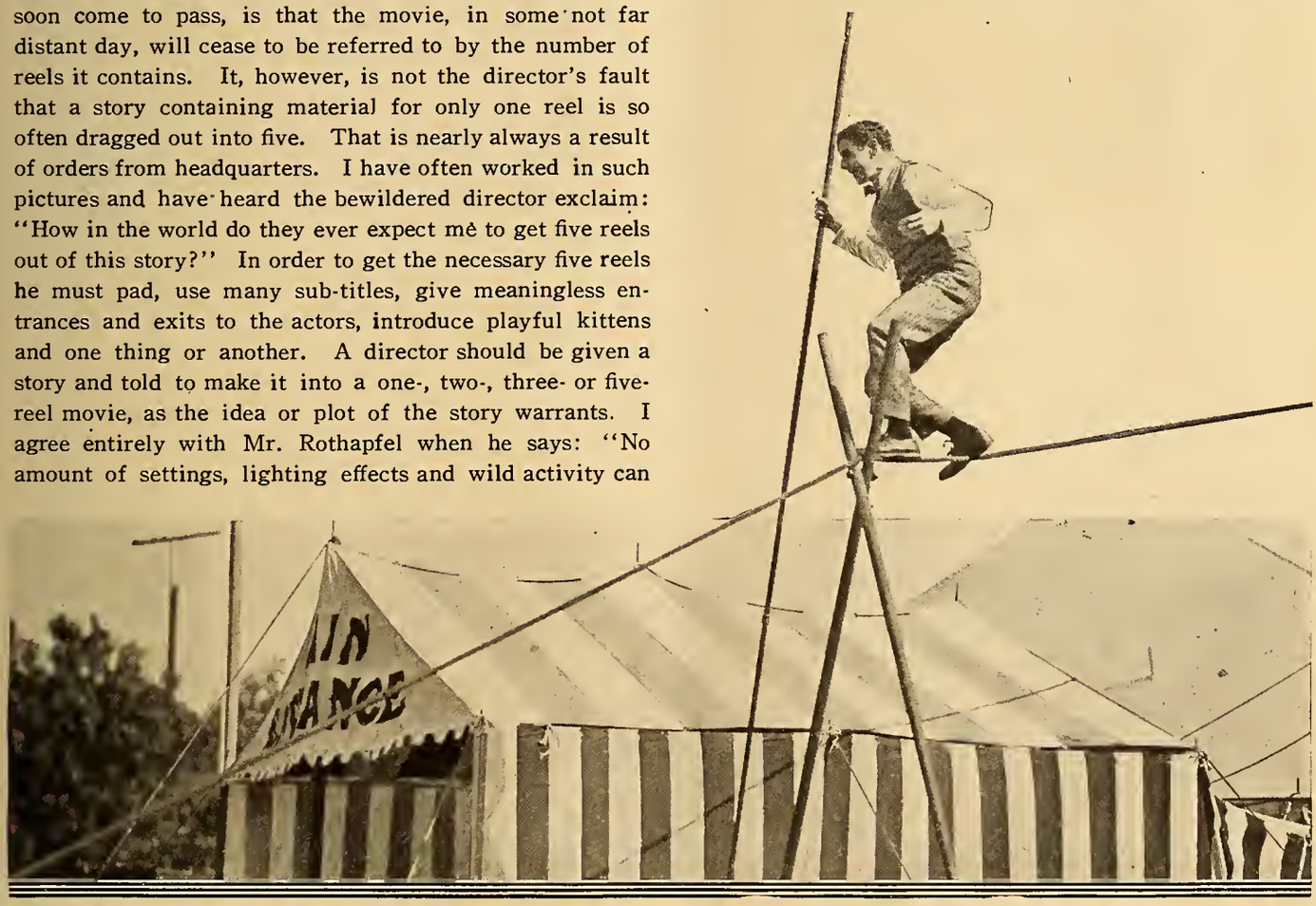
S. L. Rothapfel, in his weekly program of the Rialto and Rivoli theaters, contributes a page giving his views of the motion picture proposition. He points many truths in these little talks. One of his beliefs, which, I hope, will soon come to pass, is that the movie, in some not far distant day, will cease to be referred to by the number of reels it contains. It, however, is not the director's fault that a story containing material for only one reel is so often dragged out into five. That is nearly always a result of orders from headquarters. I have often worked in such pictures and have heard the bewildered director exclaim: "How in the world do they ever expect me to get five reels out of this story?" In order to get the necessary five reels he must pad, use many sub-titles, give meaningless entrances and exits to the actors, introduce playful kittens and one thing or another. A director should be given a story and told to make it into a one-, two-, three- or five-reel movie, as the idea or plot of the story warrants. I agree entirely with Mr. Rothapfel when he says: "No amount of settings, lighting effects and wild activity can make it worth while to string out a picture beyond the point justified by the story, and the day when the exhibitor advertises 'ten reels for a dime' is about over."

X-ray Movies

Now comes the X-ray movies. Dr. E. L. Crusius, of the New York X-ray Laboratories, has announced that, in co-operation with the Universal Film Company, he has perfected a system for taking X-ray moving pictures, which are expected to be of great service in treating injuries to the joints. Among the pictures taken thus far are illustrations of the movements of the knee, ankle and elbow. Dr. Crusius says that the photographs show not only the bones, but the muscles, and that by moving a joint that has been injured and photographing the action of muscles and movements of bones, it will be possible to find out just what parts have been injured and the treatment required.

Artless Art

David Belasco, in a recent *Munsey*, writes interestingly on the motion picture in an article entitled, "The Movies —My Profession's Flickering Bogy." Mr. Belasco says some very nice things about the movies and some that are not so nice. He draws, as a result of his evident sincere interest in and study of the motion picture, some true conclusions. He states the methods he would employ were he to direct a motion picture play. Much has been written about the competition between the spoken drama and the



PARAMOUNT

Fred Stone making a flying start in his first photoplay, "Under the Top." Fairbanks, and Russell, and Bill Hart should worry; it would require more stars than will ever qualify for these parts to satisfy the fans who follow athletic idols.

PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

This is one of a bevy of models in the fashion show with which "Ladies First" opens. A dancer, a diving girl, and others, assist the rapid action, and the antics of the audience are a contributing factor in a tornado of fun that ends as it ought.

movie. This competition, Mr. Belasco says, is not a new experience, for the theater, as far back as the Greek and Roman drama, had competition in the form of sports and pageantry of the arena. Of all the articles that have been written about the motion picture, what it has done, is doing and is to do, none have been less intelligent than those written by over-ambitious movieites telling how the movies are eventually to take the place of drama, that there will be no more plays, only movies, movies, movies! Mr. Belasco aptly and truthfully says: "There is no such thing as a menace to the spoken drama when it is actually worthy of attention." No, there is ample room for both when both are worthy of attention. Mr. Belasco pays a high tribute to the movies for their wonderful educational value. But movie producers are not ambitious along educational lines. Somehow they like the story-telling part and enjoy a would-be rivalry with the stage. In this respect Mr. Belasco says: "From their very outset, except when they have been devoted to reproducing scenes from nature, motion pictures have been a parasite feeding upon the arts of the theater. Far from attempting to invent their own medium of expression, they have been content to either imitate or to borrow." But, then, what art does not borrow?

To "Register" Success They Must Rehearse

As to studio acting, Mr. Belasco evidently has been unfortunate in the studios he has visited. In the crude, early days at the old Biograph, movies were rehearsed scene by scene, from the beginning to the end of the story. Sometimes two or three days were spent in rehearsing a two-reel picture. I never worked in a motion picture—and I have worked in several hundred—that was not carefully rehearsed before the first click of the camera was heard. I never had a motion picture director tell me to assume, as Mr. Belasco says, "the appearance and pose of thinking." The actor, he thinks, knows whether his mother has just died, his father been elected President or his sweetheart has promised to marry him. In order to get ten feet of an actor thinking, two hundred feet comprising several previous scenes are rehearsed, so that the "thinking scene" is the direct result of the immediately preceding mental or emotional condition. I have always been given not only intelligent lines, but worked on as exact a cue as ever I had in rehearsals or performances during my short experience on the stage. Scenes in a movie are built up to and climaxes reached in very much the same way they are on the stage. I have seen many movies in the taking that

(Continued in advertising section)

EVERYBODY GOES TO THE MOVIES AT YAPP'S CROSSING

Motion Pictures Follow the Flag

By JESSIE NILES BURNESS

PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

Mrs. Edith D. Foster editing films in her workshop.

ONE of the modern visionaries is Warren Dunham Foster, president of the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which is the concern which supplies the nine million feet of film required each week in America, and about two million feet a week used in foreign territory, by the Y. M. C. A. War Work Council and the Committee on Training Camp Activities.

Another of the visionaries is E. D. Foster, editor, who passes upon every foot of film required to meet this enormous demand. The "E" stands for Edith, and her relationship to the president of the company brought to mind a belief Robert Ingersoll always insisted upon—that "great men always have great mothers." You will like this story better if I tell it in her own language. It is matter for regret that the printed word can convey no adequate picture of her gracious personality and the enthusiasm that animates her. In answer to our questions she said:

"The bureau was in existence when the war broke out, doing its own work helping communities solve their problems looking to social betterment. It has always realized the value of films in teaching the thing that was needed, and when the United States became involved in the trouble on the border, we found that for lack of what you might call 'centralized control,' we were able to do but little good.

"And so, when war was declared, knowing we had the material at hand and were in full command of everything that was needed, although now, as then, all we have to sell is service and system, we sought a systematic distribution. We were ready. That is the reason our accomplishment seems wonderful. War was declared on the 6th of April; on the 15th of May following, our contract with the Y. M. C. A. War Work Council and the Committee on Training Camp Activities was entered into, and on May 29th we began work. The system has not been changed at all—only enlarged.

"We do not judge pictures by a preconceived formula. The first thing one of our reviewers has to learn is to look at pictures as the men will look at them, and that all kinds of men, from all sections of the country, will so look.

PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

This hut at Chickamauga is "duped" in every camp and contonment, here and abroad, where Y. M. C. A. War Work is done.

About the only thing we are ruthless with in reviewing is what we call 'sex stuff'; that has no proper place anywhere. The camps are supposed to be shown each week one comedy, one all-man picture and one one-girl love story. By 'all-man' we mean such stories as Hart or Fairbanks or Russell puts on, that appeal to the love of sport and life in the open.

"The 'one-girl' story has the straightforward appeal to the romantic; we are a bit severe on the 'eternal triangle' idea. Then we have our own 'topical'—a two-thousand-foot reel—called 'The World To-day.' This is culled from all sources and covers in picture form all the news likely to interest the boys. The great effort, at first, is to keep the men—who have been torn away from all the things they are used to and the influences that have surrounded them—normal and happy; to re-establish their balance; to keep them thinking, as well as working, along wholesome lines.

"We review everything issued by all producing companies. We keep two projection-rooms going all the time, from nine in the morning until eleven at night, and much of the time we have four rooms going. Besides this, our representatives attend all trade showings. We've forgotten all about 'working hours' in this establishment, and we don't expect to know anything about 'leisure moments' until after the war. When it came to putting pictures onto the transports, the whole force took hold with enthusiasm, even to the littlest office girl, and it was necessary for several of them to work day and night for several days until each particular job was done. 'My Four Years in Germany' and 'The Unbeliever' are on the transports now and were there almost as soon as the trade had them.

"The work in this country is mostly on what we call the circulation basis. For foreign requirements we must buy films outright. When we purchase films, we pay laboratory prices. The studio cost is borne by the producer. We have found a disposition on the part of producers, almost without exception, to supply this material at actual cost, just as we supply the service without profit. So far as the war service goes, it is our bit. The Young Men's Christian Association pays the actual cash outlay; no more.

"Of course, it is necessary to be very systematic, and we are. Everything we have ever reviewed we have here accurately catalogued. Every week a statement of the accredited list—that is, films we are willing to supply—goes to the head of every division. The secretary fills in the recreation coupon which accompanies it, sends it to us here for record, and it is then returned to him. In this way the record kept here is complete for every division. Of course, different sections vary slightly in their requirements, but they average up pretty much alike. Very often technical or educational films are asked for, and we are able to meet almost any requirement, for there are films on every possible subject. If these boys want to devote their little leisure to a continuation of the studies which the war has interrupted—and many of them do—so that no time may be lost when they return, we supply the pictures and the Y. M. C. A. furnishes books and conducts classes.

"One of the novelties developed has been a projecting machine that throws the pictures on the ceiling, so that prone men may watch the pictures from their hospital cots. Educational work is also carried on by the Young Men's Christian Association lecturers.

"Quite recently we had a rush order for 125 American comedies for use in Italy. We chose Drew comedies, Frank Daniels, Happy Hooligan, Victor Moore comedies, Billie Rhodes, Keystone, Klever, Bobbie Bumps, Heeza Liar, Mutt and Jeff, Katzenjammers—oh, nearly the whole comedy lot, including, of course, 'Fatty' and all the pastry profession. A worker is now translating the titles into Italian. To sum up, we follow our soldiers and strive to meet all needs of the situation."

PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

This picture, taken at Camp Bowie, Texas, shows how the silver sheet is sometimes used out-of-doors. The "Wye" tries to provide for all recreation needs. Camp Dix requires nine huts, besides the great auditorium headquarters.

Fit your film lovers with your favorite "location."

Golf, yachting, indoor sport or out, it's all one to them.

The Call of the Quill

The latter-day porter is through with his porting;
The brakeman refuses to brake;
The old court attendant is through with his courting;
The fakir refuses to fake.
No more does the erstwhile professional dancer
Attend us with breakdown and bow;
And this is the final and consummate answer—
They're writing scenarios now.

No more does the tramp hit the highways and byways;
The peddler refuses to ped.
These gallant Lotharios now write scenarios
To garner their few crumbs of bread.
The traveling salesman has shortened his season;
The farmer abandons his cow.
The plumber's stopped plumbing—and this is the reason—
They're writing scenarios now.

The call of the movies has reached to all corners—
Society's fathomless niche—
To steeplejacks, truckmen, professional mourners—
The humble as well as the rich—
My relatives, servants, my gossipy neighbor—
The merchant, the man with the plow.
(You query the cause of the shortage of labor?)
They're writing scenarios now.—Howard Dietz.

Cruelty to Actors

"Your only applause," quoth a star of the movies, "is the click of the camera." Obviously, an instance of cruelty to actors. Invention should come to the rescue and equip every movie studio with an applause machine, consisting of a pair of cast-iron hands and an endless string of percussion caps.

Shocking

"The board of censors threatens to close up the place."

"What's wrong?"

"Just as the hero was kissing his sweetheart, the film stopped and held them in that position for over ten minutes."

The Idea!

The movie shows appeal to me;
They're very pleasant, but
I must confess I'd love to see
The parts the censors cut!

Anyone not desiring to quote a film star as saying, "It is all hard work, but I love it," has our permission.

Film Fun EDITORIALS

Civic Improvement and the Films

THE initial step in the right direction was taken recently, when one of the larger film producing companies placed on file with the municipal reference library of New York City data concerning pictures to be used in civic betterment. Municipalities throughout the country keep in close touch, and each is keen to lead in these forward movements, nearly every one of which for the past three years has taken form in a film or gained great impetus therefrom. "What we are doing to help win the war" is just now a topic of absorbing interest throughout the country and to the million of our boys "over there." Many films picturing many undertakings in different localities are being made. If all producers would file full information regarding their films of this class, New York would soon have a system established that would be of enormous value not alone to ourselves now, but to our allies in the devastated countries after the war. It is worth careful consideration.

The Critic and the Movies

IN an article in a current magazine, captioned "Dramatic Criticism in the American Press," James S. Metcalfe says some things that should be of interest not only to every dramatic critic, but to the layman as well.

The decline and fall of the dramatic critic and his disappearance from modern journalism is a cause for regret to every true lover of the drama. But as in the days gone by there were such things in the daily papers as intelligent reviews of plays by writers who had the necessary qualifications, the "education, experience, the needed judicial temperament and the writing ability," as Mr. Metcalfe puts it, there is at least hope that the time will again come when commercialism will not be the ruling factor in the criticism of plays.

As deeply as the present state of affairs in the relation of the newspaper to the theater is to be regretted, what about the deplorable condition that exists in a similar capacity between the motion picture and the newspapers? Where a theatrical manager might use six inches of space for advertising his play, a motion picture corporation takes sometimes a half page or more for the announcement of its attraction. How, in the face of such huge sums as thereby fill the coffers of a paper, can truthful criticisms be expected?

A business house advertises its line of goods, perhaps a sale of hats or shoes or gloves. One doesn't read the next day in another part of the paper an item stating that this firm's "hats or gloves or shoes" were of very poor style or quality and worth half the price paid by the people who bought them. If they accept so freely of your money, they must say either nothing or good things about your wares.

But what's to be done about the reviews of motion pictures? Bought and paid for most of them certainly are—paid for not only by advertising, but by entertainment to the critics as well. As all the world goes to the movies, the highly educated and the illiterate alike, it is high time there was such a thing as serious, intelligent reviews written about them. As yet the public can hardly be trusted in the matter of judging the movies. If there are to be better movies, the desire for them will be created in part by reviews of them written by those who know something of what they are writing about and published by papers and magazines that are not in the market except at their subscription price.

TRIANGLE

Ruth Stonehouse likes this role better than any other of the dozen she has played this year.

The Homing of Packsaddle Pete

A Tale of a Town in the Moving Picture West

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

IT was night in Foothill. The little settlement at the feet of the Rockies smiled up at the great, snow-capped peaks, and the peaks smiled back, in turn, winking and blinking good-naturedly in the pale moonlight of early evening.

Not that Foothill had much to smile about, for, until a moving picture outfit established its Western headquarters there, times had been hard—very hard. The big mines were played out, and the field had been abandoned by prospectors as hopeless, so far as anything more was concerned. The stock business had not prospered, and, to make it short, Foothill was in the dumps.

The moving picture business had given employment to the most picturesque characters of the place. Wild West dramas were staged with clock-like regularity in the streets of Foothill and on the sides of the precipitous mountains that formed an awe-inspiring background. The hangers-on of the Foothill saloons received enough, for acting as "supers," to keep them in drinks. They posed as the passengers in the stage hold-ups or as the mob in the lynching scenes which were great favorites with the scenario writers. When there was a "chase" scene staged, which usually consisted of a long, hard run after a horse thief, those of the Foothillers who could ride were paid extra money for the pounding they received in the saddle.

Under such circumstances, it was not long until some of the town residents acquired all the conceits and whims of Broadway stars. Old Mrs. Demaree, who had done the camp's washing from the time the first big strike was made in the Mollie B., had been featured to such an extent as the weeping mother of erring miner sons that she was accumulating a considerable bank account and had told Foothill to send its laundry to Denver—or farther. Mike O'Shaughnessy, the town good-for-naught, who lived in a tiny cabin on the deserted Unca property, was in great demand for "father" roles. Mike had a venerable beard that whitened his vest to the lower button of that garment, and when he clasped to his heart an ingenue in a "M'liss" make-up, the film men fairly jumped for joy, as they knew Mike was getting over the stuff that would bring tears to the eyes of the impressionable patrons of the moving picture shows.

So, on this night, Foothill was celebrating—not hilariously as of old, when the big mines were running full blast, but quietly as became a Center of Thespian Art. But suddenly the town actors congregated at Poker Bill's laid down their cards and set down their glasses. A loud halloo had been heard in the distance.

"I know that yell," said Mike O'Shaughnessy. "'Tis old Packsaddle Pete comin' in from his usual season of unsuccessful prospectin'. Why Pete persists in follerin' that game, at the heels of a ragged and moth-eaten burro, when he could make more money and assimilate a lot more gentility by actin' for the millions like me, is more than I can understand."

"Pete'd make a grand actor in prospectin' roles," said another of the Foothill Dramatic Society.

"He sure looks the part," agreed another super. "Git him 'n' that frazzled burro in front of a picture machine, and the operator'd go gibberin' mad fer joy."

"But he has no soul for art," said Mike disgustedly. "He's turned down a dozen opporthunities to win fame as an actor, all on account of this prospectin' bug that's buzzin' beneath his hat. He'll be comin' in and tellin' us how he's had to quit diggin' when he was not more than four feet away from the mother lode, and how he's goin' back next spring and uncover a mine that'll enable him to buy the hull movin' picture business, with us stars throwed in as furniture."

There was a rattling of frying pans and other accouterment outside as Packsaddle Pete hitched his tattered burro. Nobody was sufficiently interested in Pete's coming to go out and help him fasten his faithful traveling companion. Few looked up when Pete himself burst into the door—a great, sunburnt giant of a man, well in his sixties, but hardy as one just turned forty.

"Come up here, you bum actors—you passel of baskers in the eye of the camery!" shouted Pete, in a voice that re-echoed in the room. "Come up here and have something on me and listen to what Packsaddle Pete's got to tell you about the biggest mine that's ever been struck."

"Ah, yes, Pete, me deah boy," said Mike O'Shaughnessy, laying down a moving picture magazine in which his portrait appeared. "We know all about it, old top. Another one of them mines ye're goin' back after next spring, ain't it?"

"Not much, you pitiful slave to the camery shutter!" boomed Pete, throwing a buckskin sack on the bar. "I've struck her this time. I've got her all staked and branded, and the monuments all up in my name. And I've staked out neighboring claims—all the law allows—for my kin and my real friends."

At this Foothill sat up and looked at Pete in amazement.

"This here looks true," said the barkeep, pouring a stream of shining gold on the bar. "Pete, you've never brung anything like this in here before. Where'd you find it? Let us in on it—that's a good old Petey. We allus liked you—you know we did."

"Yes, you campful of celluloid film spoilers!" said Pete scornfully. "You allus liked me well enough to make fun of me and peg stones at my burro that's standin' outside. But, let me tell you, that animal's goin' to have gold shoes and a chiropodist and a masseur and a tonsorial attendant, while you camery supernumeraries are goin' around beggin' the price of a shave. But I'll tell you where I found it. That's what I came in here for to-night, because the story's too good to keep."

"Where is it?" rose the chorus.

"Easy now," cautioned Pete. "You remember you

fellers was all actin' the mob in that scene up on the Devil's Slide to-day?"

"Yes," said Mike O'Shaughnessy. "It was one of the grandest plays in which I have been featured. It was called 'The Turn of Fortune,' and represented an aged miner, the same bein' me, lost in the hills wid his daughter. He digs fer wather and strikes a spring and a gold mine at the same time. The operator said my manner of discoverin' the gold was very realistic. The boys here was the crowd that come and rescued us from Injuns a little later. But that's immaterial. Go on wid your story."

"Yes, your actin' when you made that discovery was realistic, all right," said Pete. "I had just come down over the trail from the hilltop when I seen all of your foolishness. I and my burro was some tired, anyway, and we sat down to see your play. I seen the hull thing acted out, and it was all my burro could do to keep from hee-hawin' when Mike clasped his faintin' daughter with one arm and dug up the gold with the other."

"Leave out the dramatic criticism," said Mike stiffly, "and go on with your story."

"Well, the criticism's part of it all," said Pete. "If your actin' hadn't been so different from what a man really does when he strikes gold, I'd have gone on without payin' any attention. But I thought I'd go down and see what you had been actin' so plum loony about. It's jest force of habit, you know. I can't go past any rock without seein' what's in it."

"Proceed," said Mike, beginning to whiten about the mouth.

"Well, I saw that you really had uncovered somethin' that looked like a vein. I scraped it off some more, and then pounded up some of the rock and panned it. Here's the gold I got out of a shovelful."

"What!" yelled Mike. "You don't mean to say that I was diggin' on a real gold vein when I was actin' out all that foolishness in front of the camery!"

"You uncovered a vein ten feet wide and a million feet deep and loaded with gold at the grass roots," said Pete. "That there side hill we've looked on as barren is the richest mountain in this hull range."

There was a sound like thunder as the population of Foothill broke for the door and struggled to get out. Had the camera man been on hand, he could have secured a picture of a real gold stampede. But Mike the actor was too far overcome to join the rush. His head sagged until it rested on the bar.

"Brace up, Mike," said Pete, shaking him. "I've a great consolation for you."

"What is it?" asked Mike hopefully.

"I've named the mine for you," said Packsaddle Pete. "It's goin' to be called the 'Movin' Picture Mike'!"

Scenarios We All Could Write

The Irish Play—In which the brave young Irish laddie is persecuted by English soldiers in red coats.

The Inventor's Play—In which the old inventor's patent is stolen by a wealthy scoundrel, and the hero finally brings the rascal to justice.

The War Drama—In which two brothers love the same girl and enlist on opposing sides. One proves himself a coward and the other a hero. The hero gets the girl.

The Indian Play—In which the white girl falls in love with a dark-eyed young man, who turns out to be an Indian. They part with many tears and much elocution, at the summit of a high ridge, with the sun setting sadly in the background.

The Thief Play—In which the hero is a successful society thief, but decides to give up this means of livelihood for the girl he loves.

The Crook Play—In which all of the hopeless characters are killed or commit suicide at the last.

PARAMOUNT-MACK SENNETT

THE "PUPMOBILE"

In which the youngest member of the cast in "Her Screen Idol" rides into the pictures.

GOLDWYN

A One-Reel Thriller

With Madge Kennedy as the Star

MAID, and man, and a swirling stream.
Perils of Screendom trifling seem
Paired with the dangers here portrayed.
Whether to jump, or whether to wade—
Desperate plight for a summer maid.

Villain's part by the stream is played;
Hear it laugh at the man and maid!
Deep in its depths is a wicked gleam;
Oh, what a hateful, horrible stream!
"You are my prisoner, girl!" A scream.

Rescue role is the man's to play
(All in the work of a summer's day);
Faltering feet, an outstretched hand;
Guidance, caution, and command—
Eyes that meet—and understand.

—*A. H. F.*

Her Career

By Walt Mason

MAE JUDITH SIMPSON was a peach and entertaining in her speech. A dozen youths, at divers times, when with her, talked of wedding chimes and said they'd gladly blow a plunk for orange wreaths and kindred junk.

"Come to the parson with me, please," they used to say, on bended knees, "and let that learned and pious gun pronounce the words that make us one."

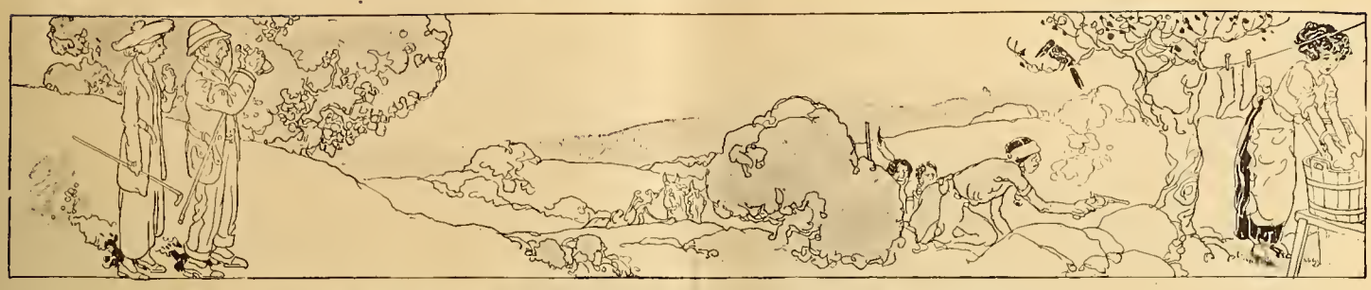
But Judith shooed them all away. "No vows for me," she used to say. "I am a strictly modern maid, and old ideas seem decayed. The old-time damsel's end and aim was just to play the marriage game, and when she had a husband roped, she'd gathered all for which she hoped. And then, content to drudge and slave, she went housekeeping to the grave; for every cent she had to beg and pull her lord and master's leg. I am an independent lass, and I will cut my share of grass; I'll do my little work alone and have the profit for mine own."

Mae Judith Simpson was no fool; she beat the other girls at school and won so many prizes there, the teachers used to gasp and stare. And when the schoolhouse she forsook, she sat right down and wrote a book that made the critics wag their ears, and rival authors sprinkle tears. The lecture platform then she held and in the Bryan line excelled; then started in, with noble rage, to try to elevate the stage. Whatever Judith Simpson did, it placed new feathers in her lid. Success was ever at her heels; she garnered fame and silver wheels.

The years rolled on, and Mae grew old; and sometimes,

(*Continued in advertising section*)

An Impressionistic View



The Englishman sees something of America, as he imagined it.

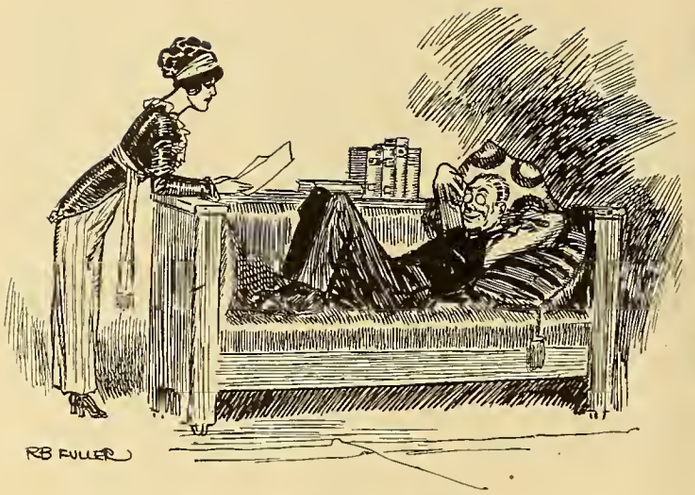
But what must he have thought of this?

And wasn't his idea verified by this?

If not, it must have been by this.

And here really was more of the same kind of life.

But it was only a company working for the "movies," after all.



FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

"John, dear, I'm to be in the amateur movies. What would folks say if I should appear in tights?"

"They would probably say that I married you for your money."

The Precious Thing

"I KNOW you—William S. Tart!"

The words snapped like a ginger snap. The Woman faced her relentless pursuer where he leaned insolently against the mantelpiece. He smiled with maddening calmness as he lit a perfection.

"And why not, pray?" he asked good-naturedly. "Have we not been married these six years?"

"Oh, you know I don't mean it that way!" she flung back. "You can't kid me! You—piker!"

The Man wilted like a wet cruller.

The Woman continued her protest, fighting his cold aloofness. Cold? Yes, the furnace had flivvered. And what a picture she made! Her beautiful red hair wildly awry, her complexion crimson and marred only by a vivid smudge of ink on her cheek. She was a perfect 56.

"Yeh," The Woman went on, her splendid voice now thundering, now squeaking. "You would have me stop and give It up after months of effort. Give It up! No! No! Nnnnnnno!"

She turned dramatically to where It lay on the camouflage-mahogany table. Impartial, unaccusative, dumb, It lay there while these two fought out a destiny. So still, so white, so helpless!

"Dam!" His elbow had slipped off the mantelpiece.

The Man tossed his butt to the grateful rubber plant and reeled over to her. "Wife," he exclaimed, vainly endeavoring to make his eyes focus on hers, "I shall not leave this room until It is settled, once and for all!" His words cut like an ice pick. "Would you bankrupt me? Quit It! Quit It now! So there!"

He staggered back to the mantel.

The Woman stared like a caught fish. "Then—then, you insist, you are determined?" she queried.

"Posilutely—I mean, absotively!"

"There is no recourse? It is the end?"

"Sure!"

Broken, The Woman again turned to It and stared at It for a full minute, more or less. She slipped into a chair and sobbed, her shoulder blades quivering. "You ask this now," she cried, "after so long! Oh, I cahn't! I cahn't!"

The Man stepped to the table and picked It up and flung It into the fireplace. The flames seized It madly. In an instant It was no more, finished, ended. Good-night.

"Oh, how couldjoo! How couldjoo!"

Then—The Man's reserve slipped from him like an old union suit. His face softening, as if it had been well punched, he went to her side.

"Margaret—Gertie," he begged, "buck up!" He pounded her shoulders tenderly. "It's finished now—let's quit. You've spent a month's salary for stamps, and the postal authorities complained that you clogged the mails. You can't sell that scenario. It's rotten. Come on; let's go to a movie."

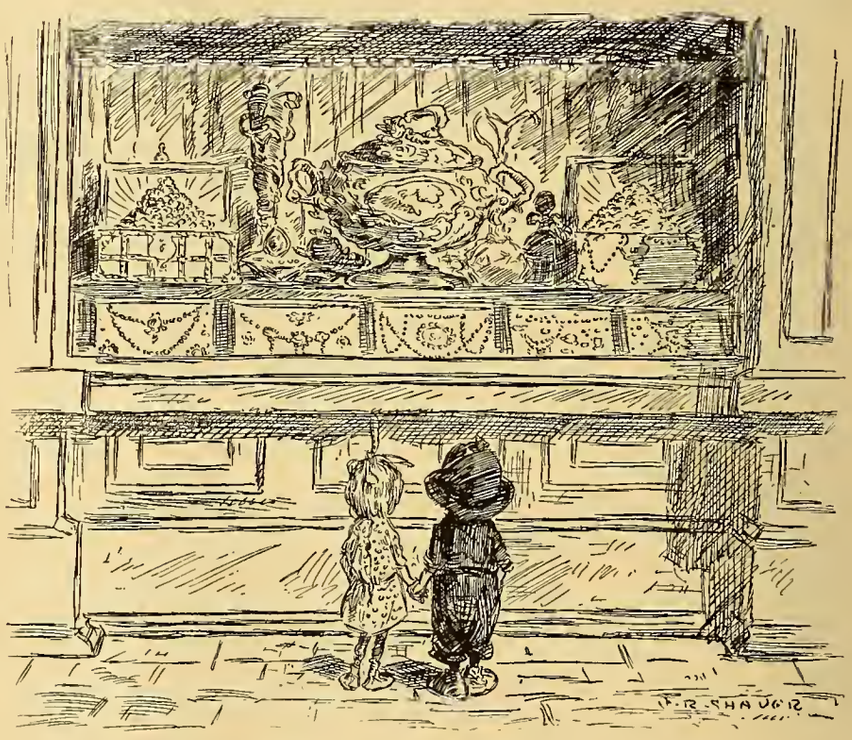
She did. They did.

—*Arthur C. Brooks.*

"Incidental Music"

(*By incidental music meaning the inevitable piano at the small-town movie*)

For the pathetic parts.....Slam Bang Music
For the funny parts .....Bing Bang Music
For the intensely exciting parts..Zip Bang Music
For the quiet, domestic scenes...Slap Bang Music
For the love scenes.....Crash Bang Music
For the tragic moments.....Zing Bang Music
For any and all other scenes.....Bang Bang Music



THEY'RE ALL DOING IT

"Never mind, Hortense, just you wait till I've sold that scenario I'm writing."

WHERE IS THE WEST OF THE SCREEN?

Mr. Washington Square, after thoroughly imbibing the western spirit from films by Bill Hart, et al., decides to mingle with the greasers, half-breeds, squaws, and cow punchers of the west. This shows his arrival in Copperopolis, formerly Squaw City, Montana.

The Educational Film

THE proposition to teach by motion pictures in the public schools of America awakens a lively interest in the mind of the small boy. Motion pictures will give to lessons a zest which nothing else could impart, and for the benefit of prosy old educational authorities, we submit a boy's idea of correct scenarios for a course in early American history:

Motion picture of the affair between Captain John Smith, Powhatan and Pocahontas. Show Captain John Smith captured by the Indians, brought in and bound to a stake. He pleads in pantomime for his life, but in vain. Powhatan takes a war club and lops off his head and arms and legs. Pocahontas rushes in, falls at her father's feet in a beseeching attitude and begs for Captain Smith's life. Powhatan relents, and Captain Smith's head, legs and arms reassemble, and he steps out, smiling and complete, to kiss Pocahontas his thanks. Pocahontas and Cap Smith do an Indian One-Step, and——Passed by the Board of Censors.

Motion picture of Governor Peter Stuyvesant protesting against the surrender of New Amsterdam. Show Governor Stuyvesant working himself up into a fine fury over the proposition that he strike his colors. Several Dutch officers come to him, gesticulating and expostulating, and he shoos them off savagely with his upraised cane. At last, highly exasperated, he starts in pursuit of one of them, and his wooden leg goes through a knothole in the floor. Enter the garrison, laughing. Governor Stuyvesant, after trying vainly to pull loose, finally shows by signs that he will surrender the fort if they will only get him out of the knothole. They do so; after which Stuyvesant unstraps his wooden leg, ties to it a white flag, waves it from the window, and——Passed by the Board of Censors.

Motion picture of the ride of Paul Revere. Show Paul Revere coming lickitysplit on a motor cycle. He bumps in rapid succession two baby carriages, a pushcart, a fat man who was crossing the road, a deaf old lady, a lame man with a pair of crutches, and a grocer's boy with a basket full of eggs, which break. Show that Paul gets a punctured tire and has to stop by the roadside to make repairs. This gives the angry people whom he bumped time to catch up with him. The nurses hit him with the baby carriages, the pushcart peddler pelts him with bananas, the fat man strikes him with his cane, the dog bites him on the leg, the lame man breaks a crutch over him, and the grocer's boy jams the egg basket down upon his head. Paul runs to Lexington for his life, and——Passed by the Board of Censors.

If motion pictures in the schools are to be successful aids to a juvenile education, they must be like in spirit and treatment those which the kiddies prefer.

Family Album Up to Date

Lives of movie stars remind us
We oblivion may avoid,
And, departing, leave behind us
Life-prints on the celluloid!

—Robert Innis.

SUGGESTION TO "HOLD-UP" MEN

Use a moving picture outfit, thereby avoiding all possible chance of interference from the police.

His Ambition

I ain't a-goin' to be a soldier—no,
Not even a general, though it's great to go
To war an' kill a hundred men or so.

An' I ain't goin' to go away out West,
Where they is Injuns, cowboys an' the rest,
Though I uster think that that 'ud be the best.

Nor I sha'n't be the clown in the circus when
They all can't ride the mule but him, an' then
They all try to, an' get bucked off again.

No, sir! I'm goin' to run a picture show—
The very swellest kind they is, yo' know—
So's, whenever they feel like it, my kids can go!

The Movie Cook Stove

In replying to his wife's suit for divorce, William McCutchen, a traveling salesman, declares his willingness to pay alimony to escape living with his wife, who, he alleges, neglected him for the movies.—*Item of Court News.*

THIS is not a new type of court item. The movies have been blamed ere now for little lapses in housekeeping, so it is not surprising to note a further allegation upon the part of the husband that "he had to get his own supper and wash the dishes." Where is this thing to stop? Where is the movie house manager who will rise to the higher levels of his profession and save homes, as well as provide amusement and relaxation? Should a housekeeping woman be denied the solace and the uplift of the movies? No. On the other hand, should her husband be obliged "to get his own supper and wash the dishes"? Again, no. The solution obviously is a movie theater fitted with a number of kitchen ranges, coal or gas included, for the use of movie patrons who will pay a slight increase over the customary admission fee. To such a theater the housewife brings the evening dinner in its raw state, "puts it on," and enjoys the show while keeping one eye on the potatoes. She fetches her own kitchen ware, keeps it when not in use in a locker hired from the theater, and takes home her husband's dinner, perfectly prepared, in a large basket provided by the management and leased by the month. Thus she sees the show to its last ultimate reel, and thus, likewise, her husband sees his dinner at its regular hour. Given efficiency, the result is felicity. Where is the movie man big-hearted enough, filled with sufficient love of humanity, to strive for and to earn the glorious title of "The Home Saver"? Everybody but lawyers will wring his hand and call him blessed.

PATHE

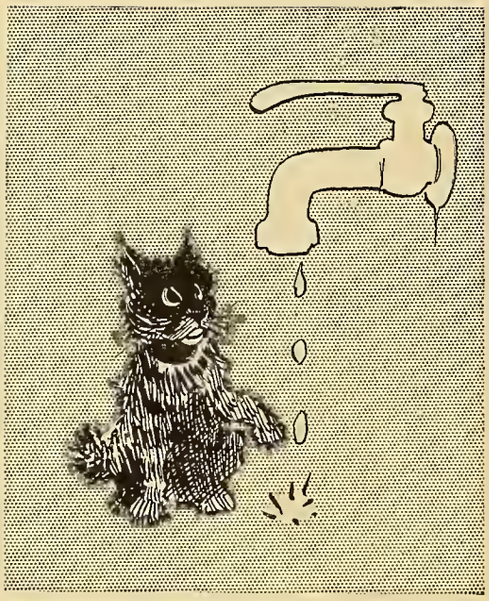
"Fire the Cook"

A Toto Comedy

IT is in a millionaire's hangout as it is to-day. All is quiet and serene until it comes time for the old man's breakfast, and then it is about as quiet as New Year's Eve on Broadway. Aside from the gout, lumbago and torpid liver, he is as happy as

the day is long. He decides to have one nice fish for breakfast. While *Cookie* gets ready the batter—and you know batter is one of the old standbys of a one-reel comedy—the playful cat—yes, yes, you guessed it.

But in this millionaire's ranch there is a pool of real water in the conservatory, and in the pool some gold fish, guarantee 18 karat. *Cookie* spears one, and *Mr. Grouch* breakfasts in state and in his pajamas.



Reel One.

"Animated Nature" Films Are Sometimes Staged in the Home Circle

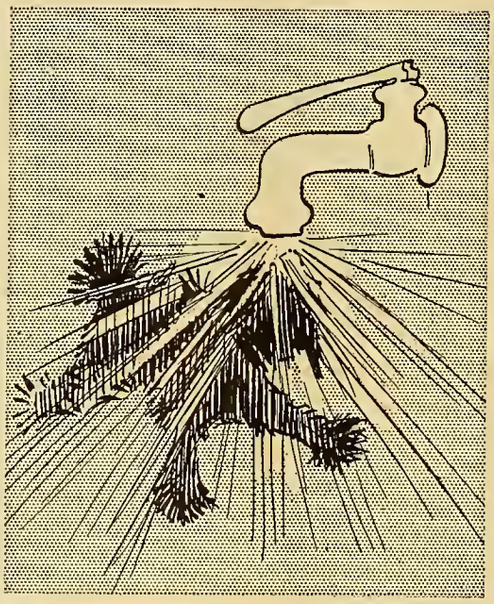
Reel Two.

Movie Variations

THE poor, dumb, idiotic ignoramus who says movies are movies is more to be pitied than the silly fish who wears rubbers and carries an umbrella when the morning paper says "rain before night."

Movies are not movies. There are nearly fifty-seven varieties. Movies are simply nickel-orgies. They followed the era of shifting pictures and are almost as extinct as a dollar-and-a-half shore dinner. Next door, or at best a block away, there are film dramas for a dime, fifteen and twenty-five. Sandwiched in between motion pictures and photoplays we find the Messrs. Whoozis' latest success, "Much To Do for Nothing." A title like that is too good for a movie or photoplay, so they call it a screen version. Next in order comes the cinematograph. Across the street Mr. Wisenheimer advertises a cinema production, while the press agent for "the world's greatest producer" calls his lord and master's product a supreme effort and lets the public guess at the rest. It costs a dollar a guess at the box office and two bucks on the curb. Speculators never bother with ordinary movies.

A person who expects anything more than plain, ordinary movies for a dime has no right to share the blessings of this world. When you cough up a whole bill for somebody's supreme effort, you're entitled to variations. Variations come high, and you've got to pay for them.



Reel Three.

"Good night!"

There are all kinds of variations. When you lean against one of those supreme efforts for a whole evening, you get more variations than there are bones in a spring shad. Variations range from beating the tom-tom back stage, in illustrating a hulu dance, to rubbing sandpaper for waves on the beach.

When the war came along, it brought another quota of variations, some of which consist of kicking a bass drum, with an accompanying smell of burned powder, or making a noise like a gas motor to illustrate the flight of an American ace over the enemy lines. The orchestra members usually concoct these noises, but they get a chance to loaf when the film unfolds a poison-gas scene. Somebody ought to open a gas jet. Small boys are strong for variations, but most people prefer to take their movies with silence.

Conscientious admirers of the silent drama always check their home troubles with their hats. Their hearts throb like a Diesel engine when the hero tucks a kiss under his sweetheart's left ear, and they're sure they can hear him whisper words of love. But the clever lip reader detects his sweetheart's threat to wallop the big stiff on the mush if he steps on her foot again. There was talk once of movies supplanting the spoken drama, but that was before the high cost of living.

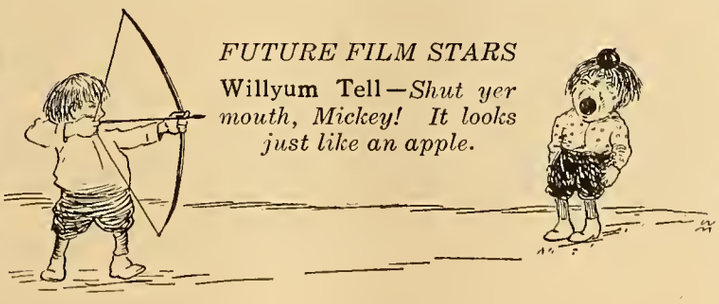
THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Moving picture actor—*Hurry up with that drink! I've just been thrown over a precipice, packed in a trunk, shipwrecked, dropped out of a balloon, and burned at the stake, and I'm thirsty!*

Charlie Chaplin

By W. R. Hoefer

I met him near a movie place, this fat man, full of glee. A grin was chasing o'er his face. He cackled, "Hee-hee-hee!" He laughed so hard I thought he'd choke, and said to him: "Old chap, pray tell me what's the blooming joke that wrinkles up your map." "Oh! Ho-ho-ho!" the man replied. "Ha-ha! Why, sir, I saw a film that made me bust my side; this Chaplin; haw-haw-haw!" The tears were streaming from his eye. He roared and shook his head. I wondered if this Chaplin guy was funny as he said. "I'll see this Chaplin if I can," quoth I, and ambled in; and soon appeared the funny man who makes a nation grin. His shoes were large, his mustache small; he swung a bamboo stick; and then I saw that wasn't all—he also swung a brick. His gait was not a walk or run; he moved with gliding hop. He started rows with everyone and nearly killed a cop. He stole another fellow's girl. He tipped his funny lid, and when he ran and tried to whirl, I roared to see him skid. He ambled gayly through the park; he robbed a fellow's purse. He stole a baby for a lark and kissed the baby's nurse. He made me smile, he made me grin, he made me howl and roar. My seat gave 'way amid the din; I rolled about the floor. A girl beside me looked severe, then smiled, then giggled loud. A matron snickered in my ear and joined the roaring crowd. A man behind me laughed so hard, he cracked beneath the strain. An usher, later, said he died of Chaplin on the brain. Oh, Charlie is the laughter king! He rules with mirthful sway. Some others pull the Chaplin thing, but not the Chaplin way. They ape the funny Chaplin gait; they try to dress the part; but one thing none can imitate is Charlie Chaplin's art.



FUTURE FILM STARS

Willyum Tell—*Shut yer mouth, Mickey! It looks just like an apple.*

"Blindfolded"

Peggy takes her post-graduate course in the gentle art of "cracking a safe."

IN Bessie Barriscale's Paralta play, "Blindfolded," she gives a delightful portrayal of *Peggy Muldoon*, a girl raised to the belief that no man ever gained riches honestly, and therefore it is no real wrong to rob those who have wealth. From the pages of Emerson she learns a new standard of moral ethics and astounds the gang she is working with by "going straight." How she meets and falls in love with a young bank clerk and how she does not know that he was formerly a member of the old gang, until the crucial moment comes, forms one of the most fascinating screen portrayals in which this delightful star has ever appeared.

"This is my last day in jail; now I am going straight."

A shadow from the past.

"Ah, gee, get a can-opener!"

Peggy realizes what Emerson meant by "Happy will that house be in which relations are formed from character."

PARALTA

The real criminal is forced to face the man who knows.

SATURDAY NIGHT—SMALL TOWN

"Did yuh git th' fish fer t'morra?" "Uh-huh." "An' th' cabbage?" "Uh-huh." "An' th' cheese an' th' onions?" "Yep." "Well, come on: let's go to a movin' picture show."

Overheard at the Movies

What Mazie says to Bill—I don't think she's so awfully pretty, do you? It's just the way she rolls her eyes, and anybody can do that. She looks something like my cousin, Ellabelle Blitz, and I never thought *she* was pretty, goodness knows. I don't know what people see in these film stars, anyway. Lots and lots of girls off the stage have prettier faces, don't you think so?

A middle-aged patron to his wife—What? Who? Oh, the girl in the picture! Yes, I think she's got kind of a pretty face. But, say, here's what I want to know. What in thunder is it that keeps her dress from falling off? What? No, I have *not* any personal interest in such things. I'm simply asking for cold-blooded information.

A middle-aged woman to her husband—I don't see how you can rave over her at all. I *used* to think she was pretty and sweet, but ever since her husband got a divorce from her—I read about it in the papers last week—I'm just through with her. The idea of a divorced woman capering about with her hair down her back and playing those innocent little schoolgirl parts! It's disgusting!

Somebody in back of you to somebody else—Oh, ain't she lovely! Gee, I think she's lovely! I think she's just the loveliest thing! Say, don't *you* think she's the loveliest thing? Oh, *I* do! *Why* don't you? *Why* don't you think she's lovely? I always come when *she's* here. Gee, I don't see *how* you can say she ain't lovely! Just look at her in that scene now. Honest, I don't see how you can say *she* ain't lovely! Gee, I wish we could go round to the stage door and wait for 'em to come out, the way we uster in the stock companies. I think she's lovely. (*Continues indefinitely.*)

Every girl to herself—Betcha *I* could do as good as she does, 'f I had the chance.

What Ed says to Bill—Some kiddo, ain't she, Bill? You said it!

Lizzie, 37, to Emma, 39—I think she has a *very* ordinary figure!

"Three or four of you kids can come in now."

Telling About the Picture

(*You can supply the essential words yourself; probably you have heard them often*)

"OH, I enjoyed it ever so much! Really, it was one of the best movies I ever saw. You see, the story was about a and a——— Willie, if you don't stop wriggling in your chair, mamma will send you away from the table! Yes, I mean it. Well, this and and this other man, he and then, when this first one I was telling you about, not the other one, saw that he and and I *am* telling you about it just as fast as I can. If you don't care to listen, you don't need to, but you don't have to be rude about it.

"Well, then they showed on the screen the and the girl not the girl who had the secret formula, but the other one who and she— No, Eleanor, you may not have another piece of steak, and if you interrupt mamma again, you shall have no dessert. Well— Oh, there is one part I forgot to tell you about! At the very beginning there was a and a and it seems this girl was his own daughter, although nobody knew it but the man everyone thought was dead. No, not the first man; the man who came into the log cabin and hid the birth certificate under the hearthstone. Don't you pay *any* attention at all to what I am saying?

"Why don't I get to the interesting part? Well, I'm *trying* to get there just as fast as I can. Willie, if you don't stop jiggling those tea spoons— Now I've forgotten where I was. No, there isn't any train wreck in this picture. Is that all you care about—train wrecks? Well, when this girl found she was alone with the Baron in the old and and cellar full of rats, she screamed and and he grabbed— George, I passed over the fact that you yawned three times, but when you start to push your chair back from the table while I am trying to talk, I think"——

(*This story has no end, but white paper is expensive*)

The Humor Test

"The principal thing, after all, about film humor is to recognize it when you see it."—*Sidney Drew.*

If in doubt, wait until the pie is thrown; then you may know for sure that it is not a "vampire" film you are watching. A few simple rules, carefully memorized, will enable anyone to recognize film humor, with a little practice. A film is funny

When sweaters are worn with dress suits.
When policemen wear chin whiskers.
When motor cars run around in circles.
When boxing gloves contain horseshoes.
When little men carry pianos upstairs.
When fat men carry light bamboo canes.

These will be enough for the first lessons. It is but fair to Sidney Drew, however, to add that none of his film humor is responsive to such tests.

Victory for the Allies

Chicago, "the censorist village of the plain," is rejoicing over the suspension of its big-chief censor, Major Funkhauser, by the acting chief-of-police. Some of the fans refer to the joyful event as a glorious victory for the Allies. You may remember "Der Major" was much aghasted at Mary Pickford's "The Little American" and fought against its presentation. Raus mit der Maje!

To Look Like Mary Pickford

OH, Mabel wants, though short and fat,
To look like Mary Pickford!
And Stella wants, though tall and flat,
To look like Mary Pickford!
And Elsie, who is very plain,
But, nonetheless, extremely vain,
Attempts, with all her might and main,
To look like Mary Pickford!

Oh, Cora wants, though poppy-eyed,
To look like Mary Pickford!
And Edna wants (her mouth is wide!)
To look like Mary Pickford!
And Fanny, freckled from her birth,
Arousing sympathy or mirth,
Desires, above all else on earth,
To look like Mary Pickford!

Although it may be nice, of course,
To look like Mary Pickford,
It makes some happy, others cross,
To look like Mary Pickford!
Note my opinion, you who read:
To wed have Kate and I agreed;
She is so sweet, she does not need
To look like Mary Pickford!

—*Harold Seton.*

The Quest of the "Scenario"

TIME was when the picture-puzzle fad held us fast in its jig-saw grip. Earlier still, the croquet expert wicketed himself in the glow of public attention. And there once was a day when a natty pair of side-burns sufficed to establish one securely upon a high rung of the social ladder. But, to-day, the fad du monde is to create moving picture plots, or, to lapse into semi-technical diction, "scenarios." FILM FUN gives below a sample scenario, written by one of our readers, a mere boy of twenty-one years, with no preparation other than a college education:

THE LOST DIGAMMA

A Too-real Scenario in Three Quivers

Scene 1— ones comes down to breakfast. As he enters, his wife leaps from behind the door and deals him a vicious blow with a rolling pin. (This is always tremendously funny.) The cook enters, carrying six dozen dishes, which she conveniently drops on Jones's head, thus pulling down the icebox, sideboard, china cabinet and, accidentally, one paper wall of the home.

The Unpopular Movies.

Scene 2—Jones is now a full-fledged cowboy—cocker spaniel trousers, spurs and all. (There doesn't seem to be much connection between these two scenes, but that will develop in due time.) Jones is pursued by three very red-faced Indians, who stop now and then to let him keep ahead, as he has a slower horse. Gully-eyed Bobbo, the half breed villain, comes upon the scene of action, rolls his eyes until you think they're going to pop out of their sockets and shakes his fist at the Belle Center church, five miles away. (He simply must shake his fist. No picture is complete without a fist-shaking villain.)

Scene 3—Jones comes into his downtown office. Sees Smith in the act of cutting the front out of his cardboard safe with a paper cutter. Smith stabs Jones. Office boy stabs Smith. Mrs. Jones cuts throat of office boy. Mrs. Smith enters, and the two women pull each other's hair. (This always creates a riot of laughter.) The toreador (now we see the connection) finds the gold on the center of the dining-room table, where it had been hidden for over twenty years. Bessie lives with her grandfather in her old age.

(Approved by Those Bored of Censorship)

A CLOSE-UP

The Actor—*Most extraordinary dream I'm having! I seem to have gone into the movies.*

Absent

Come along to the "movies." Follow the crowd. We sob when it sobs, and, in turn, laugh aloud. Our hearts freely leap to the maid on the curtain, whose job is to weep when her feelin's are hurtin'. We pity the chap who has landed in prison—would gladly exchange all our pleasures for his'n. But where is the fellow with pity to feel for the soul in the coop who is turning the reel?

Direct from the Front

"Camouflage" is what makes Fanny Ward appear young enough to be her own daughter.

SEEING NEW YORK

Hostess (*to Western relation who supposed New York consisted of the Great White Way*) — *Cousin Jim, here is some lobster salad I had John get especially for you at the delicatessen store. After dinner we can go to a moving picture show, and then to-night I will make up a bed for you on the couch. We do hope you will enjoy your visit to New York.*

Seeing Battles Over Again

By ERNEST A. DENCH

BATTLES and other things associated with warfare seem to hold a particular charm for film producers. Probably it is because they satisfy their eternal lust for rapid action. The best critic of their work is the veteran who has participated in the originals of some of these staged battles.

"What gets over me," said an old veteran, "is why these here film men spoil a good, thrilling picture of some particular battle by introducing some sloppy love affair. Fiction is all very well in its place, but when I see a film advertised as 'The Battle of So-and-So,' I naturally expect it to be purely a war spectacle."

Continuing, he remarked: "Some pictures, by their errors, annoy me so much that it is a wonder I have the patience to sit them through. The ignorance displayed would disgrace the average schoolboy. In one picture of British army life I recall to mind I found the infantry wearing spurs, while the sergeant-major struts in conceitedly with nine medals on his tunic, but he was silly enough to wear his Victoria Cross on the wrong side. In a Civil War drama I noticed a soldier rushing to save his comrades, but he actually passed several motor cars on the way! But even worse was a film which depicted 'The Battle of Naseby.' The scene in particular was a field, in which a stiff fight between Royalists and Roundheads took place. My attention was distracted from the doings of Cromwell's men to an express train passing along in the background!

"The producer has a similar pitfall in an American Revolution film. The soldiers wore uniforms that were not adopted until forty years after, while the roads the men marched through were actually equipped with telegraph poles and wires!

"A court-martial figured in a drama. Twice the number of members permitted by British army regulations were introduced. And the uniforms—well, their wearers looked as though they had just come from a fancy-dress ball!

"Very few photoplays respect the ranks of our defenders from soldiers up to the officers. Apparently all are on the same level.

"Napoleon, in a much boomed production, resembled the Emperor about as much as Lord Kitchener did. On the horses were saddles, some bearing the E. R. sign, others G. R.; yet both were a hundred years before their time. The soldiers were the most lifeless regiment I have yet seen. On being shot, they fell down like mechanical dolls, but first hesitated where they should fall. Evidently they weren't taking any risks. Several put their helmets over their eyes as a protection from the glaring sun. Of course, they were supers, caring little else but for their

several dollars a day; but it is a pity that the producers do not take care to secure a more military-looking set of men. A good idea would be to organize a film army with suitable raw hands. They could receive the same training as an ordinary soldier, and when they are efficient, their services could be hired by the different film companies.

"A retired officer like me would drill them, and when a war production is in progress, our expert advice would be at their disposal. This would mean that there would be an end to all the silly errors that at present abound at the photoplay theaters. I do not wonder that the British army authorities decline to loan any of their soldiers to the producers. The pictures are said to portray real life, but 'reel' (this with a smile) life is evidently something quite different."

Soliloquy of the Director

To think or not to think—
That is the question.
Suffering Props! If I only
Could make 'em think!
Before I went into
The Movies,
I used to hunt Ivory
And couldn't find any;
But now
It's different.
All the Ivory in the World
Is Assembled in this
Piece!
Gee! my Head aches
And
I'm Tired and Sad and
My Edges are Frayed out
And
I'm Hungry and Sleepy
And
The Star is acting like a Sick Cat
Because her Neck
Is Sunburned.
The Leading Man looks like
A Wooden Gargoyle,
And
The Heavy, as an Actor, is the best
Dog Catcher
I ever saw!
The Juvenile is
A Piece of Cheese,
And
The Extras are almost as
Intelligent as
Fried Eggs!
This story is a cross between
A Nightmare and a picture
Of
The Dismal Swamp!
I wish I had a good job
Collecting ashes.
Good-night!

MOON COMEDIES

There is never a dull moment in "His Finish" from the time when the father of the girl institutes a contest between her rival suitors. She agrees to marry the one who devises the best method to catch the Kaiser.

Could You Use an Extra Hundred Dollars?

THAT sum will buy a Liberty Bond, and here's an easy way for five of you to earn it. Five prizes, each $100 cash, will be paid for criticisms of Moon Comedies, shown on the Proctor and Loew circuits, and in most movie theaters of New York and neighboring cities. See them, write your criticism briefly, and send to "Contest Editor, Moon Comedies, care Sunshine Films, Inc., 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, N. Y." Your full name and home address must be on the manuscript. The contest closes October 1st, and payment to the five fortunate ones will be made October 15th, 1918. The judges—Mr. M. Binham, 22 North William Street, and Mr. S. Wald, 2653 Decatur Street, N. Y. City, and Mr. H. Jensen, 37-A Cooper St., Brooklyn—who have no connection with Sunshine Films, Inc., will designate the five most skillfully constructed criticisms. Pamphlets descriptive of comedies as they appear are obtainable free of charge at ticket offices of moving picture houses and at the above-mentioned office of Sunshine Film, Inc.

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Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

No. 353—SEPTEMBER, 1918

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Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from a previous page)

were so thoroughly rehearsed that no direction was given when the different scenes were photographed. "Before the camera, the player has nothing to think about except the director's instructions," says Mr. Belasco, which shows how pitifully little he knows about it. As to the "inspiration of an audience" being necessary for good acting, did Mr. Belasco ever have an actor in his employ who said: "I cannot rehearse. I'm never any good at rehearsal, but I'll be all right at the performance"? Did Mr. Belasco ever know an actor who was no good at rehearsal who was any good at the performance? "The hero must be cast in the mold of an Apollo." How about Bill Hart, George Beban and Charlie Chaplin? Where would the pretty boys, such as Francis Bushman, J. Warren Kerrigan or Carlyle Blackwell, figure in a popularity contest with these three?

"Deep emotions, when they are faithfully expressed, tend to distort the features and intensify the facial line," continues Mr. Belasco. That is true in some cases. Emily Stevens illustrates this point, and Emily Stevens is annoying on the screen to some on that account. But no pretty little nonentity gets away with the effect of emotion, either. She is equally annoying, unless she has temperament or intelligence. Mr. Belasco seems to overlook the fact that brains show in the face; that thought or feeling is not merely a matter of screwing up the muscles of the face. Intelligence, thought and feeling are recorded by the camera without the necessity of facial distortions. Even hands on the screen express stupidity or intelligence.

The Way of the Spendthrift

Mr. Belasco thinks he could produce a picture telling his story "not by a correlation of incidents," but by the facial expression of the actors, and not use the "close-up." He'll be a wiser man after he has tried it. And he'll be wiser yet after taking all the scenes in a picture "consecutively," as he says he'd do. He would not have money enough left to ever take another one. Imagine taking one scene—an interior in the studio—then going forty miles to take an exterior, back to the studio, forty miles to the location, and so on for forty scenes, which is just one contingency that might arise! Mr. Belasco is also ambitious to regulate a picture's speed of projection. To do this he would have to maintain a corps of expensive operators and control his own theaters. A "cold picture of life" the screen is destined to remain, concludes this famous theatrical manager. No, no! It has not been so in the past, is not in the present and will not be in the future. I have seen as genuine and as copious tears shed and heard as hearty laughter at the showing of a motion picture as ever obtained during the acting of any one of the hundreds of plays I have witnessed. The motion picture has borrowed from other arts, but the theater has at least borrowed from literature, of which fact perhaps Mr. Belasco is aware. If Mr. Belasco ever condescends to honor the motion picture profession by making a production of his own, I hope he will forget about "Tiger Rose"!

Her Career

(Continued from a previous page)

mid her wreaths and gold, she'd watch a wife and husband go, with children, to the movie show—some good, fat wife, who never yearned, in whom no high ambitions burned; who was content to wear old lids and rear a bunch of hungry kids; some dowdy housewife, frayed and poor, whose feet had walked in paths obscure.

And Mae would view this toilworn dame, an ancient shawl upon her frame, as she went waddling with her hub, fresh from the stove or washing tub; and Mae would heave a mighty sigh and shed a tear from her left eye.

Then tawdry all her honors seemed, and vain the things of which she'd dreamed. She had diplomas in her room, but no old withered orange bloom; and she had medals in her chest, but no man's arm on which to rest; and she had gems to pick and choose, but no worn pair of baby's shoes. And, through a blinding mist of tears, she looked back on the vanished years and wished again young men might kneel and beg her, with true lovers' zeal, to name the day on which they'd find true bliss and leave all grief behind.

Meanwhile the wife and husband go, with kiddies, to the movie show.

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"Therefore, you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

"I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditions with unfailing results."

It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron.

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But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children, is alas, not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

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Who's Who and Where

GOLDWYN

"The Three Goldwyn Graces"—Madge Kennedy, Geraldine Farrar and Mae Marsh.

Mitchell Lewis and his director, Bertram Bracken, have been busily engaged at Idlewild, Cal., in filming exterior scenes for the new feature production. The play isn't named yet, but the play affords opportunities for good work surpassing "The Barrier" or "The Sign Invisible." The supporting cast includes Tom Santschi, Vivian Rich and Margaret Landis.

Two new Hayakawa pictures are soon to be released through Mutual. They are productions of the Haworth Company, under the star's own direction. In "His Birthright," Marion Sais is leading lady, and Tsuru Aoki, the talented wife of the star, has an important role. "The Temple of Dusk" includes the appearance of a bevy of charming Nipponese Geisha girls in native dances.

A series of articles dealing with the making of photoplays, written by Will M. Ritchey, is soon to appear. This will be good news to the large and growing army of "intending" scenario writers. Material of this sort is in great demand. "Film Folks," by Rob Wagner, recently published by The Century Company, supplies valuable information as well as amusement. With these books, due diligence and patience, success is assured sooner or later.

Keep Your Liberty Bonds

HOLD to that bond. You invested to help send the boys across. They are over now, at grips with the German monster. You expect them to hold on—hold on till the last vestige of autocracy is crushed out of him. Then you, too, must hold on—must keep your enlisted dollars invested on the fighting line.

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And your investment. Those bonds are the safest investment you ever made. Don't be lured into exchanging them for the "securities" of some suave get-rich-quick operator. Big returns may be promised, but the bigger the promised returns the bigger the risk.

If you have to have money, take your bond to any bank and use it as collateral for a loan. There is no security the banker would rather have—nothing on which he will lend more willingly.

Don't use bonds to buy merchandise. The average merchant, accepting your bonds in trade, sells them immediately, thus tending to lower their market price and taking away from the buyer of your bonds the ability to lend a corresponding amount of money to his Government. Liberty Bonds are meant to help your country at War; are meant for investment and to provide an incentive for saving and a provision for the rainy day.

Hold fast to your Liberty Bonds. Hold fast for the sake of the boys "Over There". Hold fast because it is good business.

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A Monthly Reel of Laughs

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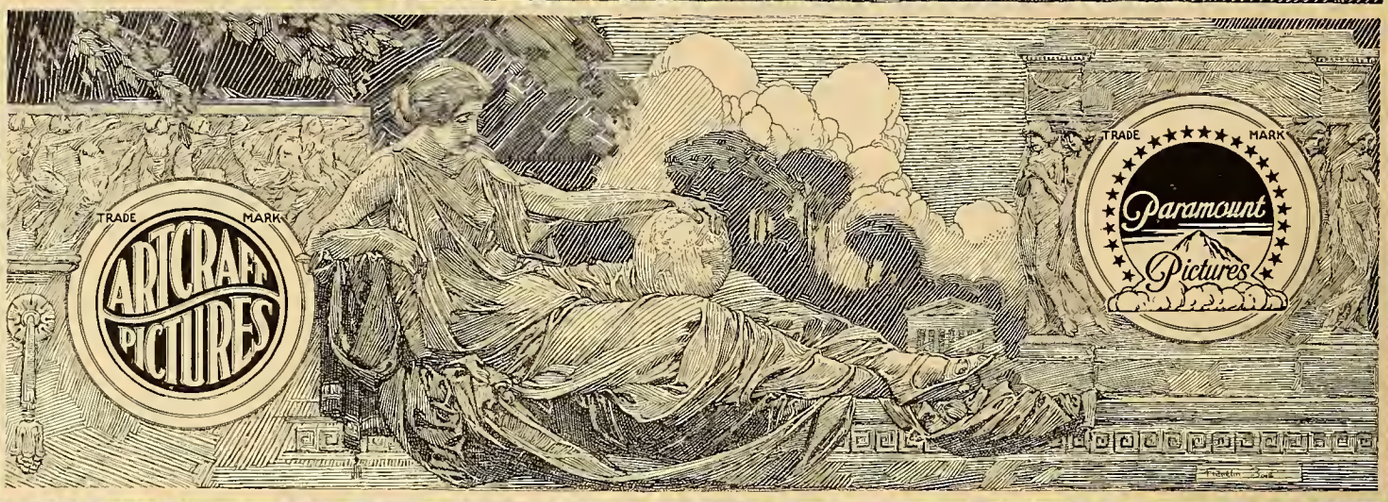

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NEW YORK

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FOX

With such "location" his, one understands
The reason for the actor's prayerful hands.

He offers thanks, and thinks it providential,
That such a job as this is deemed "essential."

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine
Devoted to the Best Interests of All
Motion Picture Art and Artists

OCTOBER—1918

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GOLDWYN

BAIN PHOTO

Geraldine Farrar, singing "The Star Spangled Banner" from the steps of the New York Public Library, in aid of the Third Liberty Loan, and in the picture below the crowd that cheered her to the echo and then subscribed for bonds with spendthrift enthusiasm.

Buy a Bond

By Berton Braley

IT isn't much your country asks of you—
Merely to lend your cash for freedom's sake,
That this great conflict may be carried through
Until the fiendish Prussian might shall break.
Thousands of men in khaki give their lives
Freely and gladly in this holy war;
If Truth endures and Liberty survives,
You must back up the cause they're fighting for.

It isn't much your country asks of you—
Your dollars—not your blood—to help us win.
While soldiers in the trenches dare and do,
They want to know, amid the battle din,
That you are with them, bearing, here at home,
Your loyal share. Surely you will respond,
For if you cannot fight across the foam,
This much you can do—you can Buy a Bond

It isn't much your country asks of you—
You who are safe where life is bright and fair;
It asks that with your *money* you prove true
To those who battle for you, over there.
You are not asked to face the screaming shell
Or risk your life where cannon boom and throb,
But just to help the boys in all that hell
By lending cash to arm them for their job.

It isn't much your country asks of you—
Only to lend your dollars, not to give,
That everything we hold as fair and true,
Decent and human, may not cease to live.
If you would keep your land from Belgium's fate,
And save your freedom, *now*, you will respond.
Back up our boys who fight the Hosts of Hate.
Your Nation calls—for God's sake, Buy a Bond!

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

THE pretty girl crop in California has not been blighted, but they still consider it necessary to Hooverize—on raiment.

The answer man in "The Classic" is called on to explain that it was Shakespeare, and not Francis X. Bushman, who wrote, "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

Word comes from Metro's West Coast studios that music off scene has been discontinued. What they've done to the salary list is all any player needs to enable him to "register sorrow."

A close-up of a "h'ant" in convincing postures is promised us in "The Ghost of the Rancho," a five-reel comedy drama featuring Bryant Washburn and Rhea Mitchell. Who's afraid?

Darrell Foss has sold his alarm clock and invested the proceeds in thrift stamps. He says all his Hollywood neighbors are named "Hennery" and what's the use of an alarm when a simple cock-a-do'll do.

The way to keep Young has been discovered in California. Clara Kimball has decided she will make pictures hereafter until further notice in the West Coast studios, where the coal shortage ceases from troubling.

"Neither measles nor matrimony for a year from date of execution of this contract" is what any girl who wants to work for the Christie Films Company must agree to. 'S all right. But why couldn't they have put in "divorce," too, if they don't want any distractions?

"The Great Water Peril" isn't prohibition propaganda. It's a Toto comedy—the last of this series, after completing which this favorite funmaker will return to vaudeville. Seems a bit queer that this picture immediately follows his "Dippy Daughter."

Win-the-war enthusiasm is exactly what one who knows the West would expect to find out there, but it may be carried a bit too far. Aileen Percy reports that the tombstones in the old cemeteries she lately visited in San Diego carry the sign, "Wake up! Your country needs you!"

Madam Olga Petrova visited thirty-five cities in forty days' time and raised nearly a half million dollars in a War Savings Stamp tour. Then she was asked to donate the tattered raiment which survived the strenuous struggle, and the two worn gowns were auctioned for a considerable sum.

A flashback—well, what else would you call it? Seattle to New York, over the Lincoln Highway, Mrs. Linda A. Griffith, our Free Lance contributor, is driving her own machine. The best run so far recorded for one day was 160 miles, into Spokane. She will tell you all about it next month.

Los Angeles at last has smirched its record for being accessible to any location for any clime, race, creed or period of time. A director searched in vain through the former "beer belt" for one of those saloons with a frothing stein frescoed on its front. Never mind. If they'd found it, think what the censors would have done to the film.

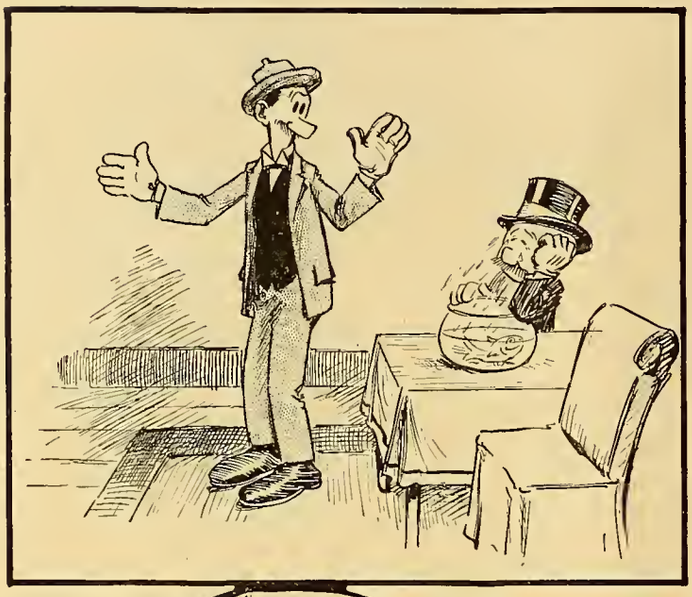
Ethel Barrymore, in "Our Mrs. McChesney," will make a winning picture, a feature of which will be a genuine fashion show, with well-known models wearing the latest creations. Women who want to see this photoplay will have to go early to avoid the rush—of men—some of whom explain their presence in such large numbers at these dress rehearsals by saying they believe in "preparedness."

How film folks do revive old fashions! Here is Charlie Chaplin "taking the cake." The *Green Room Magazine* of Australia awards each year an enormous and luscious cake to the favorite of stage or film whose work has contributed most to "the gayety of nations." This year they have declared for "A Dog's Life." The cake, now in transit, required considerable cargo space.

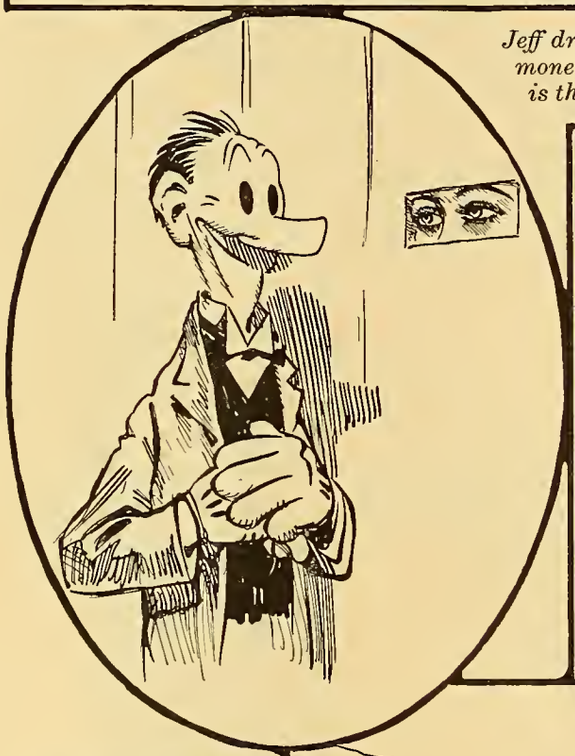
Why doesn't some one of the many valorous ones who suffer the misfortune of having been born too soon to get into active service arrange a fashion show of uniforms? More than twenty different styles for women in war service so far have received government approval. Louise Glaum says a good many more would enroll for service if there was any way of finding out if one would look well in the uniform she would be required to wear.

When this director says "roll over," "jump through," "walk lame," or "play dead," they all do it, and don't you go to thinking you'd be the exception, for there's never been any.

The Movie Firm of Mutt and Jeff

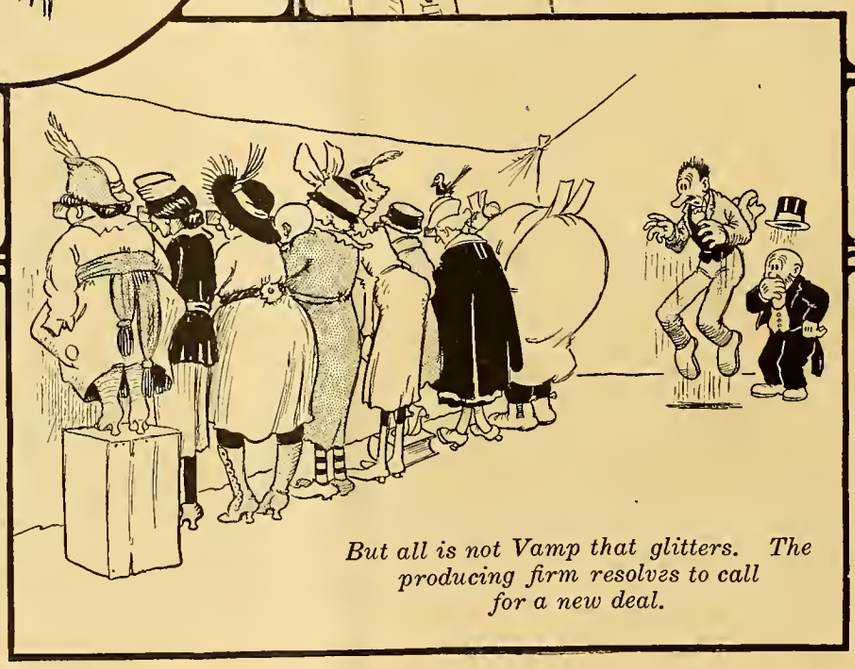


Jeff drowns the goldfish with his tears on hearing that some one has left him money. Mutt bears up bravely and suggests that the quick way to fortune is the motion picture business, with an investment in Vampire Preferred.



"Give their eyes the once-over; that's the way to tell Vampires," says Mutt, knowingly.

So the Vamps report at peepholes in a sheet and await the big decision.



But all is not Vamp that glitters. The producing firm resolves to call for a new deal.

With the Katzenjammer Kids elevating the screendom stage, the movie debut of Mutt and Jeff came along as naturally as a brick in a comic supplement. The secret of movie success being the signed contract of a reliable Vampire, the producing firm of Mutt and Jeff take novel steps to land a lure-lady. The proof of the Vampire is the spell of her eyes. This is good theory until the management takes a back profile view. Then the eyes no longer have it.

What the War Has Not Done to the Films

By EMMA LINDSAY SQUIER

TRIANGLE

Enid Bennett "demonstrating" that although wars may come and wars may go, we will always have M. M. M.—meaning men, money and movies.

"WAR Kills Movies! Mars Lays Iron Hand on Realm of Cinema, Throttling Silent Drama!" Such was the startling headline in a Los Angeles newspaper a few days ago, and it came as a brutal shock, since no one had suspected the motion picture industry of being defunct or even decadent. The article, written by a reporter with a ninety-mile imagination and a seven-passenger vocabulary, arrayed similes, metaphors and hyperboles in vivid panorama to describe the passing of the silver screen. The male stars had all gone to war or were going; hundreds of "extra men" were being nabbed daily as non-essentials; the price of celluloid had risen sky-high, and railroad rates made film shipments impossible; exhibitors were closing their doors, as their patrons were spending money for thrift stamps instead of entertainment. Outside of this, things were as usual.

It was a picture to make a film fan weep or a producer cuss. Being a retired newspaper person myself, I took the outburst with as much salt as Hoover would permit and went out to Hollywood to see what was or wasn't happening to the movies.

PARAMOUNT

A wizard of the West Coast studios, Cecil B. De Mille, whose magic spells are cast from this studio, a cross between a church and a hunting lodge.

No crape hung on the doorknob at Lasky's studio nor did the place have a deserted air. True, there was quite a bit of knocking going on, but it was being done by carpenters in a strictly legitimate manner.

Cecil B. De Mille was hard at work in his Gothic studio, which looks like a cross between a church and a hunting lodge, being done in severe dark oak, with stained-glass windows, hung with trophies of the chase, and carpeted with woolly bear rugs and Three Weeks tiger skins. When I broke the news about the movies' death, he seemed surprised.

"Hadn't heard of it," he remarked. "I'm working on three new features and expect to get at 'em right away. Someone has been misinformed. Stars — oh, of course, many of them have gone to war, but enough remain to make all the pictures we can turn out from now until Berlin surrenders. As for extras, they can arrest five hundred, and we'll find two hanging around where before one had feared to tread. As for celluloid prices, railroad rates and expenses generally, they may go heaven-high, but bear this in mind: we'll always have—M. M. M."

Madame Bernhardt wished she could do "zat walk, so drole, so fonnie."

"Meaning Mary Miles Minter?" I hazarded.

"Absolutely not," he denied. "I mean Men, Money, Movies."

When I went out on the lot, I noticed that Mary Pickford's little gray bungalow dressing-room was fenced in with barbed wire. I asked whether it was to keep Mary in or the reporters out, but it was neither; it had been used as part of a detention camp set, in a war picture not yet released. By the way, "Little Mary" isn't working now, being on a well-earned vacation at Santa Monica Beach. The bungalow is quite like Mary—petite, dainty and different. It is fitted up a la Japanese, a sort of artistic hang-over from "Madame Butterfly," with sliding doors, lacquered furniture and everything of a Pickford minuteness, except the 'phone, which is life size.

Out on stage four a gentleman in khaki was being helped into a facial bandage which completely covered everything except eyes and mouth.

"What's the idea of hiding the geography?" he was asking of the administering director.

No, he was not a wounded war hero, merely Fred Stone, late of vaudeville fame, who was thus being swathed to be "shot" in a scene of "The Goat," his last picture before he returns to the stage. The story concerns the fortunes of an ironworker, who has the misfortune to resemble the leading man of a movie company and is induced to "double" for him in some hazardous stunts with laughable results. The picture will show a great deal of the inner workings of the movies and ought to appeal to those fans who like to peep behind the scenes.

On another stage Elliott Dexter and Ethel Clayton were finishing a picture, and Elliott, whose voice is as soulful as his eyes and whose appearance is perfectly thrilling, even if he does need a haircut around the neck, told me that his next picture would be "The Squaw Man," directed by Cecil De Mille.

That was the first picture Mr. De Mille ever directed out West, many years ago, and they ran off the oldtimer the other night in the projection room, and it was—*funny.*

Clara Kimball Young, of the magnificent eyes and gowns, is taking a vacation in New York, having finished "The Savage Woman." It is taken from a French story, the title of which, literally translated, would be "The Wild Woman." And that, coming as a September (Morn?) release, would never get by the censors!

(Continued on page 30)

Those Flattering Films

Next to an unretouched photograph, the moving picture screen is the greatest flatterer in the world. It doesn't flatter those who appear in the pictures so much as those who sit in front and watch them.

Nobody can attend a moving picture show without being reasonably confident that he has assimilated everything. It is not like the spoken drama, where one learns, on picking up the paper the next morning, that he missed just about half the subtleties in the performance and came near losing the big idea of the whole thing. Everything is right where all of us can get each detail without effort, and in grabbing those details we find great matters for self-congratulation. Just as an instance, a picture of a young man is flashed upon a screen. He is sitting at a table, in a dreamy attitude. Finally there appears in the upper corner of the picture a portrait of a girl. The portrait appears slowly, as if through a mist. The young man's features take on a rapt expression. Everyone in the audience knows he is thinking about his sweetheart, as visualized in the upper part of the screen. A fat traveling salesman who Emma-McChesneyizes in crockery whispers loudly to his wife, "He's thinkin' about his girl," and then shakes hands with himself because of his cleverness in discovering the point and his quickness in making it known. The fat man is confident that he was the first in all that large audience to discover what the young man on the screen was thinking about. Then the young man in the picture takes up a desk telephone —something which no interior scene is without nowadays. Whereupon the fat man whispers, louder than before; loud enough for the row to hear:

"He's goin' to telephone to her. Didn't I tell you?"

Marvelous perspicacity of the fat man! The young man does telephone his sweetheart, who is seen answering, and who, of course, is none other than the young woman whose portrait appeared on the screen in the guise of a mental image.

The fat man scores another putout for himself. Before the evening ends, he scores forty putouts without a bobble —a record which the star shortstop in either big league could not equal. He goes home shaking hands with himself as a clever guy. Quick thinking, that, guessing those situations as fast as they came up. Not many could do it. And several hundred in the theater are thinking in the same strain with the fat man. They have caught everything the playwright threw to them. He didn't fool them for a quarter of a second. They could even tell how the play was going to come out almost two deep breaths and a gasp before the hero grabbed the heroine for the final fade-away clinch and kiss. Thus it is that the movies are getting in their evenings of insidious flattery and sending everybody home supremely pleased with himself, in good humor with his neighbors and content with his job.

THE LATEST GOSSIP OF THE MOVIES

A Hart to Hart Talk

"WELL, well, Bill, it looks as though I'd got the drop on me, doesn't it?"

"It sure does, William. There isn't anybody else who could have done it so neatly."

"Or done it at all, for that matter, when you come right down to it."

"You said something then, William. How does it seem to me to be looking in the face of a gun or two that won't weaken?"

"Very odd. In all my experience as a bad man, I never quite felt the same sensation. In a way, of course, it's a big relief."

"A big—what? Relief?"

"Yes. You know, ofttimes I have wondered whether there was anybody in the whole wide world who COULD get the drop on me. I'm not conceited. I felt sure all along that there must be a real he-man somewhere who could put it over, and that some day I should meet him. Now that I've met me and know the worst, it's a relief, as I told me, to get it done."

"But suppose it isn't over? Suppose I pull one of these triggers and shoot me? For, you know, I've the devil of a temper when I'm roused, William."

"I know you have, Bill."

"You've often seen my lips get tight and work in that deadly passionate way of mine, haven't you? And there isn't any girl around suddenly to reform me and make me good, you know. I'd just as soon shoot me as not, I feel that desperate."

"You wouldn't shoot a chap who had honestly turned square, would you, Bill?"

"That's just the point, William. I wouldn't believe me under oath when it comes to that turning square business. You're always reforming and always backsliding. If I let me go, the chances are that I'll ride right up the nearest canyon and rob an army pay wagon."

"You want to remember something before you let fly, Bill."

"Yes? What's that, William?"

"You're in as much danger from these guns as I am from those. Let's make a duel of it."

"But I might kill me!"

"If you did, that would be suicide, and suicide is a crime. Nobody does that in the movies except weaklings and ruined men. You're not a ruined man, are you, Bill?"

"Not while the movie game is as good as it is, William. Before I'd kill me, I'd shoot myself. Let's put up the guns and be pals."

"Done! But you're just about the only fellow I would lower my guns to, I want me to understand that!"

"I get you, William. Let's hike over the divide to the opposite page and have a look at Charlie Chaplin. He'll make me laugh, and I need a laugh now and then, never doing much of it in business hours."

"Say, Bill, there were only blanks in those forty-fours of mine."

"I knew it all the while, William. Same with my guns. No wonder we weren't scared of us!" —*A. H. F.*

Waiting for the Climax

Eddy, little Bobby's playmate, was asked by a motion picture company to pose for them. Later, when the picture was produced, Bobby went to see "him." Eddy played a very thrilling role of escaping from the pantry with a glass of jam just before his "aunt" went in search of him.

Bobby sat through the show, eying his playmate a little jealously, and then every day that week found Bobby spending his nickels for a front seat.

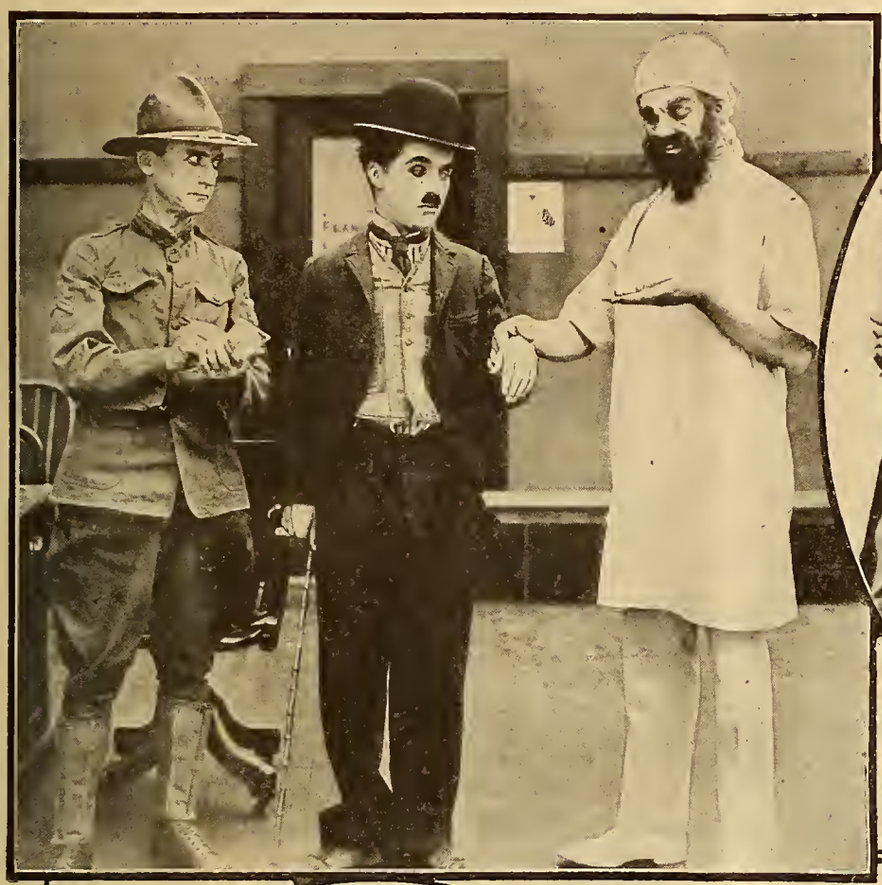
The manager of the show, becoming curious, asked the reason, and Bobby replied: "Some day that woman's gonna ketch 'im, an' I wanna see the fun."

Modern

She—I think that the constellations are very nicely named. There's Cassiopeia's Chair, Berenice's Hair, Great Bear, and——

He—Ah, but think of the names we could have given them in these days: Mary Pickford's Hair, Charlie Chaplin's Cane, Fatty Arbuckle's Pants, and so on.

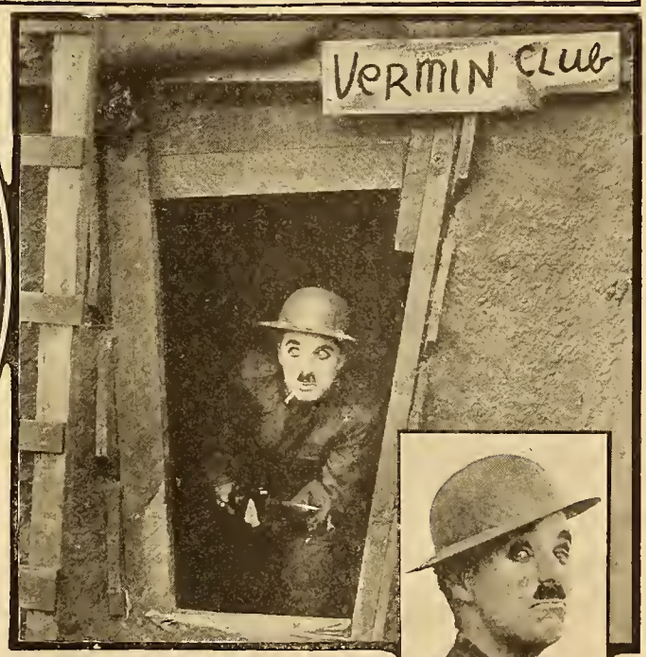
Charlie Chaplin Goes Over the Top



Cheerful Charlie about to deliver a heavy marching order, coffee pot, feed bag and all the rest of it.

The physical examination by the Draft Board. Despite the wan, despairing Chaplin eye, one cannot help feeling that the Doctor will get what is coming to him.

The face and bearing of a hero; also a hero-worshiper, Miss Lucille Cavanaugh.



Charlie's fighting face; grim-visaged war against the Hun or, it may be, the Cootie.

An Army Chaplin.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, in a screen version of the war, is booked to arrive at about the same time as the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive. Indeed, it is rumored, and not denied, that Secretary McAdoo had something important to say as to Charlie's appearance in khaki. From the dinky derby and the bamboo cane to the tin helmet and the army rifle is a transition which this page graphically illustrates. The name of this rift in the war clouds is "Shoulder Arms."

E D I T O R I A L

A Song of Sixteen Thousand Shirts

THE Stage Women's War Relief, when August returns were in, had sent abroad sixteen thousand baby dresses, made at their own cost and under their own supervision, from material they procured. They've sent hundreds of comfort kits. Their accomplishment is something to be proud of, but the baby dresses are the banner achievement.

The stage women—and that means the film favorites, too—have always had their own original ideas to work on. This time they invaded clubs, barber shops, billiard parlors, hotel lobbies and other meeting places of men, and tacked up in a conspicuous place one of the little garments, explaining the need for them and how they could be made from clothes no longer serviceable. The men responded "manfully." They co-operated gloriously; their enthusiasm seems to wax rather than wane.

Indications are not lacking that the haberdashers, as well as the refugee babies, are rising up to call the stage women "blessed." Which is as it should be. Among the workers who remodel the garments many war widows find congenial employment to meet their needs.

A Hint to Exhibitors

IN ALL cities throughout the country where there are training camps and cantonments, there are stranger lads with no place to go. Why don't you give them a night each week at your show-shop?

There is a motion picture and vaudeville house in New York, which we have quoted before in these columns, where they sing "God Save Our Men," at which such a plan is in successful operation. This is about the way they do it: They issue an invitation, let us say to the Red Cross, to give a theater party. The Red Cross accepts, saying that about 300 nurses will be there. The house buys and reserves that number of the best seats in the auditorium — front rows, center. Entertainers interpolate a few special numbers that fit the special guests, and as one of the boys said: "Good feeling is flagged a-comin' and a-goin'." There's no chance at all for the guests to spend any money.

We know of the following: A matinee to convalescents returned from the front—there were 400 of these; a party of the British-Canadian boys, 180; another, of 280, from the French battleships *Marseillais* and *Gloire;* another, 290, allied soldiers' and sailors' night; and still another, over 300, of the boys from the *San Diego*, with the band from the battleship *Huntington* as escort. That it has turned out to be an excellent thing for the house from a business standpoint is another demonstration of the truth in the old saying that "fame and fortune usually come to the men who have been thinking vigorously of something else."

We hope you may think it an experiment worth trying.

We Believe in Signs

MANY automobiles in the city of New York, a goodly number of which belong to movie folks, carry a beautiful sign upon the windshield, and the finer the car, the more the sign enhances its worth. It indicates, too, that the spiritual equipment of the owner is fine and fit. They are to be seen in Rolls-Royce cars and all intermediate grades, clear through to the "flivver" of the year-before-last. The lettering reads: "Men in the service, RIDE, if you are going our way."

Many a soldier and sailor boy will gladly bear witness that these signs mean what they say, for many a weary stranger has tried hailing a car that carries one, and been carried in comfort on his way. The boys are "for it," and the car owners who are trying this out as one way of "doing their bit" are recommending it to their friends as better than worth while. We would like to see the fashion generally adopted.

SELECT

WHO WOULDN'T BE PINCHED FOR SPEEDING?
Norma Talmadge, newly appointed deputy sheriff of Queens County, should do much for the county treasury.

The Star System

THE greatest stars of theater and opera are appearing in photoplays in greater numbers than ever before—Geraldine Farrar, Enrico Caruso, Ethel Barrymore, Fred Stone, Jack Barrymore and Anna Case, to mention only the most noted names appearing in casts of photoplays to be released in the early autumn. The plays in which they appear are suitable and are staged faultlessly. There could be no better opportunity than these pictures will afford the fans for deciding for or against the star system, with the enormous outlay it involves, which, of course, the picture theater patrons must pay. The box-office verdict may be awaited with interest.

No, this miserable old couple won't have to go to the poorhouse. They are prosperous young New Yorkers, employed by a film company.

The Coming Era

I HAD been away from New York six weeks. Great changes are apt to take place during these prolonged absences, and I was hungry for a glimpse of the Great White Way. It was barely seven when I hustled out upon Broadway, and they were just beginning to turn on the electric signs that blaze along that famous thoroughfare.

I paused before the Umphsteenth Street Theater.

"Rollo in the Country." Thus read the electric sign over the entrance to that historic playhouse.

"Praised by press, pew and pulpit," stated the posters flanking the doorway. I rubbed my eyes and wandered on.

"Elsie's School Days." This sign held me for an astonished moment in front of the Frivolity, home of doubtful screen dramas.

"Pure as the driven snow," was the supplementary indorsement.

In front of the Rotterdam Avenue Theater I encountered the rotund manager of that house.

"What's the matter with Broadway?" I stammered.

The manager grinned.

"You mean these pure films?" he responded.

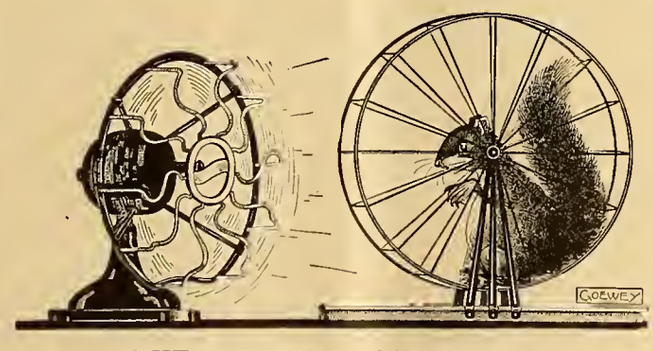
I nodded feebly.

"Well, you see, New York was tired of crook dramas and red-light shockers. There was bound to be a reaction. The pendulum has merely swung the other way; the strictly pure movie holds the boards now. I've got the greatest of them all," he boasted.

He touched a button, and his own electric sign flashed up:

"Our Native Wild Flowers."

"It's a knockout, my boy," chirped my friend, the manager. "It's a clean knockout, and a package of cubeb cigarettes goes with every orchestra coupon."



THE GENERAL COMPLAINT

The Squirrel—*That's the trouble with these moving pictures. They send 'em through too fast.*

Living Their Parts

A new picture of Preska Sheek, of "The Destitute's Fame."

The creator of "Polly," the heroine of "In Poverty's Grip."

Leisure moments with the charming "Nan," of "Hope in a Hovel" (3 reels).

Then and Now

1888

"GOOD-MORROW, friend! How fares the world with thee?"

"Well, and yet again well, friend. And how with thee?"

"Inspiringly. Never have I had a more uplifting journey with my fellows of the doublet and hose in the realm known as the provinces. We played our entire repertory of thirty-seven classical dramas, and everywhere were we greeted with crowded houses. The populace seems to love in exceeding measure the dramas of sweet Will Shakespeare. Our great star—forever honored be his name in the annals of the American stage! — was never more inspired. His *Hamlet* caused the pit to rise at him again and again. His *Macbeth* was acclaimed till methought the roof would fall on our heads. His combat on Bosworth Field brought the wildest plaudits of all, so masterly is his art of the fence. Faith, I can hardly wait till this night, when we appear in that delicious comedy, 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"

"As you say, good friend, 'tis a privilege to belong to our profession in these days. May the hours never grow less inspirational to the actor. Our brave star—and may her memory always be kept green by the American public—appeared in the roles in which she has endeared herself to the playgoers of all our centers of cultivation. Her *Beatrice* proved something to conjure by, and her *Rosalind* is something ever to treasure in the memory. To act with her is to be transported into an elysium of delight, so great an artist is she. To-night she appears as *Juliet*, and methinks she will have the whole house in tears, as is her wont, as a tribute to her art in the tomb scene."

"Au revoir, comrade, for I must be off to rehearse our next production, 'She Stoops To Conquer'—in faith, a witty play."

"Au revoir! I, too, must be at my daily task of memorizing my next role. To-morrow night we stage that brave tragedy, 'King Lear.'"

(Both actors shake hands formally, and exit.)

Leila Passementerie, the star of the 5-reel success, "Famine Days."

As It Is in 1918

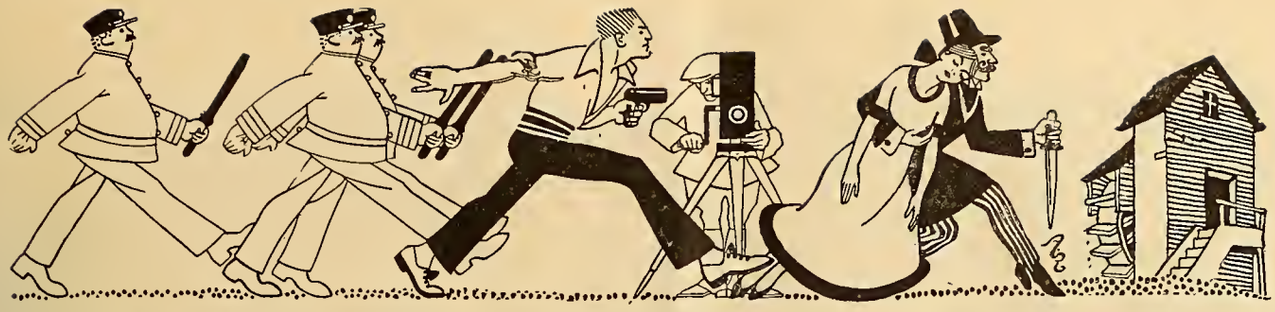
"Hello, Mike!"

"Top o' th' mornin', Adolf!"

"Whatchu got on?"

"Oh, our back number of a film director's still nuts over that chase stuff. Gotta hike all over seven counties in cowboy costume, chasin' a Mexican outlaw."

"Whatchu know about me? I gotta jump off the Pali-



We are no other than a moving row of magic shadow shapes, that come and go,
'Round with the sun-illumined lantern held in midnight by the Master of the show.—Omar Khayyam.

sades in a parachute. Yet us jumpin' actors don't git no more mazoom than you simps that jest have to set in a saddle and ride all day."

"Well, what's the jumpin' you boobs do to havin' a fool livery horse stumble and roll over you seven times? Besides, when I'm through wit' dis here chase, I gotta pile inter an ottymobile and come down to the salt front and jump into the green waves, rescuin' a loidy what's t'rowed off a pirut ship."

"Well, I gotta jump into water, ain't I? And when I get dried off, I gotta hike downtown and be t'rowed out of a skyscraper window by a gang o' counterfeiters."

"Gee, I envy dem old-time actors what didn't have nothin' to do but come out and talk lines from Shakespeare or some of dem old guys."

"I'd like to see what'd happen to Shakespeare if some of his junk ever got to our director in scenario form."

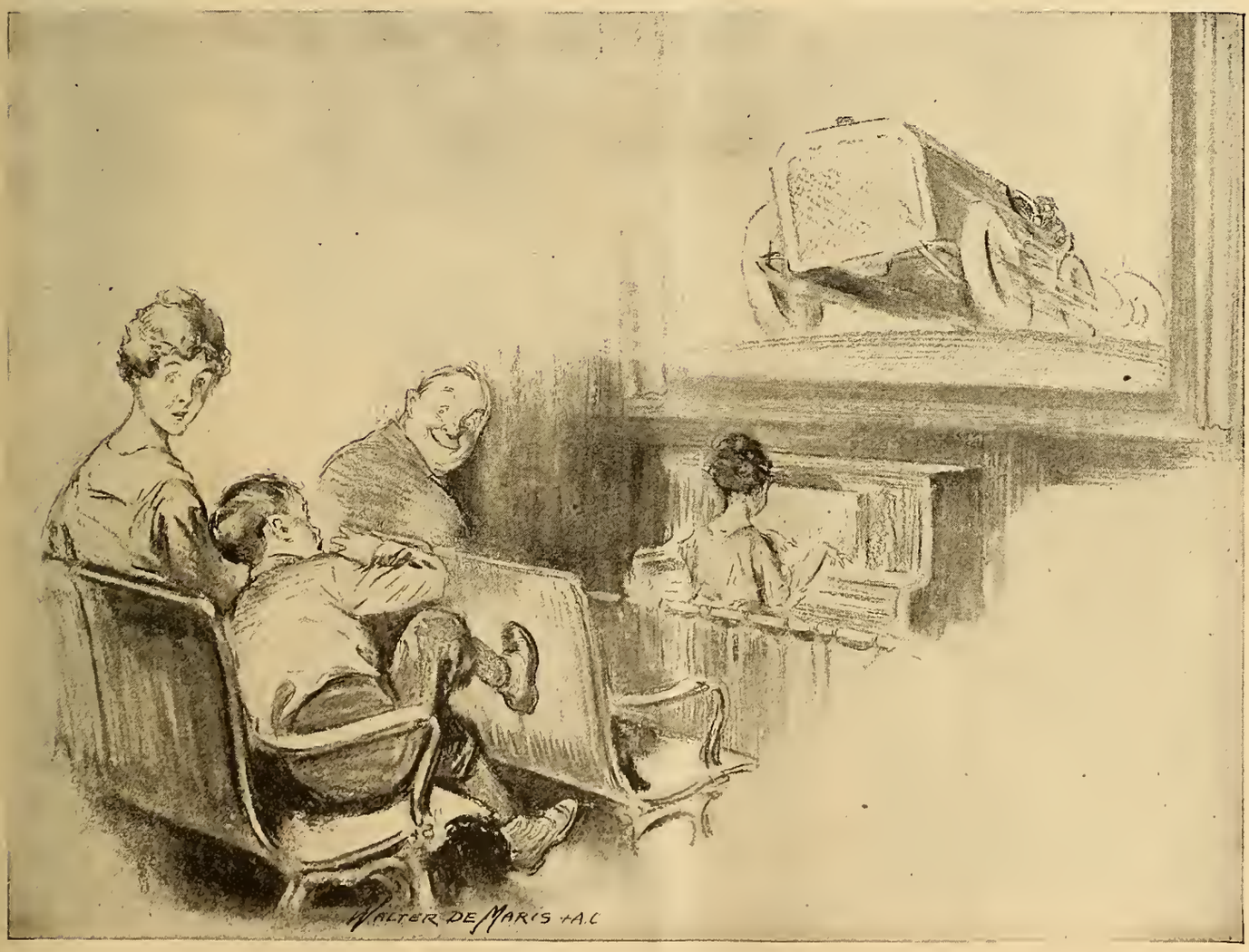
"Why, he wouldn't be one, two, 'leven! You gotta put some zing in your dope dese days. People won't stand for this art fer gosh sake game no more."

"And you betcher gotta be a real actor in dese days of ridin' and jumpin' in front of the camery."

"Surest thing! What'd them old Booth and Barrett supporters know about doin' a forty-foot fall?"

(Both sarcastically)

"Haw, haw!"



"LOOK OUT, MOTHER!"

"My Cousin Caruso"

Luigi Veddi, the cousin, yields occasionally to moments of darker musing.

A tense moment in Roberto Bombardi's restaurant when Veddi's attention is called to the arrival of his famous cousin at the little sculptor shop across the street.

His leisure hours he greets with a voice of gladness and the joyfulness characteristic of the Italian people.

Veddi at work upon the statue of his famous cousin which he believes will bring him good fortune.

Caruso, in the costume of Pagliacci, is discussing with director Jose the opera house scenes.

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

In this comedy the great tenor plays two roles, *Caruso*, and *Luigi Veddi*, a sculptor. The latter's life is dominated and his ambition fired by the fame of this cousin. From the gallery he and his sweetheart hear the opera "Pagliacci," and afterward he models a figure of *Caruso*, and takes the gift to the tenor's hotel. The visit is resented as an intrusion. On the following day *Veddi* sends a boy to bring back the little clay figure. From this messenger the singer learns the truth about the cousin, the sincerity of his motives and the worth of his work. After looking at the little statue and recognizing the artistry of it, the singer makes haste to *Veddi's* studio and commissions him to reproduce in marble the plaster cast. Caruso and Jose have worked into the story the temperamental characteristics of the Italian — his vanity, underlaid with talent; his humor; his passion; and his loyalty.

"The Great Love"

Susie herself is sufficiently beguiling. The lure of a large inheritance adds to the complications.

Jim Young, wounded, suffers more from inward hurt when he learns Susie is married.

Susie resents unfair dealing, even to the point of ordering her bridegroom from her room.

"Greater love hath no man known."

In this new Griffith picture of the great war, *Susie* (Lillian Gish) is an Australian visiting in London. She is much attracted by *Jim Young* (Robert Harron), an American who has enlisted with the British army. While he is absent on duty, she falls heir to a large fortune and so becomes irresistibly attractive to *Sir Roger Brighton* (Henry Walthall), who succeeds in marrying her. She learns what a mistake she has made and rectifies it by devotion to the Great Love, which consists in service to her country and its defenders. A Zeppelin air raid and big battle scenes taken at the front add realism and thrills, and the heart of the beholder is touched by pictures showing many notable personages, including Queen Alexandra, serving the cause, inspired thereto by the Great Love.

PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

Warning of an air raid is given thus by special speedy messengers.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen

FISHERMAN'S LUCK—SHOWING HOW EXPENSIVE A FISHING TRIP MAY BE

Our Intellectual Movie Queens

(*From almost any clip sheet*)

IT WILL be pleasing to our readers, we feel sure, for them to know something about the life of Laura Love, who took the part of Chastity in "The Grip of the Python."

Miss Love spent the early years of her life in a convent, where she had little or no thought of becoming the nightly favorite that she now is. The quiet round of her life was then taken up with her beads and her needlework.

On turning her back to cloistral walls, she traveled in the United States, journeying West, where she lived with the Sun Dance Indians. On account of her rare charm and beauty she was adopted into their tribe and given the name of Agunquack, which in the Sun Dance language means "Sunshine from the Happy Hunting Ground." It was during her long association with the Sun Dance Indians that she picked up her wealth of knowledge of Indian life, which has been of such great help to her in her masterly portrayal of American aboriginal character.

In her early life Miss Love's ambition was to be an artist, and while she was in the Latin Quarter she studied under some of the world's greatest masters. She studied for years and was just on the verge of a career when she felt the call of Thespis and laid down her palette for the make-up box. Even the splendid acting she does in the silent drama does not suffice, her old professors think, for the fact that she deserted them for the cinematographic stage.

During the few summer days that she can steal away from the studios, she goes to Canada for her vacations, where she may live in sweet, simple quiet with the French Canadians, where she converses with them in their own language, for it may come as a surprise to the thousands of admirers of Miss Love to know that she is a profound student of Early French. In college she specialized in this, and her graduation theme was entitled "The Now Obsolete Irregular Verbs of the Early French." Miss Love is never happier than when chatting with the simple French Canadians in their own language—a language now known to only a few etymologists.

It was while traveling extensively abroad that Miss Love became fascinated by Egypt, where she made a specialty of Egyptology. There are few in the world—if any—who have the intimate knowledge of the early life of the Egyptians that Miss Love has. Her specialty is the life and reign of Amenhotep III., one of the early Pharaohs. Her translations from the hieroglyphics on the colossi and on the cliff monuments at Edfu, celebrating Amenhotep's wars of conquest, are a delight to antiquarians.

Miss Love is eighteen years old.

Not passed by the Board of Censors.

THE IDEAL SPOT

Minnie (*just returned from her vacation*)—*Oh, I was at the dandiest place—movies and electric signs on the main street. Honestly, you wouldn't know you were out of town!*

Evolution

When movies first invaded us,
  We didn't care a hang,
So long as the hero loved the girl
  And the heroine loved the man;
But now we are not satisfied
  Without an orang-outang!

We want volcanoes, earthquakes!
  Tempests on land and seas!
Boats going down! Banks blowing up!
  Vampires and jamborees!
Alas for the good old love-stuff days,
  With the hero on his knees!

—*Jean Milne Gower.*

Many moving picture operators give up their jobs because they cannot stand the grind.

Bliss Triumphant

WHEN first I went to movie shows,
I struggled with suspense;
Before the fillum neared its close,
My worry was intense,
For fear the lovers in the piece
Their final joy should miss;
I wot me not each movie plot
Must end up with a kiss.

No longer do I palpitate
Lest virtue bite the dust;
However dark the clouds of fate,
Unshaken is my trust.
Upon the villain's passing gain,
I do not waste a hiss;
I know the tale will never fail
To end up with a kiss.

The second act may reek with blood,
And justice may go lame,
While tears are falling in a flood
As honor yields to shame.
Yet though they toss the heroine
Into a deep abyss,
I am serene; the final scene
Will end up with a kiss.

Philosophy may vainly strive
To further human cheer,
And creeds without success contrive
To banish doubt and fear.
But pessimism has no chance
To discount mortal bliss,
When, spite of woes, scenarios
All wind up with a kiss.

Stars I Have Suped With

By HAROLD SETON

THE stars referred to in the title of this article are not the stars in the sky. Neither are they the stars on the stage. They are the stars of the screen. I had seen each and every one of them many times—on the films; but three weeks ago I saw them for the first time—in person.

Mr. Robertson, the casting director for the Goldwyn Company, let me go on as a supe or "extra man" in a scene in Geraldine Farrar's new piece, "A Turn of the Wheel." I was a reporter in a courtroom episode and did not suffer from stage fright or camera fright. I was too much interested in the other people to feel conscious of myself.

I was interested in the director and in the camera man; but, most of all, I was interested in the star. Some people call her Miss Farrar, some call her Madame Farrar, and some call her Mrs. Tellegen; but I call her—a genius! After having observed her absolute sincerity in going through her performance, I declare myself a Farrar enthusiast.

Some of the "extra" people stared at the star with mild curiosity, while others glanced at her with supreme indifference. But they had been supeing for months and months, perhaps for years and years. This was my first experience in a studio, so I was spellbound and enthralled.

Besides the artistic enthusiasm of Geraldine Farrar, another thing that impressed me was her devotion to her husband. Lou Tellegen hovered in the background, and when Madame was not posing for her pictures, she was exchanging confidences with the versatile gentleman, half Greek and half Dutch, who has acted in French with Sarah Bernhardt and in English as a star in his own plays.

My next episode was with the World Company. Miss Rose, the assistant casting director, sent me on a picture with Louise Huff. The scene was at a fashionable party. Miss Huff was dressed as a Red Cross nurse. Her yellow tresses were concealed beneath a black wig, but she looked as pretty as ever, if not even more so. I had admired her in a series of pictures with Jack Pickford, but seeing her in the flesh charmed me all over again.

What struck me about Miss Huff was her sympathetic attitude toward several little children who took part in the production. She was genuinely interested in the youngsters and won them completely by her little kindnesses. This was not a play to the gallery, either, because there was no gallery, and I saw things that were not meant to be seen.

Then came another Goldwyn picture, "Hidden Fires," with Mae Marsh. We went to Briarcliff Lodge, near Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, and passed a pleasant day in

the country. We "extra" people were supposed to be guests at the fashionable hotel, and we wandered through the grounds and lunched in the dining-room, made up for the movies, to the amusement of the genuine guests, who laughed and applauded.

The note entered in my mental diary concerning Miss Marsh was the note of religion. I had heard that she was very devout, but was quite astonished when she arrived in a motor car with a priest. The priest had evidently accompanied Miss Marsh before, for he only looked on for a little while, and then retired into the background.

Next came another World picture, Carlyle Blackwell, in "Making Good." The scene was in a cabaret, and we "extras" were patrons of the place, sitting at small tables and imbibing—cider. By way of camouflage, the apple juice was served in glasses of varying shape and size. There were champagne glasses, cocktail glasses and cordial glasses. The tablecloths and napkins were yellow, which color films much better than dead white.

GOLDWYN

THE HAND-MADE MOVIE
Madge Kennedy, producer, is her own director and camera man.

Mr. Blackwell kept very much to himself, attending strictly to business. I do not believe it was a pose or affectation on his part. He was quite unconscious of the rest of us, except insomuch as we lent "atmosphere" to the picture. He was supposed to be drunk, and he played the part extremely well.

My next engagement was with the Famous Players. Mr. Davies, the casting director, sent me to the Paragon Studio, at Fort Lee, N. J., to be in a Billie Burke picture. The scene was in the foyer of a hotel, and we supes lingered around, chatting with friends or glancing at magazines, in a natural manner. But when Billie Burke finally appeared, in long leather leggings, presumably a motor cycle costume, I sat breathless and fascinated.

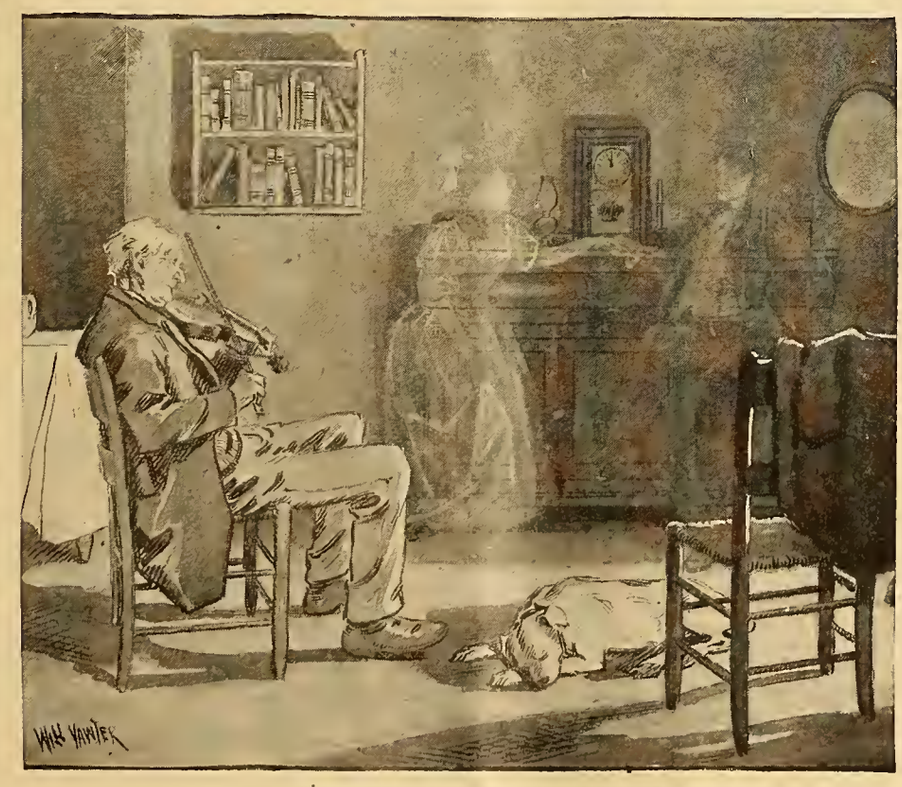
For little Mrs. Ziegfeld is fully as bewitching in real life as in reel life, marvelously dainty and graceful, with the prettiest smile and the sweetest good humor. I even believe she could soften the stony heart of the grim personage who presides at the desk marked "Information" at the Paragon Studio, and of whom the "extra" people speak in awestruck whispers.

My next picture was with the Famous Players once more, in an Alice Brady production called "The Golden Fleece." I had seen five stars and had looked forward to seeing the sixth. But I was doomed to disappointment. My scene was in a law office, and the only others with me were the lawyer and the stenographer. The stenographer, Gloria Goodwin, was young and pretty. I had a little "bit" to do with her—a tiny "bit"—but it was my very first, so I almost forgot my disappointment at not seeing the star—the clever daughter of a clever father.

And that is as far as I have progressed—till now. I have been in the studios for three weeks and have been on six times, with three companies. And now I have been given a "bit" to do, so I suppose I will cease to be a supe and will have to write another article on "Stars I Have Supported."

Perhaps I'll have to start drawing on my imagination, instead of depending on actual experience, and exaggerate like all the other "extras"! One fellow told me that he had done a "bit" with Mary Garden, and the star had fallen in love with him; and another chap told me he had never taken a miserable

(Continued on page 32)



ON MEMORY'S SCREEN

PATHE

All knitters know the rule about raveling out, when a mistake is made, and Harold Lloyd says it's no joke. A comedian in such a quandary will get what's due him—sympathy.

Something for the Little Ones

THE girl was helpless—a captive. And her captor? A gigantic brute of a man, as savage, as loathsome a creature as ever appeared on the screen.

The girl weeps, struggles in the frenzy of fear, begs for mercy, pleads, but all to no purpose. The man finds enjoyment in her terror; he grins; he laughs.

And what is this that is being shown? He is taking a meat ax—the man is—a meat ax from a table drawer, and is trying its blade on his finger nail. It is sharp—well he knows it. And swinging it as he strides, he crosses the room and grabs the girl with his free hand.

Grabs her and thrusts her with brute strength upon a board table, his gorilla-like hands lifting her blond curls from her neck.

She struggles again against hopeless odds, cries (you can see her tears), kicks frantically, but without avail; the brutal hand presses her down, down, and holds her there, while the ax is before her eyes.

A super-thrilling screen drama of the underworld? Something about East Side dens, gangsters, kidnappers and gunmen?

Not so. Not by any means so.

It is but a scene from a movie for the children—a dramatization for the screen of one of childhood's favorite fairy tales, "Jack and the Beanstalk." Pleasant dreams, children!

When Doug Leaves for Work

Following is a specimen of the way Douglas Fairbanks, effervescent and acrobatic comedian, warms up for a day's work at the studio or elsewhere:

Wakes, and from a position flat on his back vaults lightly over foot of bed to floor.

Takes his morning before-breakfast exercise in family dining-room, climbing to plate rail and running around it twenty laps.

Leaps to electrolier, thence to dining table, ultimately to rug.

Bath and morning toilet.

Breakfast preceded by secondary session of exercises; climbs on fire escape to roof and goes hand over hand around cornice.

Drops, unhurt, on passing hay wagon and runs briskly back to apartment, smiling and glowing with ruddy health.

Breakfast with family, meals being interpolated with such feats as shooting lid off coffee pot, lassoing electric toaster, putting sixteen-pound grapefruit and cooking oatmeal over campfire built on dining-room floor.

Playfully binds serving maid and stows her away on freight elevator.

Drops from apartment window, ten stories, to Mexican saddle on back of waiting cow pony.

Gathers up reins, and darting off to work, kidnaps en route a traffic cop.

The Height of Devotion

Big Marcus Brown adores his girl,
His love for her is keen.
He'll take her to a picture show,
That he's already seen.

Heard in the Studio

Moving picture actor—Uncle Sam is going to make all the Germans in this country register. Then he is going to make the whole German nation register.

Camera man—How's that?

Moving picture actor—Register grief.

THE PATH OF TRUE LOVE, AS IT IS MOVIED

AN INTERRUPTED "CLOSE-UP"

The Vampire

Oh, when I speak of Dora Dare,
  You know at once I mean
That creature quite beyond compare,
  "The Vampire of the Screen"!
And yet I earnestly maintain
  She has in private life
A reputation free from stain—
  The lady is my wife!

Whene'er a victim she enslaves,
  Whene'er a home she wrecks,
Some preacher straightway rants and raves
  About "The Lure of Sex"!
I taught her how to act that way,
  In sin to live and die;
I made her what she is to-day—
  Her manager am I!

She gets twelve hundred ev'ry week,
  And hands it all to me;
No wonder I am smug and sleek,
  Contented as can be!
Her latest picture, "Queen of Hell,"
  Is bound to make a hit;
But when it comes to vampires, well,
  Some say that *I* am It!

—*Harold Seton.*

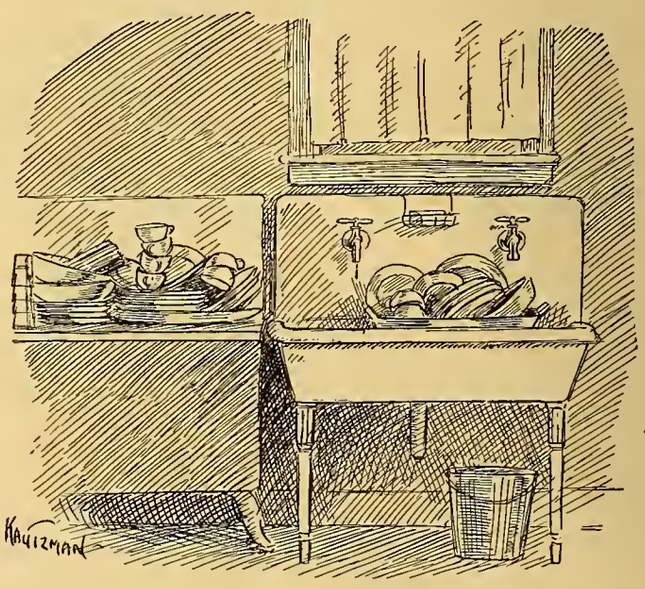
What the Reelwrights Lack

"I have here an idea for a play," said the moving picture author to the producer. "In the first reel an oil tank blows up, in the second an entire railroad train falls into a gorge, in the third a huge steamer sinks at sea, in the fourth a volcanic eruption destroys a city, and in the fifth we have a battle scene calling for ten thousand supernumeraries."

"Entirely too small for me to fool with," said the producer, doing some rapid figuring with a pencil. "That play wouldn't cost more than five million dollars to stage, and I'm not considering anything that involves an expenditure of less than twenty millions. The trouble with you authors is that you have no imagination."

Movie Salaries

"I have been making a few calculations," says the man with the serrated whiskers and the foreshortened pencil, looking up from his paper. "I have kept a record of the salaries paid moving picture stars, and find that they can be paid, provided we run the mint night and day and speed up the bank note printing plants to a double schedule. Within two years the aggregate sum paid moving picture stars would settle all the national debts of all the governments of the world, dig eight Panama canals and build and equip nine transcontinental railways, to say nothing of providing post office buildings and white marble libraries in all cities of over five thousand inhabitants. The only thing that bothers me is to figure how the banking facilities of the world can be made sufficiently extensive to handle the enormous amount of funds that will be deposited by the film actors and actresses. The responsibility attached to handling such centralized wealth is crushing."



Where Has Mother Gone?

Russian Folk-Song recital, by Harold Lockwood's Russian Wolf Hound, at an informal studio tea.

Before taking part in an educational film, this Elmendorf elephant is particular to wash behind his ears.

The Animals Came, One by One

ALTHOUGH they never employ press agents to spread extravagant rumors about their salaries, animals play an increasingly important part in the world of films. They range from white mice to lions and elephants. Times have changed since the days when the only animal on the stage was the stray cat which broke up the love scene.

A bear possibility, in view of the serious shortage of camera men these days.

Not even May Allison can make the Metro parrot look happy. Polly favors the spoken drama exclusively.

"As sick as a dog" isn't half bad, when it happens to be Francis X. Bushman's dog.

The Last To Go

"I'M all alone," the old man said,
And placed a trembling hand
Upon his white and nodding head;
"Yes, all alone I stand.

"They all were here a while ago;
Their laughter rang so free.
But now they're gone like last year's snow,
And no one's left but me.

"My wife, *she* went; my sister, too.
I bade them both good-by.
No wonder that I'm feeling blue;
No wonder that I cry.

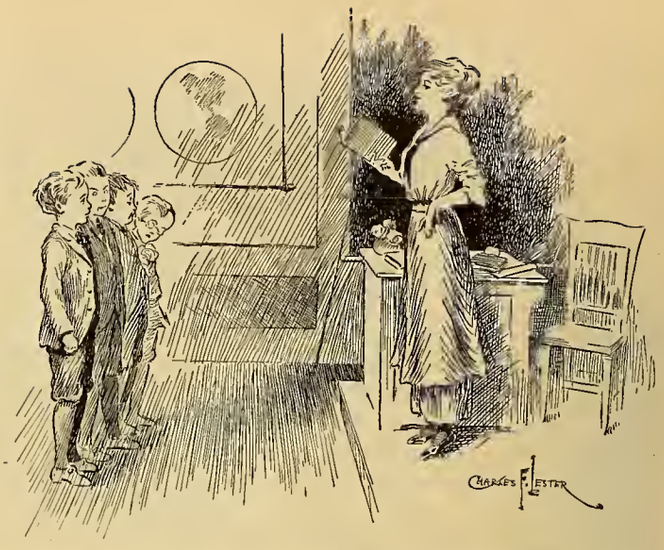
"They said they'd see me soon again,
My children blithe and bold—
But, oh, the loneliness, the pain!
'Tis hard, when one is old.

"I never thought that I would be
The last of all to leave;
My portion but a memory,
My privilege to grieve.

"The children were so young, so strong,
I looked to them for cheer
And solace all my path along—
And now they've left me here.

"The house so empty and so still
I grope my way around,
The sparrows on the window sill
The only cheerful sound.

"Adieu, old home! Adieu, adieu!
It is no crime, I know!
The family's gone; *I'm* going, too—
To the moving picture show!" —*A. H. F.*



"Now, Henry, we will try these abbreviations. What is D. C.?"
"Dictrict of Columbia."
"And P. O.?"
"Post-office."
"Good! And M. P.!"
"Why—er—um—movin' pictures."

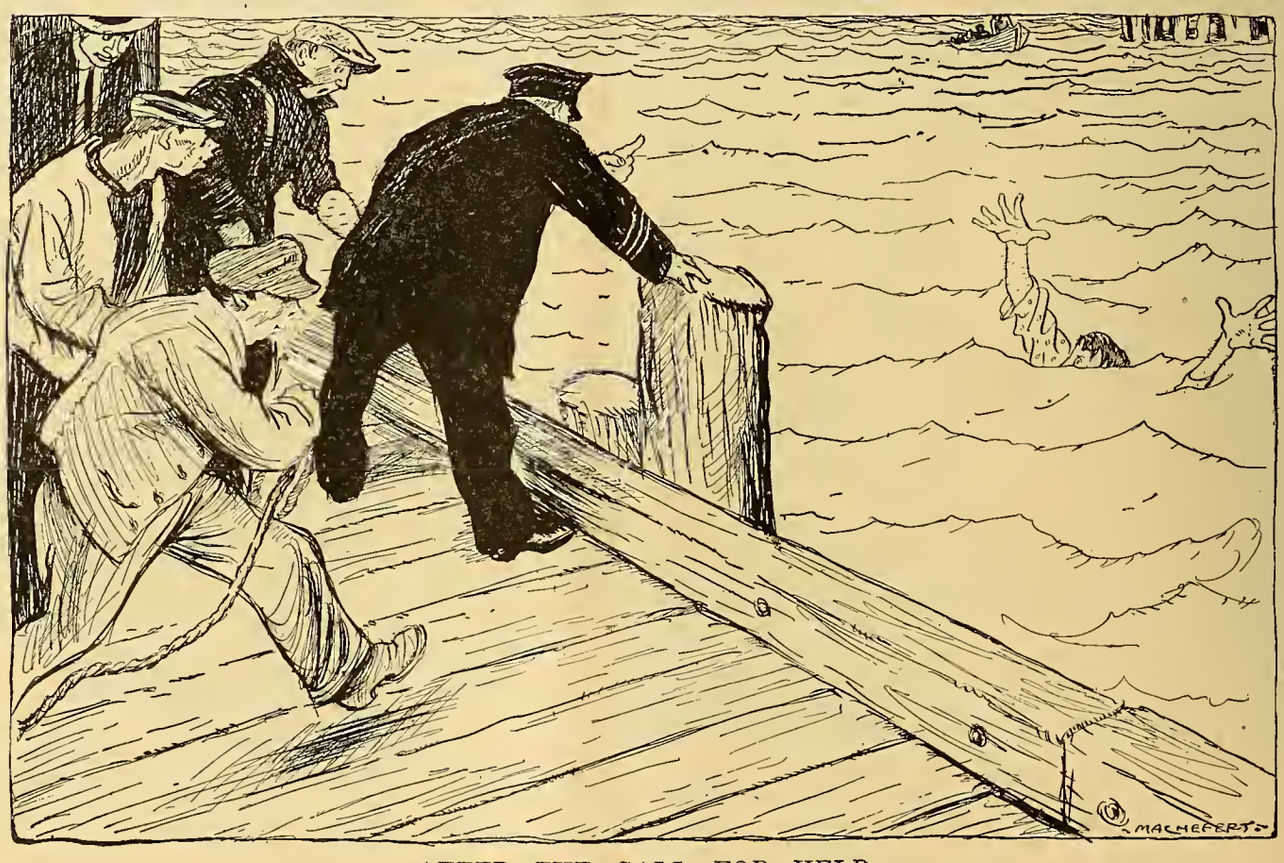
Escaping Danger

While visiting his nephew in the city, Uncle Sam Shimmerpate stopped in front of a motion picture billboard on which were displayed pictures of lions, tigers, elephants and other African wild animals.

"Great guns, Henry," he said to his nephew, "I'm mighty glad I leave town Saturday afternoon!"

"Why are you so anxious to get away?" asked the nephew.

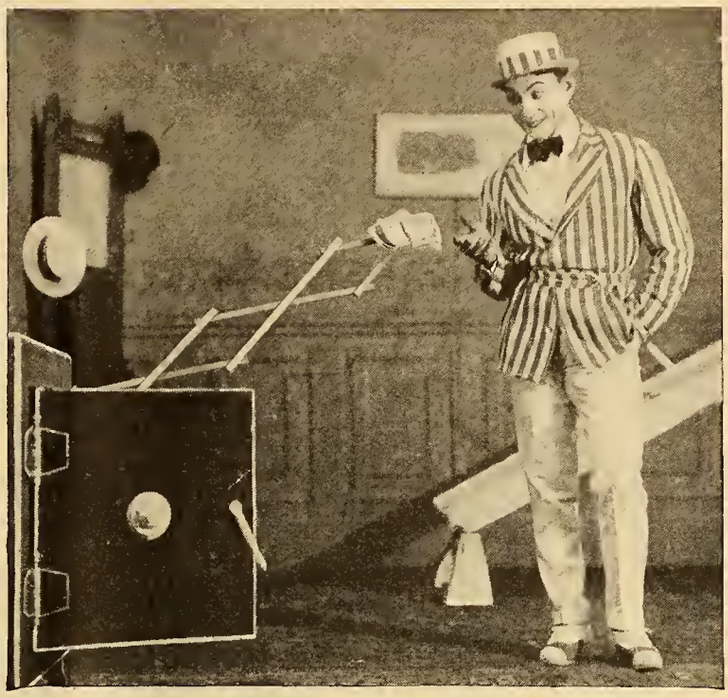
Pointing to the billboard, Uncle Sam read aloud the words: "To be released Saturday night."



AFTER THE CALL FOR HELP

Policeman—*See here, now! Is this the real thing or is it just a movie stunt?*

"Oh, What a Day!"



Emerging thus gaily arrayed from the bottom of the chute, he touches a button and is served with green-and-yellow-backs sufficient unto the day.

Twede-Dan's time-and-labor-savers make his morning bath a joy.

Any good Indian can trail his quarry by footprints, but Twede-Dan finds that the feet themselves are confusing.

JESTER COMEDY CO.

He discovered that any bathing suit supplied at any beach can be relied on to make lean men look thinner, tall men more attenuated, and fat folks funnier.

Twede-Dan and his girl start for the beach in his new car. Seven miles from the nearest supply they run out of gas. They make this distance by man-power, to discover the price beyond their means; but prohibition has prevailed, and liquor is cheap. They fill the tank, and the car starts beautifully; but the booze taking effect, the car performs drunken antics until they administer a seidlitz powder, which is wonderfully effective. Arrival at the bathing pavilion leads to the usual confusion as to bath houses. Everybody always gets the wrong suit, as is well known. *Twede-Dan's* troubles are not lessened when his lady is overheard to explain that she will put her foot out, so he will know the right room. One slap-stick adventure follows another through gales of laughter, until the comedy ends with a surprise.

The athlete with the ninety-pound wallop finds it is no good when Twede-Dan is in real form and negotiates a settlement of their differences.

A Guide to Screendom

By LAWTON MACKALL

IF YOU know the age of a character in screendom, you know everything about him. For the part that an individual plays, in any correctly written scenario, and the sort of nature he discloses, are determined solely by the number of his years. A difference of a decade may take a man out of the hero class and put him in with the villains.

The following chart, compiled by the census department of a large public library, gives a list of the ages permissible in the movies, together with roles and personalities inevitable to them:

3 years. Flaxen or golden haired child. Face and sex: as near as possible to those of an angel. Introduced for touch of pathos—asks, with childish innocence, "Where is papa?"

6 years. Precocious little girl. Heroine of psychological child study, supposedly humorous.

10 years. Kid Brother. Enters parlor to harass sister's beau.

13 years. Hero of boy drama. Comic equipment: noisiness, chums with peculiar nicknames, and awkwardness in presence of girls and "company."

15 years. Younger Sister (Comedy edition). Excessively girlish. Hair ribbons. Acts as ally of hero.

18 years. Younger Sister. Impulsive, high-strung. Ruined by deplorable example of married sister.

"Why do you always choose this theater, Elsie?"
"'Cause it's—er—the darkest one in town, Alf!"

19 years. Oppressed Ingenue. Preferably an orphan. If that is not feasible, she should at least be alone and friendless in the great city.

20 years. Popular Heroine, 1918 model. Shapeliness of figure, clearness of complexion, and regularity of teeth and features: indispensable. Color of hair and eyes: optional. Brains: secondary to costume.

22 years. Noble Hero. Without fear, guile, or sense of humor. Saves life of Popular Heroine, or rescues Ingenue from her oppressor.

24 years. Snappy Hero. It makes no difference whether he is a fascinating young college man or a dashingly slangy young salesman; in either case he has no difficulty in landing a $200,000 order and the Popular Heroine at the same time.

25 years. Young Wife, in problem drama. Either extravagant or misunderstood, and therefore an easy prey to the plutocratic blandishments of the Villain.

29 years. Young Husband, in problem play. Tiring of the joys of home, he hearkens to the rustle of strange skirts.

30 years. Woman with a Past.

32 years. (a) With fur-lined overcoat. Rich and usually unscrupulous Rival of Noble Hero.

(b) Without fur-lined overcoat. Victim of Society or alcohol.

35 years. Female Villain.

40 years. Male Villain. Oppressor of Oppressed Ingenue.

48 years. Spiteful Old Maid.

50 years. Employer from whom Snappy Hero extracts a "raise."

52 years. A combination character (for the sake of economy), made up of "50 years" and "54 years."

54 years. Prospective Father-in-law, whom Snappy Hero astonishes into capitulation.

56 years. Elderly Husband, who misunderstands Misunderstood Wife.

60 years. Austere Father, with white hair; side whiskers optional.

65 years. Noble-souled Mother, with white hair parted in the middle.

70 years. Noble-souled Father. If New England farmer, has chin beard; if Southern Colonel, has flowing goatee.

80 years. Knitting Grandmother or Patriarchal Grandfather.

SUMMARY:

3-22 years. Period of likableness.
25-32 years. Problematic Period.
35-60 years. Period of villainy, spite, and oppression.
65-80 years. Beautiful old age.

THE HUN AT PLAY

THE Boches were bored. To be shut up for three months in a deserted chateau in the heart of Normandy was no small hardship for five Prussian officers accustomed to the gayeties of Berlin. To be sure, during their enforced stay, they had found entertainment in acts of vandalism, after the manner of their kind. Mutilated family portraits, priceless Flemish tapestries cut to ribbons, fine old mirrors cracked by pistol bullets, and the hacked and broken furniture that littered the spacious apartments of the chateau, all bore eloquent testimony to the favorite pastime of the Hun. But even this sport for the moment had palled. Outside the rain descended in torrents. As the brandy and liqueur passed from hand to hand, suddenly the Captain has an inspiration. A soldier is despatched to a nearby city. In the evening he returns with five handsome girls. How the table is laid and the fun grows fast and furious as the champagne flows; how in an access of alcoholic patriotism toasts are proposed by the chivalrous Prussians reflecting on the bravery of the men and the virtue of the women of France; what happens to the Baron at the hands of one of the girls—a patriot even if a *fille de joie*—is told as only Maupassant could tell it in the story *Mademoiselle Fifi* found in this superb *Verdun Edition* of

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WHILE the eyes of the whole world are centered on our gallant ally, France, and her heroic struggle against a ruthless invader; with the ghastly picture before us of the brutal atrocities committed by an inhuman foe on her civilian population, her women and young girls; while the smoke still rises from her destroyed cities and profaned temples, and the crash and thunder of her guns is heard from Calais to the Vosges as she hurls defiance at her treacherous enemy—nothing could be more timely than the publication of this Complete Collection of the works of France's most gifted son, Guy de Maupassant, in whom realism reached its culminating point and the short story the perfection of its art, and whose stories of the Franco-Prussian War, told with relentless realism, will be read now with a new interest and a fuller appreciation of their verity in the light of current events. But if such stories as *Boule de Suif*, *Madame Sauvage*, and *Mademoiselle Fifi* first raised Maupassant to the highest pinnacle of literary fame, that position was rendered secure for all time by his other matchless series of novels and stories covering the widest range of human emotion and experience, in which every kind of character, good or bad, yielded material for his art. Literally translated, all these will appear in the *Verdun Edition* which will be published soon in a form unapproached by any previous edition ever offered on this side of the Atlantic.

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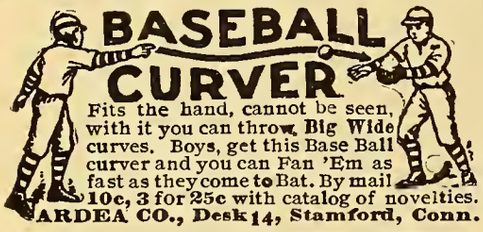

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Lots of Boys Are Walking

IF there is one utterly good thing coming to us out of this war, it is that we are learning to understand our fellows. Having one of our own "Over There" gets our sympathies onto a practical working basis with the boys here.

This story doesn't relate exclusively to movie folks, but so many are in the service that it is likely to interest fans. There is a canteen of the National League for Women's Service at Thirty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, in New York. It provides a substantial meal at noon and at night for twenty-five cents. It consists of soup, roast, three vegetables, salad and dessert. And between whiles, if needed, there are quick-lunch possibilities of ham and eggs. About 150 soldiers and sailors, our own and our allies, are served at each meal.

The canteen is presided over by seven lieutenants, one for each day of the week. They are women of independent means and executive ability. The officer-of-the-day has her own corps of helpers. Usually she chooses from her own social set those who have the time and can afford to serve without monetary compensation.

On one of the hot, hot August days an appeal came in to them from a neighboring canteen for extra help. An extra hundred had to be served on short notice. A few volunteered, and their co-workers willingly undertook the extra labor involved in their going. Some of the guests "caught on" and helped. The lieutenant for that day took the volunteers in her automobile, doing her own driving, up to the needy neighbor. And, as is usual in such cases, everything ended up all right.

Returning, this lieutenant, who is rather a great lady, head of a hospitable household where "help" is never a problem because workers are many, noticed two sailors who looked weary and friendless. She stopped to talk with them and presently took them on and gave them dinner at the canteen, for she had discovered they were *San Diego* survivors who had been unable to get a place to sleep.

You can think what you like of the luck of surviving, it's an involuntary honor that finds a man all unprepared. And it may be you think, because the need is so obvious, that surely there must have been some place for housing them. The fact is, there was no such place. And it is also true that these boys of ours suffer much real hardship because war needs have grown so fast that they cannot all be met, unless each one of us appoints himself a committee of one and charges that committee with the duty of getting things done.

Individuals ought to forego their own sleep until any they know of that need shelter have been provided for. The Friends' meeting-house, opened one night last June as an emergency measure to shelter 150 needy ones, has been in use for these boys every Saturday, Sunday and holiday night since and is always full.

Do *your bit.*

What the War Has Not Done to the Films

(*Continued from page 6*)

Lila Lee, Lasky's youngest star, has just finished "The Cruise of the Make-Believe" and has won the hearts of everyone in the studio, from the directors down to the prop men.

Douglas Fairbanks, instead of taking a rest after finishing the most restless of all his comedies, "Bound in Morocco," has plunged into "He Comes Up Smiling." Allan Dwan, his director, says it's good, though "somewhat quiet," probably meaning that he does not climb more than five church steeples, knock down more than ten bullies or rescue more than six damsels—in any one reel.

Dorothy Gish is terribly peeved, because, having made such a success of the militant little street gamin in "Hearts of the World," she is slated to fight her way through the rest of her screen career, bidding good-by forever to demureness and gentleness. She has commenced with "Battling Jane," who pummels through life with a bicycle, a grin and an adopted baby as her chief assets.

They had a wonderful time at the Chaplin studio when the Divine Sarah came out to visit "Charlot," as she calls him, while on her Orpheum tour. He was so fussed trying to talk French and understand Madame's English, that he almost forgot to turn out his toes and tip his hat in the subsequent scenes.

(*Continued on page 32*)

MOON COMEDIES

There is never a dull moment in "His Finish" from the time when the father of the girl institutes a contest between her rival suitors. She agrees to marry the one who devises the best method to catch the Kaiser.

Could You Use an Extra Hundred Dollars?

THAT sum will buy a Liberty Bond, and here's an easy way for five of you to earn it. Five prizes, each $100 cash, will be paid for criticisms of Moon Comedies, shown in most movie theaters of New York and vicinity. See them, write your criticism briefly, and send to "Contest Editor, Moon Comedies, care Sunshine Films, Inc., 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, N. Y." Your full name and home address must be on the manuscript. The contest closes October 1st, and payment to the five fortunate ones will be made October 15th, 1918. The judges—Mr. M. Binham, 22 North William Street, and Mr. S. Wald, 2653 Decatur Street, N. Y. City, and Mr. H. Jensen, 37-A Cooper St., Brooklyn—who have no connection with Sunshine Films, Inc., will designate the five most skillfully constructed criticisms. In order to compete it is not necessary to see these pictures. Pamphlets descriptive of comedies as they appear are obtainable free of charge at ticket offices of moving picture houses and at the above-mentioned office of Sunshine Films, Inc.

"Their Unexpected Job" pictures the fortunes — and misfortunes — of two alert comedians who read about the "Fight or Work" order, and do not feel like doing either. Their adventures include this entertainment in their honor given by the lady who aided in their supposed rescue from a submarine.

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What the War Has Not Done to the Films

(*Continued from page 30*)

Besides, he has always nursed a secret hankering to play *Hamlet*, and the famous tragedienne's visit aggravated the longing. But brace up, Charlie; Madame Bernhardt said she wished she could do "zat walk, so drole, so fonnie"——

Out at the Sennett Fun Factory they are grinding out comedies at the rate of two a month. Polly Moran has left for Australia, giving as a parting message that she was tired of having her ears pulled out by the roots; so Ben Turpin, of the eccentric orbs, has lost a side-kicker. However, while Louise Fazenda remains, there is hope. She is one of the few girls who, being born to good looks, are not afraid to sacrifice them to the cause of art and laughter. She and Ford Sterling have just finished a hot-weather chaser called "The Summer Girls," with a bevy of bathing beauties, a herd of seal and a pelican named "Ralph."

Theda Bara, forsaking villainy for the time being, has plunged into comedy, and is assisted, in the present picture, by her sister, who is golden-haired and Theda-eyed, and by her namesake, a pet bear, which was given her by her regiment, "The Grizzlies," before they left for France. Her last feature, "Salome," will have a grand premiere in Los Angeles, September 9th, and Hooverizes on nothing but costumes — an economy which is Theda's specialty.

In passing, it might be well to mention that the movies *aren't* dead—yet.

Stars I Have Suped With

(*Continued from page 21*)

five-dollar-a-day job before, although several others assured me that this individual had been taking five-dollar jobs for the last three years. A youth who said "I seen" and "we was" assured me he was a college graduate. But the most diverting bit of gossip I heard was that Mabel Normand, now a well-known star, had formerly gone on as an "extra"! She, too, should write an article!

We All Do

She (at the movie show)—What part do you like best?

He (as he puts his arm around her)—The close-ups.

DOWN at Washington stands the Nation's capitol. It is more than a pile of stone. It is a monument to an idea: "The people *are* the Government." Under no other idea is there so great an opportunity to work out individual prosperity and individual happiness.

Back of the American idea suddenly has arisen the black menace of the opposing Prussian idea. Under it the people are not the Government. Under it the people live and prosper, or sacrifice and die, by grace of "Me und Gott."

Militarism is the mailed fist which supports the divine-right Government. It is typified in Hindenburg.

What a contrast is offered to Hindenburg's *militarism* by Pershing's military! Freedom's military is the *people embattled.* Autocracy's militarism is the *people driven.*

Our boys in France and Italy are the expression in military form of the people's own stern will. When Pershing speaks of them to President Wilson, he says, "Sir, *our* armies." The German soldiers are the servants of militarism. Of them Hindenburg says to the Kaiser, "Majesty, *your* armies."

The billions of dollars we are gathering here at home for military purposes have no taint of militarism on a single coin.

Germany began her war with no plans for elaborate taxation of her people; the Junkers expected to saddle the cost of the war upon quickly conquered nations. Not so does a free people make war! From the start we have gone down into our own pockets for every cent we expend; we have never thought of taking; we have thought only of spending our blood and our treasure to protect our ideal of free national life.

The menace of Hindenburg makes no American tremble. But it makes us grit our teeth and either fight or give! What the Government (which is the people) wants to borrow, we, the people, as individuals will lend.

The menace of Hindenburg shall cease to exist in the world even as a shadow; and we shall return to our individual pursuits under the protection of our national ideal successfully defended; and, please God, other nations, as the result of this struggle, shall join us and our already free Allies in the enjoyment of our blood-bought and blood-held freedom.

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The old way of studying with a so-called "private teacher" by the "oral" method is rapidly being discarded, and anybody can see why. If you want a teacher "all to yourself" and yet can afford only $1. to $5. per lesson, it goes without saying that you can obtain only third-rate instruction. No true authority could give you his entire, **exclusive** attention for so small a fee. On the other hand, by enrolling with this Conservatory and joining Dr. Quinn's Personal Instruction Class you obtain high-grade instruction, and as much of Dr. Quinn's time as you **really need,** at less than 43 cents a lesson. This rate is **just one-half** the Conservatory's standard fee and is made for a **short time only,** in connection with our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

By the old-fashioned "oral" method at least half your "private teacher's" time is absolutely **thrown away** in giving you instructions which could just as easily be put into writing. Of course, you can't remember a **quarter** of what he tells you, so most of your next lesson is taken up going over the same material again. This truly sinful waste is entirely done away with by Dr. Quinn's scientific Written Method. Your instructions are all **in writing** for reference any time, day or night. Nothing is forgotten, nor unnecessarily repeated. Your share of Dr. Quinn's time can then be used in the way that does you the most **real benefit.** In all truly **essential** ways you will be in closer touch with him than if he were instructing you by the "oral" system. The "oral" system has long ago been abandoned in teaching all other great Arts and Sciences and it is doomed in Music as well.

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A Monthly Reel of Laughs

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"THEY WON'T LET ME BE A DRILL SERGEANT"

"What do we see tonight?"

ALL right, pile in! Plenty of room for five in the good old bus, so pile in, all seven of you! What do we see tonight? We don't know yet. But the best theatres in town are showing Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures.

☆ ☆ ☆

And after ten minutes or so you are still John H. Everyman of No. 19 Henry Street, in the same suit of clothes,—

—only you don't know it.

According to your friends and relatives, there you are in your chair. But as far as you yourself are concerned, you are somebody else entirely; and somewhere else altogether. One minute you are helping the unfortunate comedian run a little faster, and the next you are slamming the door in his face.

You, and at your time of life!

Full-grown and sophisticated and everything—and look at you!

Yes, and you can be envied! You have proved that you are not so fire-proof blasé as you might be.

Unconsciously you have proved another thing, too; the vital *difference* between *Paramount* and *Artcraft* motion pictures and run-of-the-ruck "movies."

If you recall *which* motion pictures were notable in the stories they were built upon, masterly in the way the scenes were built on those stories, supreme in the fame and talent of the stars who played them and in the genius of the directors who staged them, and clean throughout — you will also recall that "Paramount" and "Artcraft" were the names under which they were featured.

☆ ☆ ☆

That is why you tell yourself your two hours have been well worth while, as you pack all seven of them back into the machine. Let 'em jabber, back there in the tonneau! It's a good old world!

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GOLDWYN

Geraldine Farrar is hostess, and among her guests are Director Reginald Barker, Milton Sills, leading man, and Thomas Santchi, the villain. Cody, Wyo., is even hotter than New York in summer, but the company made the trip to film certain scenes in "The Hell Cat," and evidently they enjoyed it.

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Best Interests of All Motion Picture Art and Artists

NOVEMBER—1918

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Where and What is the West, Anyway?

The Eastern man's idea of the West is becoming more and more confused, and for that the movies are responsible. Just as enterprising Chambers of Commerce or Boards of Trade were assuring him that the Woolly West and Wild was a thing of the past, existing only in dime novels, perfectly reputable movie stars began to show him a West that was Wilder and Woollier than anything the dime novels had ever pictured. The accompanying views represent the Easterner's state of mind with regard to that mysterious region, the West. It is a sort of fifty-fifty split between civilization and Dead-Man's Gulch.

The rough frontier town of San Francisco. Bill Hart, notorious Western bad man, taking a constitutional.

Every-day street scene in the wilds of Denver. Nate Salisbury, leading western man-about-town.

View of Tacoma, on the lawless outskirts of civilization. Roy Stewart about to lasso a Maverick trolley car.

EDITORIAL

No Plots and Few Plotters

ANOTHER prophecy has been fulfilled: a dearth of scenarios is hampering the motion picture industry very seriously. The matter is very well worth careful consideration by all who aspire some time to write the great play. Fame and fortune await the writer who will submit acceptable ideas for photoplays. Technical experts will make them over into scenario form.

Authors manifest no desire to come to the rescue, although diligent effort is made to enlist their co-operation. One reason for this is that they cannot be persuaded that the practice of pirating stories and ideas, which prevailed formerly in many studios, and the fifty dollars a reel or even less, which was grudgingly paid, are things of the past. Then, too, the majority of them are prejudiced against pictures, which isn't altogether surprising when one considers the liberties taken with a story in adapting it to the screen.

The demand for plots must be supplied. There are upward of seventeen thousand picture houses throughout the country, and any number of vaudeville houses use films in their programs. Audiences have come to regard pictures as much of a necessity as daily bread or a place to sleep.

There never has been, and may never be again, the wealth of material, developed by war conditions, which is now available. The veneer of civilization has been scraped. Men and women live and work and fight as their natures dictate, and the simple truth about things as they are can be made into a masterpiece by anyone of vision. Producers are willing to pay what they have to in order to get good plays. One thousand for a plot and ten thousand for screen rights to a "best seller" or a stage success are prevailing rates just now.

The right solution, which must prevail eventually, is payment for scenarios on a royalty basis, such as publishers and authors find satisfactory. Who will be first among producers to invite photoplaywrights and authors to submit scenarios under such an arrangement? FILM FUN will be glad to publish his name and the success of his experiment. That is fair, and will win.

MOVING PICTURE OF A SNORE
"Animated Nature," which might have come from the Educational Film Co., but didn't.

Revelations

ONE of the interesting phases for the moment in this great enterprise is the universal recognition of the fact that all is not well with pictures.

The reasons ascribed and the remedies suggested are numerous and various. We are told that by revealing too much of the technical side of picture making and telling the truth about the idols, so that they are made to seem just ordinary human beings, we writing folks have stripped pictures of the glamour and romance which the average motion picture fan requires. They tell us that this is to blame a good deal more than war economies and advanced charges for admission for existing conditions.

If you want to find out how far from the fact that is, go with any fan you like to a Chaplin first night, or a "Hearts of the World" thousandth night, for that matter. There is no magic make-believe about the way Chaplin works up a surprise climax to each of his scenes, and nothing that may not be revealed in Griffith's heart appeal. It is all open and aboveboard. The secret which few of us grasp is this: that both these directors have sincerity and a fine understanding of human nature. They aim at the heart, rather than the head, and so they get us. The insistent demand for the product of each of these master-craftsmen begins to wane whenever this appeal is lacking. They've both had ups and downs, and they would testify, from their own experience, that financial success is greatest where it is given least consideration. The box office can be relied on for a just verdict. .

Lasting popularity in pictures depends primarily on just that one thing —sincerity. When we get this in the story, the direction, the action and the technique of production, a screen classic necessarily results. Every time this happens, it calls forth a new demonstration of an old truth—that you can't keep the people away from where they want to go.

A recent report of the National Board of Review discloses that 1,010 feature films were passed with their approval. The screen classics that deserve to endure can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

A picture has just been completed in which the leader, "That Night," does NOT appear. We didn't think it possible!

Roscoe Arbuckle says he finds film life no bed of roses. 'Tis well. Considering "Fatty's" heft, it would be mighty rough on the roses.

What's your favorite color? Charlie Chaplin has two —the green-and-yellow tint of the leaves of the Mazuma bush. Ours is Pearl White.

Billy West has written a waltz! Wouldn't that strangle your baby grand? Can it be the title is "I Use Ev'rything of Chaplin's But His Brain"?

News dispatches from an upstate town tell of two boys who rifled the safe in a motion picture theater. There are all sorts of ways to "break into the movies."

Theda Bara has colored blood in her veins. Hey! hold on! We mean BLUE blood! Yessir, she is a descendant of an Egyptian queen, and she won't be a bit mad if you ask her about it.

A descendant of George Washington's secured a position in the publicity department of a film company. He lasted two minutes. "Truth is mighty"—out of place in a publicity department.

Some recent punk scenarios seem to have been written around the gowns of the leading lady. A poet once sang: "The beautiful things are the things we do; they are never the things we wear!"

A recent Dorothy Dalton picture features a fox hunt and a Georgia camp meeting as they used to have them long ago. Did she have to go "'way down South" on location for those scenes? Well, California's prohibition now, you know.

Winifred Westover, arriving back in Santa Barbara after her work with William Russell in the new play, has bought a new home and a new car. Wherefore we think that "All the World to Nothing" must be a pretty safe bet —for Miss Westover, anyhow.

Al Ray had one exceptionally busy week, wherein he robbed a bank, lost $300 playing poker, and, in fact, he acted like he didn't care a thing about what the censors would do to "Somewhere in Kansas" when that film tries to show in the Sunflower State.

Some actresses break into the pictures, and some just fall in, but Carmel Myers is the only one on record who chewed her way in. It was her cute cuddling of her cud of gum in her first picture, "The Heiress of Coffee Dan's," that interested the directors and boosted her to stardom.

Bessie Barriscale is bothered. She likes to give the reply courteous to all of the many letters she receives from admirers. Recently one came from far-away Japan, saying: "I would appreciate highly a photograph of your latest condition." What to do?

In "Friend Husband" Director Badger, we are told, had to have the music of several 'cellos to compel the frog to croak, as the scenario required. No Hooverizing to be noticed about this, but probably they've added a trained frog to the studio pets, and the pay-roll, for future requirements.

Word comes from the West Coast studios that "Pepper," the famous Paramount-Mack Sennett cat so popular in comedies in which Louise Fazenda appears, has abandoned her stage career, having recently become the mother of six "pepperettes."

Everybody knows the California average per year of sunny days is 312. Also that it never rains during the dry season. Wherefore the night scene in a rainstorm called for in the script of "The Gray Parasol" required mighty striving by a large force from Triangle's technical department. The results were so good they evidently peeved old Pluvius, for a few hours after everybody had gone home, drenched but happy, a real deluge descended on Culver City and vicinity. And Director Windom is claiming now that he is the real, sure-enough rain maker.

VITAGRAPH

"Hedda Nova, in 'By the World Forgot.'"
Let's hope the line's an error, due to haste.
If it be true, we venture on the spot
To say the world displays the worst of taste.

The Six Bravest Men in the Movies

They Dare Face America in the Make-up of the Kaiser

It's a wise Crown Prince who would know his own father from Lawrence Grant in "To Hell with the Kaiser."

John Sainpolis in "The Biggest Game Ever Played." A faithful replica of the Kaiser's "I-can-see-what-is-coming-to-me" look.

Rupert Julian steels himself to receive 100,000,000 American hisses nightly as the beast in "The Beast of Berlin."

William — not Wilhelm — Burress as the Kaiser in "Kultur." He is having a struggle not to look pleasant.

Something very choice in Frightfulness. Walter M. Lawrence's interpretation of "The Prussian Cur."

When it comes to the "Me undt Gott" look, you must hand it to Ray Hanford in "The Geezer of Berlin."

The Child in Back of You

"BUT, mamma, why does the man wear earrings? And why does he walk that way?"

(*Reply inaudible.*)

"But why didn't he stab the lady when he had her alone in the cellar? Didn't you think he was going to?"

(*Reply indistinct.*)

"Well, who are the men in the automobile? And why is the cowboy chasing them?"

(*Reply gaining strength.*)

"Is the cowboy a robber, mamma? Why don't they tie him to a tree, like they did in the pictures last week? Why don't they, mamma?"

(*Reply whispered, but vigorous.*)

"Is there a choo-choo car in this picture, mamma? I like choo-choo pictures."

(*Reply short and snappy.*)

"Why isn't there, mamma?"

(*Reply brief and unsatisfactory.*)

"Yes, they could, mamma. They could tie him to the track and let the— O-o-o-o-o-o, mamma, look! What made the automobile turn upside down in the water?"

(*Reply evasive and inclined to be sketchy.*)

"But, mamma, where is the lady in the old mill? Did

(*Continued on page 32*)

The Tortured Soul

A WOMAN clad in scant array
Peered out in the dusky night,
With eyes that glowed like burning coals
And a face that was ghastly white.

She stumbled down the rocky road
To a cliff o'erlooking the sea,
And gazing long in the swirling depths,
She laughed in mirthless glee.

"Oh, false and empty world!" she cried.
"Where in thy boundless part
Can I find rest for my tortured soul—
Peace for my broken heart?"

She clasped her hands and muttered a prayer
And raised her eyes to the sky,
Then tottered over the crumbling edge
With a wild, nerve-racking sigh.

The director raised his megaphone,
A scowl upon his brow:
"Lizzie, take that leap again!
You're as awkward as a cow!"

—*Bernadine Hilty.*

The Movie

Talk about the simple life! That's what it is. We eat and sleep and go to the movies. Sometimes we do a little work, but not too much. It is much easier to watch it in the pictures, and it comes to the same thing. Somebody is working there, and hard, too.

METRO

WE WONDER IF IT IS
It looks like a wedding; May Allison as the parson.

A NATURAL QUERY
Woman—*Two seats, please.*
Ticket seller—*Yes'm. But how about the boy?*

The move of the movie is right stimulating. It is so full of inspiration that we almost fool ourselves into believing we were there. That race, that fight, that game, that burglary—why, you have to rub your eyes to wake up; and who wants to wake up?

At last the proper massage has been found for human eyes, brains and nerves. The treatment has come to stay, and we expect to observe during the next decade a race of progressives alive to the greatest possible range of endeavor, from the most natural to the most extraordinary. It is to be remarked that some of us are likely to forget how the application of this treatment is through the optic nerve. The sense of sight is all that is necessary for the reception of that which the movie has to offer. Of course we know that we really see not with our eyes, but with our brain, but that is quite another story.

We are captured by the spectacle of swift activity, and we are almost intoxicated before we know it. This is, however, nothing more than normal interest, and it persists while time and leisure hold out. When there is just about the right admixture of drama, realism, catastrophe and love's young dream, who shall say that time and leisure count at all?

It takes no wide excursion of the imagination nor of the calm judgment to outline what are possibilities of the movie not yet achieved. Some day there will be the proper lapse in motility now and then while the story is telling. This will mark a refreshing improvement on the swift and tumultuous speed of the present. The rather monotonous technique of the movie is bound to give way in future to a charm hitherto unsuspected.

Educational

Go to the movies while ye may;
There's time enough for sighing.
See there the newest gown display
And the latest mode of flying.

Why Is Charlie Chaplin?

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

IF you had an aching tooth that you wanted to forget about by going to a movie, which star would you pick as the Ache Distractor? Righto! So would we. Both you and I would pay our dime plus the war tax at the Sign of the Derby Hat and the Bamboo Cane, and, once inside, our grouchy molar would either laugh itself into temporary good humor or die of exhaustion trying to keep our mind on it.

However, if you happened to be analytical—and the condition of Friend Molar might induce one to be so—you might ask yourself why is Charlie Chaplin, why the mustache and the bamboo cane, why the derby hat and the turned-up-and-out toes?

Several millions of Chaplin fans can tell you why Charlie is the grouch beguiler of the age, but only one person can tell you how he came into his world-famous equipment for popularity—and that is Charlie himself. To get a line on this mystery which has been overlooked by both press and press agent, I journeyed out to his studio in Hollywood, which is guarded by suspicious gate keepers, austere managers and unimaginative publicity persons, who are determined to substitute their own views in lieu of those of the star — this being a general failing.

When I finally reached Charlie, who was standing by the swimming pool in the middle of the inclosed lot, he eyed me at first as if he might jump in. He was afraid I was going to interview him, and such a procedure is a Chaplin horror. One may talk with him, chat with him, joke with him; but to begin at No. 1 in the list of stock questions, such as how he likes California and what is his favorite flower, is to see the million-dollar feet disappearing in the distance, accompanied by a badly scared young man.

So we just talked; and when he found I wasn't dangerous and didn't carry concealed weapons, such as notebooks and pencils, we talked even more. He is a most attractive young fellow minus the mustache and overgrown shoes, and his toes do not turn up at the edges. He is quiet, even a little shy, and occasionally displays two rows of perfect teeth in a frank and friendly smile. One cannot write a funny story about him, because off the screen he is not funny. He seems continually surprised that he has such a vogue, and asks with a deprecating accent, "Did you *really* like the picture?"

We talked of the famous make-up, and when I asked him how that particular combination came about, he looked slightly distressed.

"Really—I—well—I don't think I quite know." He hesitated. "It just appealed to me as being sort of funny. You know, before I went into pictures, I was in vaudeville in a sketch called 'A Night in an English Music Hall,' and I played the part of a drunk. I had to tumble over myself and everything in the scene. So, to be as awkward as possible, I wore shoes too large for me and pants several miles too big. The hat and the cane seemed to go naturally with the make-up, and I've used the whole thing with very slight variations ever since."

"But why a little mustache instead of a big one?" I wanted to know. The famous Chaplin smile was almost answer enough.

"Why, one can't show any expression if the mouth is hidden by a big mustache. Do you think so?"

And gazing on those two perfect rows, I most emphatically didn't think so.

"And why," I pursued, shamelessly prying into personal matters, "do your feet turn out instead of in?"

"Well, I couldn't walk the way I do if my feet turned in," he replied, with easy logic. "Besides, that part of my equipment was collected many years ago, when I was a boy in London. There was an old cabby who used to get on regular drunks, and when in that condition he walked like a pendulum, trying so hard to maintain his dignity. That

THE CHAPLIN QUESTIONNAIRE

Why is Charlie Chaplin's make-up?

Did it come about all at once, or was it evolution?

Does it date back to ante-movie days?

Why does he wear the little mustache? Why the derby hat? Why the bamboo cane?

Why does he turn his feet out, rather than in?

Did he ever see anybody in real life who looks as he now looks on the screen? If so, who and where?

Is he glad that to movie fans, the world over, the name Charlie Chaplin at once suggests a little mustache, a bamboo cane and toes that turn out?

Will he ever break away, professionally, from the type which he has created?

shuffle fascinated me, and I've spent hours going along behind him imitating that stride. He used to skid around corners like"——

"Like you do," I interpolated, and Chaplin nodded.

"Yes, only I've made money by that little trick, and he, poor chap, died in the workhouse. A thing like that's extraordinary, isn't it?" He gazed pensively into the green waters of the pool, and I realized that off the screen he is not a comedian, but a philosopher.

"Then you never saw anyone in real life who looks as you do on the screen?" I went on.

"No, and I never want to," he responded fervently. "I may be all right to look at on the screen, but I wouldn't want to meet me in private life!"

A little later I took a peep into the dressing-room where the comedy make-up is daily adjusted. It was simply furnished and well lighted. The sawed-off mustache chummed democratically with a stick of fleshing and a bottle of gum arabic, and the voluminous trousers hung limply from a peg. The best known derby in the world was cocked rakishly on the back of a chair, and on the floor reposed the million-dollar shoes, suggesting, even in their state of undress, the walk that has made their owner famous. The little bamboo cane leaned weakly against the wall, as if glad of a breathing spell from hooking policemen's belts and millionaires' purses.

"Do you know," I commenced, getting philosophical myself, "that to every film fan in America this array of articles means just one thing—Charlie Chaplin?"

"I suppose so," he responded thoughtfully. "A derby hat, a cane, a mustache and turned-up shoes—well, I've worked for it hard enough."

But it seemed to me that he sighed.

"But surely you're glad of it?" I insisted. "You won't break away from the type you've created?"

"Oh, no, I don't suppose I will—except in pictures such as 'Shoulder Arms,' where I wear a tin hat instead of a derby and regulation army pants instead of those things." He pointed to the ones on the peg.

"And if you could begin all over again, would you create the same type?"

He frowned a bit at the innocent mustache on the table.

"Well, I'm not so sure. Oh, yes, I suppose I would. But do you know"—and he almost blushed—"I'd like to play something serious just once—something like *Hamlet.*"

"Fine idea!" I told him. "Think how much fun you could have with 'Alas, poor Yorick's' skull!"

"Oh, no! I mean I'd like to play it seriously!" he assured me.

And as I left the studio, I wondered if, after all, the secret of his success didn't lie in something beyond a shuffling walk and a tricky hat—in the fact that he is a comedian who is in earnest and takes his work as fans will never take it—seriously.

Unfit To Print

There is profanity in the films. Deaf mutes, for whom it was supposed moving pictures would provide an ideal amusement, read the lips of some moving picture actors and found them "vile."—*News sensation.*

Little Eva, when you're "dying"
On the motion picture sheet,
All the Uncle Tommers crying
Round your visage, sad and sweet,
Reassure me, I entreat,
That you speak of love, joy, peace,
When your earthly sorrows cease
And the slaves sing "Shall We Meet?"

Speak up, dear child! Dispel
The charge that you say, "——!"

Marguerita, when your troubles
With Mephisto overtax,
And your load of anguish doubles,
All because of conduct lax;
When your Faust his luggage packs
And he goes below to stay,
Reassure me that you say
Only words that fit the facts.

Dear Maggy, tell me true—you
Do NOT say, "—— it!" do you?

She Was a Movie "Fan"

Harold—You don't believe I love you?

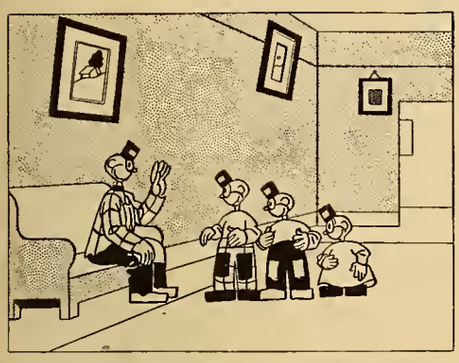
Susie—No; you don't heave your chest like the lovers do in the moving pictures.

PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

"THE WATERMELON SMILE"
Fatty Arbuckle draws no color line in comedy.

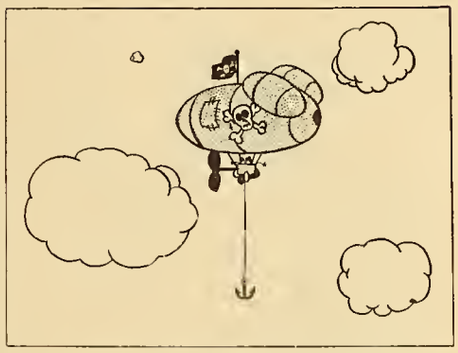
From the Travelogues of Happy Hooligan

Where are Holmes and Newman compared with this star of the Educational Film Co.?

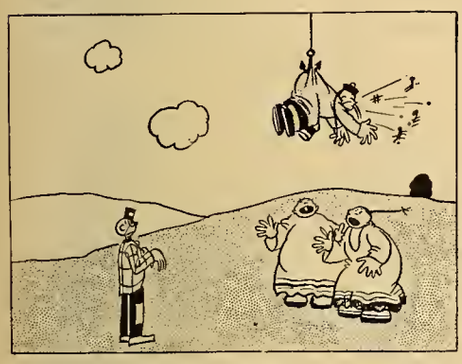


1. "I'll tell youse about my trip to China. It's a boid."

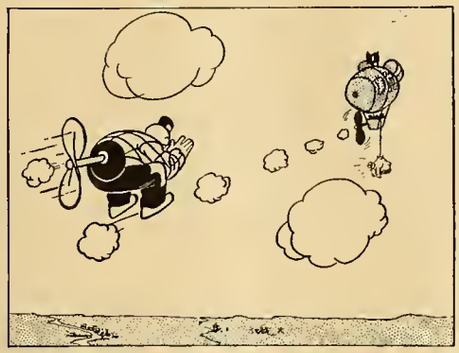
2. "This here is a picture of me and the Prime Minister."



3. "This absoid-looking thing is a Chinese air-junk, out fishing."



4. "'Another Chinese uprising,' says the Prime Minister to me."

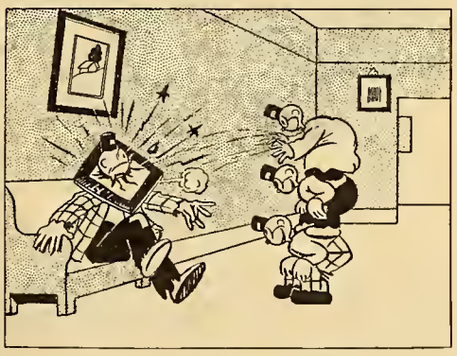


5. "I detoimened to show the kidnappers of the Prime Minister no moicy."

6. "'I've got youse!' This shows me administering foist aid."

7. "'Happy, youse must come and meet the President,' he says to me."

8. "The President of China he knighted me Dub of the Poiple Sock-Holder."



9. "There's another nice decoration for youse, Uncle Happy!"

10. "And that makes two decorations I've got."

Alas!

Said a star of the screen to me: "Well, kid,
I've salted my coin away!
I put it in stocks and bonds, I did,
And in property that will pay!
Hereafter, kid, you can touch me NOT,
For I am a tight-wad gloom!
I'll never lend, though I'm worth a lot"——
Said I, with a groan: "To whom?"

Recitation

When winter dies and springtime dawns
And buds swell up and bust,
Directors feed us winter plays—
It seems as if they must!
And in the fall, when winter's near
And leaves curl up and croak,
They slip us lots of summer plots.
We bite—but where's the joke?

There is Plenty of Pep in "Sauce for the Goose"

Kitty and Travers, whose specialty is neglected wives—if they are pretty.

Travers' quick exit to his roof in the rain; Kitty's husband is coming for her.

"Gander" husband, forgetful of his visits to the widow, is much displeased with "goose" wife.

Recipe of the "Sauce"

Kitty Constable (Constance Talmadge) is the "goose." By supping with *Harry Travers* in the same house where she knows her husband is tete-a-tete with *Mrs. Alloway*, a scheming widow, *Kitty* provides most effective "sauce." Husband comes in pursuit, on finding at home *Kitty's* note, telling where she is. The comedy is a blend of cross-roof and cross-purpose, most of the cast being either locked in or locked out. Next morning *Kitty's* "bed has not been slept in." Scurrying home, she had slept in her husband's bed, while he was out looking for her.

He cautions her not to stir, while he hunts for her companion. Shocked "gander." Naughty "goose."

SELECT

Showing the vampish widow, Mrs. Alloway, who tried to lure "gander" from "goose." Kitty is about to lock her in the same room with Teddy Sylvester, her faithful though boobish admirer, this being but one of the "sauce's" ingredients

MIX THOROUGHLY, SPRINKLE WELL WITH WORDS, AND SERVE IN A FIVE-REEL "HEART-INTEREST" COMEDY

Their Thanksgiving Prayer

MARY PICKFORD breathes a pray'r—
"Heaven bless the movies!"
Douglas Fairbanks does his share—
"Heaven bless the movies!"
Francis Bushman rolls his eyes,
Theda Bara cries and cries,
"Fatty's" hit with many pies—
"Heaven bless the movies!"

Marguerite, Miss Clark, pipes out—
"Heaven bless the movies!"
Dustin Farnum gives a shout—
"Heaven bless the movies!"
Kitty Gordon smiles and frowns,
French Max Linder cutely clowns,
And Valeska wears smart gowns—
"Heaven bless the movies!"

Alice Joyce hums the refrain—
"Heaven bless the movies!"
Charlie Chaplin twists his cane—
"Heaven bless the movies!"
Sidney Drew and wife look sly,
Mabel Normand winks an eye,
Kate and I hold hands and sigh—
"Heaven bless the movies!"

—*Harold Seton.*

Movie Manners

There has been no little apprehension in certain circles lest the youth of the nation become addicted to the manners exhibited by some of the leaders among moving picture actors. It is feared that the ancient and honorable moving picture convention of hurling a lemon meringue pie into the face of one whose actions are displeasing may become general among the younger set. There is a feeling that our less mature automobile drivers may attempt to emulate moving picture automobilists by running their machines at a rate varying from 74 to 96 miles per hour, for the purpose of revealing the limitations of railroad trains. Not a few of our leading citizens have had their rest disturbed by the horrible apprehension that their daughters may have the poor taste to marry young men who wear sport shirts and wave their hair with an electric iron. Police commissioners have even shuddered to think that their plain-clothes men may fall into moving picture habits and shadow suspects by following them at a distance of two and one-half feet in broad daylight, as is done in the movies. The whole matter, of course, depends on whether the rising generations are sufficiently impressionable to imitate what they see on the movie screen or whether they have common sense.

FOX

A PISCATORY PIPPIN
Why doesn't some aquarium curator net Annette for his finny family?

Enlightenment

***By* LAWTON MACKALL**

AT LAST I have found out the awful truth about humanity. I never even suspected it. Till last evening I went along my way cheerfully, blindly, never guessing that my fellow-men were steeped in evil.

But now I know. My eyes have been opened. For last night I went to one of those enlightening film dramas that reveal life as it is. It was called "Her Blackest Sin," and it comprised nine reels of terrible truth.

It was one of those fine moral sermons to which every mother ought to take her son, and every niece ought to take her uncle, and every stepaunt ought to take her Pekingese.

I only wish my daughter could have seen it; but as I haven't any daughter, she couldn't have.

This drama shows how a handsome but thoughtless woman may sink in sin without ever meaning to. Yes, the strange and pitiful part about it is that she really never intended to be a fallen, crime-seared creature. She sins witlessly: she is scenarioed into it. Perhaps she is too anxious to please. She appears at wild cabarets and wears gowns that are cut to the quick, not because she desires to of her own accord, but because it is expected of her by the audience. Lack of firmness leads to her undoing; she is first pliant, then supple, then sinuous. She displays too little backbone, and too much.

Poor woman, what chance has she amid so many dress suits? Only too late does she learn that stiff bosoms cover none but hard hearts, and that there is no gleam so sinister as that of a silk hat.

Innocent at first, hardly a reel passes before she begins to stop and work her face, just the way the villains stop and work their faces. (Of course, being still a modest woman, she does this only in the privacy of a close-up.) By the seventh reel even her high-minded husband has become affected with the taint and is stopping and working *his* face.

And so the drama progresses, growing blacker and more enlightening every minute. I can't be too grateful to the producers of this film for the unflinching way in which they accepted the responsibility of my innocence and warned me. If they had not, I should probably have gone to the end of my days without ever knowing that people were at bottom only smiling criminals.

But now, thank goodness, I'm warned and on my guard. I'm posted on sin. When a man comes up to me and shakes my hand, I'll know he's a hawk looking for a home to break up; and when a woman smiles at me, I'll know she's a vampire.

They won't catch *me!* I'll just watch them surrepti-

DRAWN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE END OF THE REEL

tiously when they are off their guard until I see them working their faces, and *then* I'll have them!

For now I am an expert on evil. That fil.n showed me the thrilling seductions of a life of vice; so that if I am ever confronted by them, I shall be able to recognize them at once and say how do you do. And at the end there was one of those solemn moral warnings, such as everybody thinks everybody else is supposed to need; so in future I shall know what to avoid in *that* line.

And this entire transformation of my life cost me only twelve cents. One could hardly get a more thorough education even at a billiard academy.

O. Khayyam—"The Rubaiyat of a Scotch Highball"—O. Henry

GENERAL FILM

1. To Jess, accustomed to a country town, the dreggy Bohemia was sugar and spice.

2. The bobbed-hair atmosphere in which Jess learned to drink cocktails.

By Way of Explanation

Not much plot, merely a progressive state of mind, with scene in Greenwich Village, New York's bunk Bohemia. *Bob Babbitt* marries a country girl, attracted to her because they both worship Omar Khayyam. Omar, you recall, celebrated the glories of the grape. In New York, *Bob* and *Jess* drift into a near-art set whose fad is drink. *Bob* pulls himself together on hearing it said that he "was full as an owl" the night before, and comes home in no sense a merry villager. He tells *Jess* he is through. They quarrel, but a happy train of thought wrecks the spell of Bohemia and frees them both.

3. And where she met a type of "adorable" artist found only in bunk Bohemia.

4. Between highballs there was always some "unappreciated" musical genius to gush over.

5. The home of Bob and Jess resounded with Bohemian laughter at nothing in particular until 3 a. m. And then—

6. One sober day, despite Omar Khayyam, Bob decided to have just straight seltzer in his, thereafter.

"GEE! DIS IS JUST LIKE A 'MOVIE'"

Two Good Reasons

"Why," we severely demanded of the proprietor of the moving picture palace, "do you persist in having your pipe organ play with such overwhelming and stentorian volumes of sound?"

"In an endeavor to drown out the conversation of my patrons," he replied. "And why," we inquired of some of the patrons, "do you talk so loudly during the show?"

"In the hope," they answered, "of being able to be heard by each other over and above the blare and uproar of the pipe organ."

EDUCATIONAL

LIVE AND LEARN

At the moment of our decision that this was a "close-up" of a vanilla sundae with chocolate sauce, along came the Educational Film folks with word that it is an Alaskan glacier topped with moss.

Showing Up the Hick Town, New York

Flo's landlady serves notice on the subject of room-rent.

Opportune events bring Flo in touch with a publicity agent.

As a "classic dancer" Flo shocks the female patrons of a highly proper restaurant.

Story of "Hick Manhattan"

Flo Donahoe (Peggy Hopkins) is down in her luck. New York and "success" have not been synonymous. *Flo* makes the acquaintance of *Hugh McGinty*, publicity man (Olin Howland), when a fire in her boarding house sends her out upon the street in "classic" attire. Scenting opportunity, *Flo's* impromptu publicity man gets her into the newspapers via the police court, plus a happy-thought press yarn about her being a native Greek dancer, whose dress and deportment have been "simple" since childhood. A vaudeville manager signs her up, and New York, or "Hick Manhattan," falls gracefully, as usual, and gives up its money.

Arrested, she puts one over on the police, per instructions of her publicity man.

PARAMOUNT-FLAGG

She describes herself as a Greek dancing girl, who knew no better. This is Flo in her "native fields."

It is now but a short, quick step to a vaudeville contract and emancipation from landladies. Easy New York!

A Chase Picture, With Billie Burke in the Lead

Polly vows that he who would wed her must catch her.

Polly's car breaks down: Secret Service to the rescue.

Polly's expression indicates that the pursuit is getting warm.

"In Pursuit of Polly"

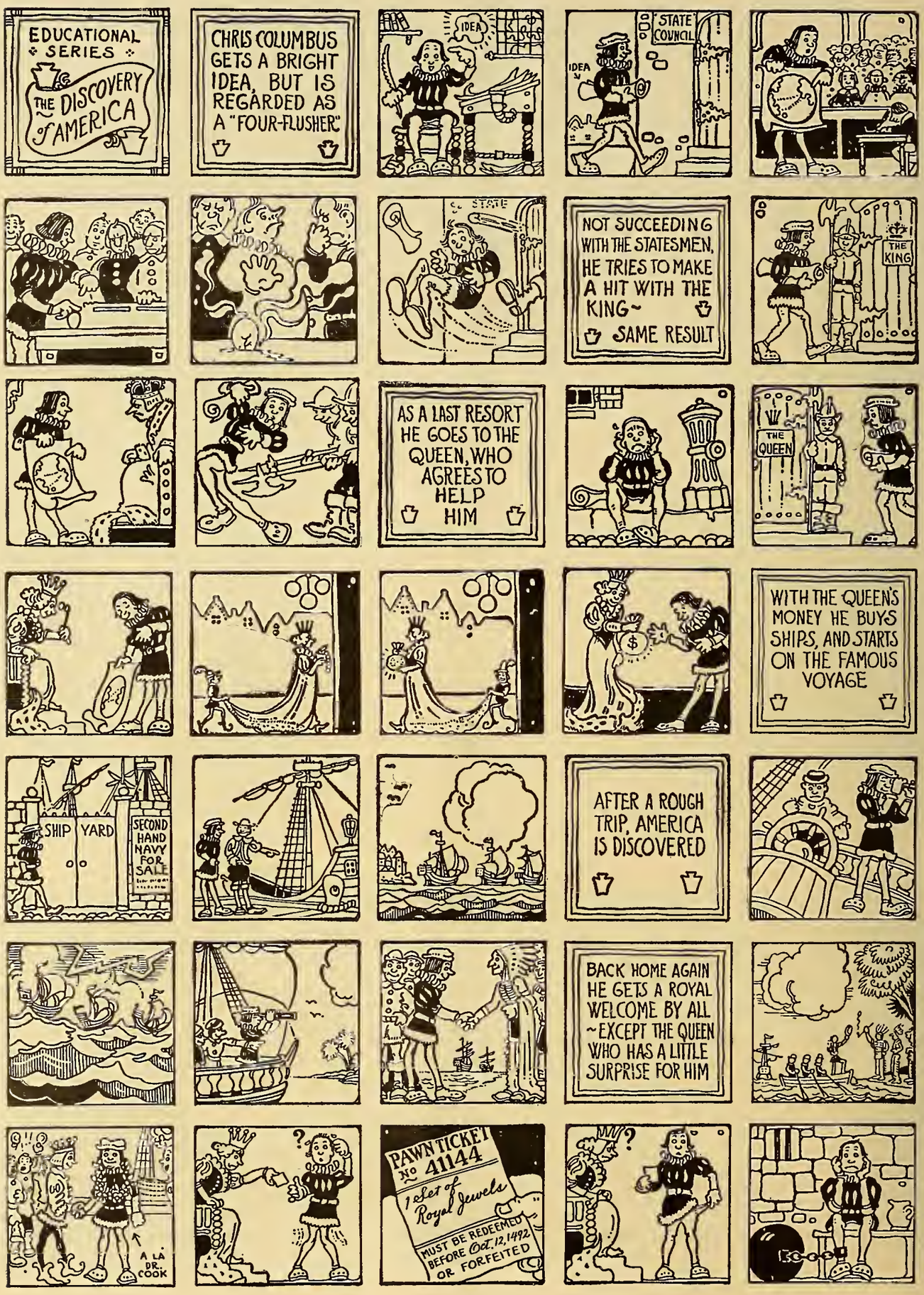
Polly Marsden (Billie Burke) says she will marry the suitor who can catch her. With her maid's help she makes a getaway. A young millionaire, on Secret Service work, meets *Polly* when her car breaks down, and suspects her of being in league with a German spy. The Secret Service man, the spy and *Polly's* suitors, who have traced her, provide complications in a hotel. The German persuades himself that *Polly* is playing his game, and tells her where "the hidden wireless" is. More pursuit. *Polly* is arrested, and it requires her father's arrival to clear her. Marry? Why, she marries the man who caught her, of course—the rich young Secret Service man.

Polly honored by attentions from a German spy, who thinks her a confederate.

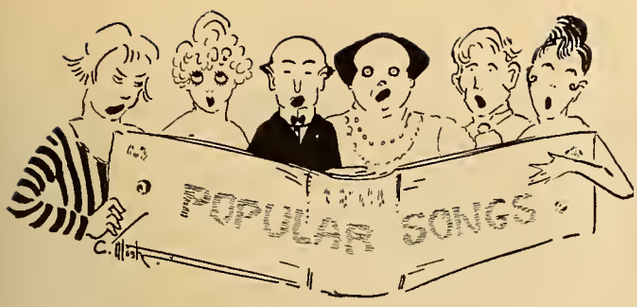
PARAMOUNT

The Secret Service man, who is young and rich, catches the spy, the pursuing suitors and—matrimonially, with her father's consent—Polly.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA: SHOWING THAT IT WAS NO CINCH FOR COLUMBUS



Song of the "Extra"

By Charlotte Mish

I WANT to be a movie star—
I do! I do! I do!
I want to own a motor car—
How true! How true! How true!
Just look, just look, just LOOK at me!
For looks I am a winner!
I've got THE personality!
I could play saint or sinner!
I resemble Soandso—
Almost am a double!
I can make my features go
Without a bit of trouble!
I could look mad as well as glad—
I could! I could! I could!
I'd be the best they ever had!
I would! I would! I would!
How dumb these old directors are!
It really makes me BLUE!
I want to be a movie star—
I do! I do! I DO!

Action

He had never seen her before, but he fell in love with her as she stepped from the surface car. "Come," he said, grabbing her by the arm. "We will take a taxi to the nearest clergyman and be married."

While waiting for the minister to put on a clean collar, wash his hands and otherwise prepare for the ceremony, the young man telephoned to the nearest furniture store. "Hello! Is this the general manager? Well, I want you to furnish a three-room apartment for me. There is one advertised in this morning's *Planet*, No. 42 West One Hundred and 'Steenth Street. Yes, it is not very far from you. Have the furniture there in ten minutes, please."

Eleven minutes later a taxi raced through One Hundred and 'Steenth Street, and the bride and groom entered their new home.

"Doesn't this seem—er—a little bit sudden to you?" asked the bride, as she sat down to get her breath.

"N-no, not exactly," replied the groom. "In fact, it seems the most natural thing in the world. You see, for the past five years I've done nothing but write moving picture scenarios."

—*C. H. F*

You Betcher!

Sis—Two hours and a quarter doesn't mean very much to me.

Bobby—Well, I could take in a high-class movie show if I had two hours and a "quarter."

A PROPHETIC MOTION PICTURE

Patriotic Americans who wish to see the downfall of autocracy will give this picture a circular twisting motion toward the left.

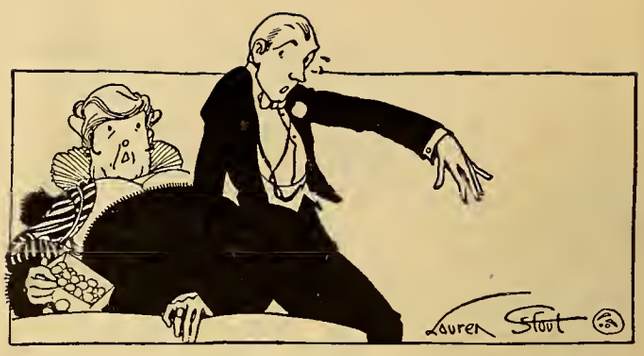
The Cause of the War

CLARENCE, my ex-roommate, and I have separated. Listen! Now, YOU know there is only one regular guy on the screen. That's Willis Art! Everybody admits THAT!

But Clarence couldn't see him if his face was all eyes. Clarence had a broad chest and a narrow mind. I'd come home from the show and tell him how Willis Art canned the crooks from the camp, shot up the bad guy and married the girl.

Yes, and I had a lasso, and I used to rope Clarence with it and drag him around the room sometimes. You know—just showing him how Willis Art did it. No good guy ought to get mad at that! But Clarence did. He said if I didn't lay off him with that Wild West stuff, he'd blow the shack—as we used to say on the campus.

After that Clarence was a bum audience for me. He'd go asleep and snore right when I'm a-telling how Willis Art rode horseback into the dance hall and dragged out the tough guys on the end of his rope. Right through the glass window and everything! You know, a bird that could take a nap on that line of stuff ain't normal. He's darned near stupid!



BETWEEN THE ACTS
Moving picture: "A Narrow Escape," in three desperate reels. Released by the Mammouth Corporation.

PARAMOUNT
CHARLES RAY IN "STRING BEANS"
Some men are born hicks; others have hick roles thrust upon them by a director.

One night there wasn't a Willis Art picture in town. So I stayed in. And so Clarence went out. Shows what a mean cuss he was! Just as I was all fixed for a pleasant evening telling him about Willis Art—he ducks!

In a couple of hours he's back, noisy as a six-year-old Ford and wearing a grin that looked like a sickle! And I never even ever saw him SMILE before! Honest, it scared me!

He shied off his hat and coat, leapfrogged over the table, vaulted over the back of the Morris and sat down in front of me, the grin working all the time. Also, he gave me a wallop on the leg that darned near scorched my pants!

"Harold," says he, without losing the grin, "I've just seen the greatest man in the world!"

"How did YOU get into the White House?" I comes back, giving him one of those Willis Art piercing glances.

"Nix!" replies Clarence. "I'd rather be Fairless than President any time!"

"You'll be airless in a minute," I pipes, "because I'll choke off your wind if you don't wipe that grin off and give me the works; and if you spank my leg like that again, I'll bust you one! Where'd you get the bun?"

"You know I don't drink," says Clarence. "At that, it's funny I don't, after listening to all that desert stuff of Art's you keep feeding me!"

I got up. "Wow!" yelps Clarence, as he trips me up and swings himself up on the chandelier. I was looking around for my lasso to tie him up, when he takes a Kellermann off the chandelier and flattens me out on the rug.

"Whoopee!" he yells, sitting up on my back. "THAT'S how he does it!"

"All right!" I gasps. "I'll be the goat. Who does what?"

"Fairless Dougbanks!" pipes Clarence. "I saw him to-night in the pictures. Say, that bird's a wonder! He licks seventeen guys and jumps over a"——

I roll him over and get up. Then we mix. After they pried us apart, we decided to live that way.

Say, I'll bet lots of these divorces are caused just that way! Suppose a guy's wife can't appreciate Willis Art? What's he going to do? Huh? —*Harry J. Smalley.*

No; It Is Not William J. Bryan, It Is Fred Stone

1. *Chuck's mother is sure that her iron-worker son was cut out for the movies.*

2. *Chuck dresses to look the part of the lady who does not skate.*

3. *The leading lady's eyes make a monkey as well as a goat of Chuck.*

Tale of "The Goat"

Chuck McCarthy (Fred Stone) is an iron-worker who breaks into the movies as an "extra." He himself is "the goat." He subs for the star as a roller skater, and falls out with his sweetheart, *Molly O'Connor,* when fascinated by the smiles of the actress. The leading man balks at a risky stunt, and *McCarthy* doubles for him. As the hero is supposed to be bandaged about the face, no one is wiser for the shift. *McCarthy* makes a rescue not in the scenario, is hurt, and the leading man gets the credit. Cured of screenitis, *McCarthy* asks *Molly* if she will take back her iron-worker. She will.

4. *Chuck decides that clothes, given a chance, will make a man a leading man.*

5. *The substitution: The leading man stays in his dressing room; "the goat" assumes the risk considerately provided by the scenario writer.*

6. *After the real thing in rescues. Proof that Chuck's sweetheart, Molly, has forgiven her wandering "goat" for falling for the smiles of a movie queen.*

Supeing for Tourneur

By HAROLD SETON

WHEN Maurice Tourneur produced "The Bluebird," a new standard was established in the moving picture world — a standard of ideas and ideals. With tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of cinema enthusiasts in all parts of the world, I had marveled at the artistry of the performance. So now I went to the Solax Studio, out at Fort Lee, N. J., and talked with the casting director. I told him of my experiences and adventures as an "extra" in the neighboring studios, and asked for a day's work with Mr. Tourneur. So to Mr. Tourneur's office I was conducted.

PARAMOUNT

He received me courteously, charmingly, and seeing that I was sincerely interested in his achievements, he showed me how he prepared his productions, turning over the pages of great scrapbooks filled with prints and photographs of cities and houses and people and costumes. He was now directing a scene depicting Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, and had collected many studies by the famous Dore, illustrator of the Bible and of Dante's Inferno. Here were angels and devils and fantastic landscapes.

"We are doing the Garden of Eden episode to-day," said Mr. Tourneur. "Come and see our first parents."

So I came, I saw—and Mr. Tourneur conquered! The scene, inside the studio, was one of great beauty. Against a skyblue background stood the Tree of Knowledge, and from its branches hung the fatal apples. The rehearsals began, and *Eve* posed before the camera. The interpreter of the role was young and lovely, her costume consisting of a golden wig, with ringlets reaching to the knees. I thought of the old saying, "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most!" *Adam* appeared, cleverly made up as half man and half ape, with hairy legs and chest. *Eve* pointed to the apple wonderingly, expectantly. Then an *Angel* with a flaming sword came in, and the *Devil* peeped around the tree, with great, batlike wings outstretched.

"The picture is in several episodes, showing the influence of woman," said Mr. Tourneur. "We can use you in the next scene—the Roman episode. Report next Wednesday at eight o'clock in the morning."

When next Wednesday arrived, I arrived with it. But I disregarded Mr. Tourneur's directions and reached the studio at seven - thirty. I wanted to see all that was to be seen, more than I was supposed to see. Finding no one around the studio, I made my way over to the vacant lot, where a Roman street had been set up, with dwellings and shops and a temple. It reminded me of Pompeii, where I had returned day after day in spellbound ecstasy. Every detail of the construction was complete and perfect, from the great, flat stones in the roadway to the frescoes on the walls and the signs and scribblings in Latin.

In one booth were fruits, in another were vegetables. Then there was a shop filled with brass bowls of all shapes and sizes. Here were live chickens, and next door was the baker's establishment, with real loaves of proper form displayed. Suddenly, coming from fancies of the past to facts of the present, I realized that the time was eight o'clock, so hurried back to the studio and found that the mob was assembling.

The custard-pie atmosphere is agreeably lacking in the Tourneur type of picture.

Men, women and children came pushing in through the doors, peering in through the windows. Before long the three hundred who had been engaged were gathered together, all talking and gesticulating excitedly. Italian families had come from miles around, often three generations being represented, wrinkled grandmothers dragging squalling grandchildren. There were also Spaniards and Greeks, as I found from listening to

and talking with my fellow "extras." There were Frenchmen, too, and Turks. In fact, all the dark-skinned, dark-eyed races were represented. None were more picturesque than the giant negroes who were to impersonate slaves.

One part of the mob was huddled in this corner, and another in that, and I was told that my dressing-room was "up there, near the roof." In the compartment there was really space for ten or twelve persons, but some twenty-five or thirty were crowded in. However, this circumstance was in itself a new experience, so afforded a new sensation.

Two old Irishmen were making up as Roman senators, the man who threw my clothes off a peg was an Italian, and the man who tried to grab my sandals was a Greek. I enjoyed the local color, but not the local odor, so hurried out of the dressing-room in my little tunic and my slipping slippers, somewhat embarrassed and quite excited. Below, on the studio floor, pandemonium had been let loose. Men and women in half-modern and half-ancient costumes were rushing around, directing and misdirecting one another, brandishing trousers or corsets; children were getting lost and found. I talked to a Roman matron wearing a service-star brooch, and to an Ethiopian slave smoking a briar pipe.

Then came the word to go out to the lot, to get into the scene; so we all straggled off and were assigned to our places, this group to the right and that group to the left, these people to be shopping at the booths, those people to be leaning from the balconies. I saw an old man reading a Hebrew newspaper, and spied a small child sneaking apples from a basket.

Then Mr. Tourneur mounted the steps of the temple and through a megaphone directed the rehearsals. We started at nine, but it was twelve before the camera man began to crank his machine. We were forbidden to look in his direction; instead, we were intent upon the crowd of urchins who came running and tumbling along the highway in advance of the mounted troops, who were followed by dancing girls with flowers to strew in the path of the approaching—emperor! His imperial majesty was borne in a gorgeous litter, supported by six black slaves.

HAVE YOU AN EYE FOR AN EYE?
Then identify these. They are "registering love" for Harold Lockwood, Warren Kerrigan, William Russell, Charles Ray and Irving Cummings, respectively.

Mr. Tourneur said: "Shout! Gesticulate!" So we did so. We yelled: "Hooray!" "Viva Italia!" and even "To hell with the Kaiser!" We jumped up and down, we jostled one another, we struggled for the best places. This performance was gone over and over until one o'clock. Then came a time to rest—and to eat. Refreshments were provided, but after one glance in the direction of the mob, three hundred strong, scrambling for food, I decided that, although I had been engaged as an "extra" and had dressed with and yelled with the "extras," I really preferred to dine with the "regular actors," so sought out a charming and cultured girl I had met at other studios and lunched with her—in the imperial litter. She was playing the part of a princess. After a time the emperor himself joined us, and we talked of literature and art and cabbages and kings.

For a while the strange sights and stranger smells were forgotten, but then came more rehearsals and more photography, until at last, at a quarter to six, we were dismissed, to the wild delight of the rabble, who were impatient to get back to their wash-tubs and news-stands, their shoe shines and their street corners.

Not all of the extra people are of the *hoi polloi*, however. Later on I was to learn this when three hundred extras, in gorgeous raiment, appeared as an opera audience.

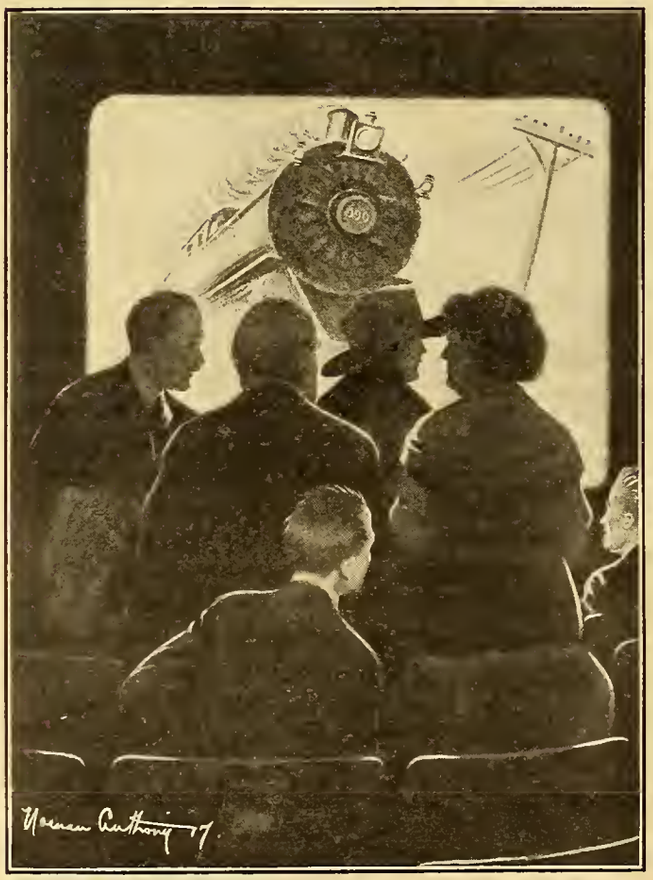
We tore out of our togas and into our trousers, then formed in double lines to get our slips, which were turned into cash at the office window. Some got two-fifty, some got three-fifty, and some got five. Those who got five had done little "bits." For my part, I must admit I felt almost ashamed to take Mr. Tourneur's money. I felt I was obtaining it under false pretenses. For he had afforded me a day's entertainment, had provided a veritable treat, and, instead of my paying him, he was paying me! I have had many amusing experiences in my life, many diverting adventures in the movies, but I shall never forget the paradoxical performance of—supeing for Tourneur!

Real and Reel.

An Obvious Deduction

The stickler—Why do they call them moving picture studios? A studio is the workshop of a person who paints.

The movie actress—You apparently have never visited a moving picture studio.



Just as the Train is about to run over the Heroine.

Lest the Audience Forget

NEVER make the mistake of thinking it is too late to drop around to the movies. It never is. Remember that between the time when the "big picture" is first flashed upon the screen and the instant when the initial action-picture is shown, the film company must inform the audience in fullest detail of the following:

FLICKER FLICKER FILM CO., INC.
HENRY B. FLICKER, Pres.
MARTIN S. FLICKER, Secretary.
MOE RILEY, Treas.
Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

The Stupendous Five-reel Thriller

THE MYSTERIOUS MUFFIN.

From the book of that name by Egbert Hamm Saltina.
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Dramatic and Motion Picture Rights the Property of
The Flicker Flicker Film Co., Inc.
HENRY B. FLICKER, Pres.

THE MYSTERIOUS MUFFIN.
Book by Egbert Hamm Saltina.
Scenario by Morris Scrapbook and Lester Lunger.
Staged under the Direction of
Wilfred Sombrero.
(The Flicker Flicker Film Co., Inc., Los Angeles.)

HYSTERIA STUTZ.
HAROLD HAIRWAVY.
Co-stars in the Flicker Flicker Film Co.'s (Inc.) Great Production of Saltina's
THE MYSTERIOUS MUFFIN.
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The Flicker Flicker Film Co., Inc.
HENRY B. FLICKER, Pres.
MARTIN S. FLICKER, Secretary.
MOE RILEY, Treas.

ARE YOU FOLLOWING
The Mysterious Muffin
Every Week in
The Magazine Section of the Sunday Nap?
(*Nap Publishing Co., Inc.*)
READ IT IN THE NAP. SEE IT ON THE SCREEN.

Flicker Films for Finicky Folks.
(*Trade-mark Copyrighted.*)
Trade-mark Registered in the Library of Congress, the Hague Peace Palace and the Chicago Stockyards.
Henry B. Flicker, Pres.

PERALTA

Here we have a lesson in geology. These young movie ladies, Louise Glaum and Company, are on vacation, not "location," in Del Mar, Cal. The rock on which they sit has been "on location" at Del Mar for a number of thousand or million centuries—the difference in detail being immaterial in geology. When this earth was a whirling ball of fire, there wasn't any rock at Del Mar or anywhere else. But gradually a crust formed over the spinning flame and the surface cooled off, making first a sort of fudge and then rocks, this one and others. Through the glacial period this rock was very cool indeed, and since then has been positively cold and unemotional. At the time our photograph was taken, however, it began to warm up—a perfectly natural thing for it to do, geologists claim.

WILFRED SOMBRERO SAYS:
"I consider THE MYSTERIOUS MUFFIN my greatest triumph in motion picture production."
(*Copyright, Wilfred Sombrero, Inc.*)

PORTRAIT OF WILFRED SOMBRERO,
Director, Flicker Flicker Film Co., Inc.
Los Angeles, Cal.

"FLICKER FLICKER STARS ARE WORLD-FAMOUS."
(Trade-mark Copyrighted, 1918. Entered in the Library of Congress, the Cave of the Winds, Niagara, and Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.)

PORTRAIT OF HYSTERIA STUTZ
In her Matchless portrayal of Bessie Bean in "The Mysterious Muffin."
(*Copyright by Hysteria Stutz, Inc.*)
(*Photo by Flicker Flicker Feature Service, H. B. Flicker, Pres.*)

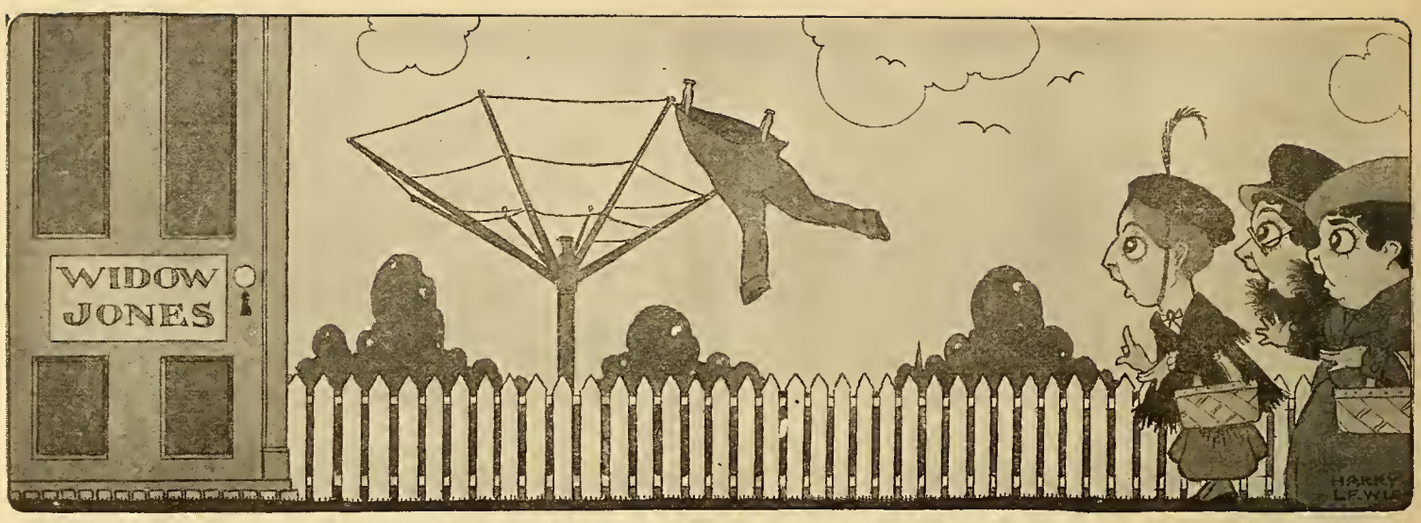
"FLICKER HEROES KEEP THE HEART FIRES BURNING."
(Trade-mark Copyrighted, Manicured, Sponged and Pressed. Entered in the Library of Congress, the Spare Room and the Attic.)

PORTRAIT OF HAROLD HAIRWAVY
In his virile interpretation of Lemuel Lariat in "The Mysterious Muffin."
(*Copyright by Harold Hairwavy, Inc.*)
(*Photo by Flicker Flicker Feature Service, H. B. Flicker, Pres.*)

"IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A FLICKER, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A FILM."

Then, after a few additional copyrights, "incs" and entrances into the Library of Congress, they at last let 'er flicker, and you may see what you came to see. But never make the error of thinking that you must bolt your dinner or leave the dishes unwashed, in order to "get there in time."

—*A. H. F.*



ONE-REEL FEATURE—"THE VILLAGE SCANDAL"

Markowitz and Henry Discuss the Movies

By LOU RAB

"WHERE'S everybody? Where's Minnie? Where's the kids?" inquired Henry Shapiro upon entering the home of Max Markowitz, his boss and brother-in-law, and finding the skirt manufacturer half asleep on a couch in the pinocle library.

"Where's Minnie? Where's the kids?" repeated Markowitz mockingly, as he assumed a sitting posture and rubbed his eyes sleepily. "Henry, like I told you already more than a thousand times, you can ask more foolish questions in one minute than what the whole Supreme Court from the United States can answer in a season. Why don't you ask that old question, what even a baby with a bottle knows—'Where was Moses when the lights went out?'—and I'll give you the same answer, with an improvement—'In the dark, by the movies.' I myself didn't care to go, because we auctioned last night till three o'clock, and I feel so sleepy this afternoon like an actor in the morning. So I let Minnie and Lester and Florence go by themselves."

"And I tell you, Henry," continued Markowitz, after pausing to light one of his favorite Habanoras, "the movies ain't no more a special number, a luxury like *champanier* or finger bowls; they have become so necessary for life like bread and water and skoits"——

Dorothy—*Does she want a new hat too, Mamma?*

"And pinocle," added Henry, smiling.

"You laugh!" exclaimed Markowitz earnestly. "I'd like to see my kids let me live a minute if I didn't give them money for the movies. The big kids, too, want them woister than the little fellers. And for why not? It's good for them. Look! Before the movies commenced, married couples after supper used to pick up a paper for a while, then pick up a little *schmuess*, a talk about high-priced hats or low-life bosses, and by the end they would pick up an argument what would finish *oder* in broken crockery or in broken language, depending upon their nationality. What better could they do in the long nights? But since the *picktches* commenced, couples are moving to the movies, prompt like they got a dispossess notice, right after finishing the dishes. Yes, the movies made a regela revolution in the life from people. Children what used to know notting but loaf and play, day and night, now"——

"Sure!" broke in Henry sarcastically. "Children what used to know notting but healthy play now know notting but photoplay. And kids now know more about what they oughtn't to know than what grandfathers wanted to know—from vampires to war brides. The best time from a boy's or a goil's life, what should be spent in the big outside with nature—running and jumping and catching—

they spend inside with *picktches* what shows life ten times woiser than what it really is. Married men with affinities, affinities with otomobiles, otomobiles with joy riders, and joy rides with married men."

"Henry," maintained Markowitz, "you're speeching like a regela preacher. Just like that young Mr. Greenfield, what I met in the winter country, and who's a good pinocle player in private, and a grand speecher against it when there's more than four hands. But you make an elephant from a peanut. All the *picktches* aren't like what you say—vampires and war brides. Take Charlie Chaplin for a sample. When I see him, I not only laugh myself, but I enjoy myself extra when I hear the way all the kids are laughing music in my ears. I tell you, boys wouldn't have one per cent. the fun playing tag like they have from Charlie Chaplin and"——

"Charlie Chaplin!" interrupted Henry satirically. "Since he walked into the movies, every boy in America stopped walking straight. Their ambitions to become bank presidents or college presidents or Washington presidents are out of style now like long skoits with big sleeves. All a young feller wants now is to duplicate Charlie and throw custard pies at stuck-up men with stove-pipes and pull chairs out of puffed-up ladies with diamonds. I ain't seen a boy yet what goes to school what can't repeat Chaplin's tricks better than the multiplication table and what don't know by heart the history of every movie queen, from the date of her last divorce to the age of her foist husband. Max, just for fun you ask your Lester when he comes back from the movies to tell you all he knows about that great young lady from history—Joan of Arc—and about that pretty young lady from the *picktches*—Mary Pickford. About the foist one, I bet you he'll be so quiet like Yom Kippur on Broadway; but when it will come to talk about Mary, he'll speak like a shipping cloik sent out on the road for a trial. Fine things they're loining from the movies!"

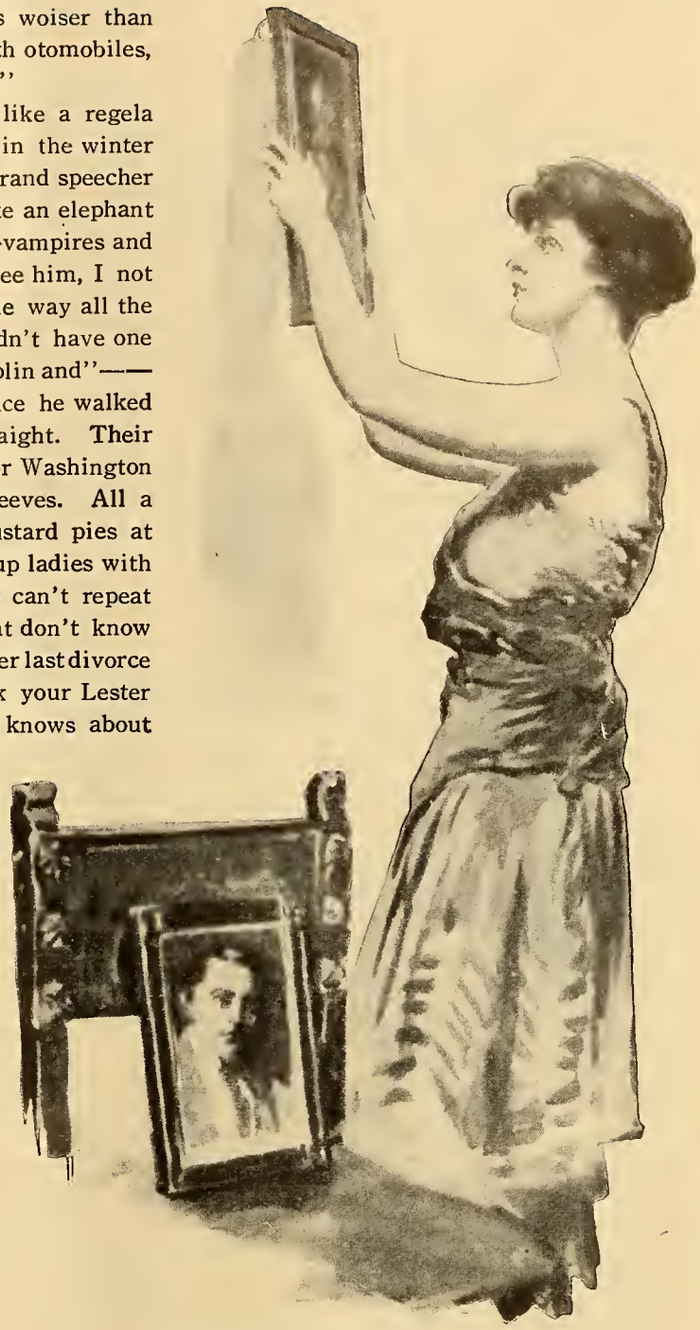
"And for mine part," argued Markowitz, "I would better get a smile from that sweet queen of the movies, what puts light into many dark hearts right now, than to loin all about leading ladies from a thousand years back. Henry, you can stand here and talk from now to the fall season, and you couldn't change me an inch from a movies booster to a *picktche* knocker. Look what them fillem theayters done for everybody, from the smallest countries to the biggest cities! They take a man what never went farer than Coney Island and travel him all over the Philippine Islands in a parle car seat, all for a nickel; and a farmer what's been dying to see life in New York sees Forty-second Street and Broadway for only a dime. As for the high life of them *picktche actorkes,* I tell you most of them lead a better life in private than what Sunday-school superintendents lead in public. And"— Here Markowitz stopped, for he heard his wife and children returning from the movies.

"Now I'll show you who's right!" whispered Henry to his brother-in-law in a tone of anticipated triumph. "I'll prove you that what I said before is so true like to-day is Sunday. I bet Lester and Florence don't know a button about that great young goil from historia what was a regela general and yet knows all about Mary"——

"Uncle Henry, Uncle Henry!" cried Lester, the younger of the two Markowitz children, suddenly jumping into the pinocle library, "we saw a peach of a picture in the movies!"

"Charlie Chaplin, of course," grunted Henry, in disgust.

"No, uncle, it was Joan of Arc!" denied Lester, followed by a continuous chuckle from his father and absolute silence from his uncle.



A MOVING PICTURE GIRL

Lovelorn

THE boy and girl sat close together. He spoke at last: "I—I've got something I must say—but, well, you know I'm not very strong on the poetic stuff, Thorma. I'd like to say this in classy language, you know, regular book language, like some fellows could; but—it doesn't seem to come easy, somehow. It's all in my heart, good and strong, this worship of mine, but I can't seem to express it the way I want to. Oh, Thorma dear, you know what I want!"

For a moment there was silence. The girl bit her lip and allowed a tiny frown of annoyance to wrinkle her brow.

"Yes, I know what you want," she said, "and I consent."

At the boy's cry of joy she put out her hand.

"Yes, I consent," she said, "but this will positively be the last love letter I'll write to Mary Pickford for you, my dear brother. Positively!"

C. C.

A MOVING PITCHER

Save the *Thoughtless* Dollars

"I got the sweetest hat today. And, my dear, of course, I didn't really need it, but—"

* * * *

"What if it is only a few blocks? Here, taxi!"

* * * *

"I know I'd feel a lot better if I ate less, but I simply must have a big order of—"

* * * *

Over there in the Picardy mud, pock-marked with significant craters and "plum-caked" with unspeakable things that once were men, our soldiers can't hear all that some of us are saying. Good that they can't, isn't it? It wouldn't make it any easier to stand firm against those blood-crazed, grey hordes who come on wave after wave because they believe their Kaiser is "God's anointed shepherd of the German people."

* * * *

It isn't that we Americans are a selfish people. We have simply been thoughtless.

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A FRIGID RECEPTION
Percy Spenderbilt brings home a wife from the ranks of the Vampires.

In Our Town

Vergil Thomson believes in the internal fitness of things. When a rainstorm showed on the screen the other night, he played "Little Drops of Water."

Hen Reardon says that the talk about the interest in moving pictures dyin' out is all bosh. He's been twice in the past week an' is thinkin' of goin' again Monday.

We mourn our loss. Ray Batchellor has left our town an' moved to an aristocratic neighborhood, where they charge ten cents for a nickel show an' get away with it.

Bee Hume went to the Empire Motion Picture Theayter last night an' found a lady's handkerchief. Now he's afraid he'll be arrested for carryin' away Annette Kellermann's wardrobe.

We're havin' a reg'lar epidemic. Doctor Cross advised that little Johnnie Craig be taken to moving pictures while he was convalexing from the meesles, an' now every blamed kid in our town is sick.

Deacon Gubsing is mortally scared someone will carry him off for his money, like they did Romain Fielding, in "The Mexican." Melvin Withers says he is afraid there ain't anyone in our town with enough public spirit to do that.

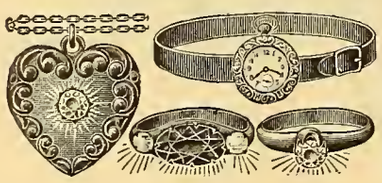
It pays to believe in signs. Pa Seemans sold the potato he's carried in his pocket for the last twenty years, to drive away rheumatism, for enough to buy a house an' lot, two eggs, three ounces of coal, an' still has enough left to take him to the picture show for the next ten years.

We're havin' so many improvements in our town that we're gettin' quite metropolluting. Adams has moved into a new drug store, the railroad has put new boards in their crossing, George Bryant has two new stools in his restorant, an' the moving picture theayter has a new window in its ticket office, an' yet we ain't stuck up a mite.

Can You Imagine?

Flora Finch as *Juliet?*
Sidney Drew as *Romeo?*
Stuart Holmes as *Falstaff?*
Fay Tincher as *Evangeline?*
Roscoe Arbuckle as *Penrod?*
Douglas Fairbanks as *Hamlet?*
Marguerite Clark as *Cleopatra?*
Jane Lee as *Little Lord Fauntleroy?*
Francis X. Bushman as *Tom Sawyer?*
Mary Pickford as the *Witch of Endor?*

Any photoplay without the inevitable clasp-me, hug-me, kiss-me finis?



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METRO

Olive Tell, now engaged in making her first Metro picture, "Secret Strings." "Binkey" her pet Pomeranian takes a vivid interest in her appearance—and his own.

Who's Who and Where

Helen Keller has leased space in Paralta studios at Hollywood and is at work on a series of pictures which will be, in effect, an autobiography of this wonderful blind woman's life. Romance pales before the facts of her accomplishment. Miss Macy appears with her in the pictures.

The Division of Films of the Committee on Public Information will move on October 1st to new quarters in the building at 6 West Forty-eighth Street. The new location affords more commodious quarters for all departments than those now occupied in the Times Building.

The Division will have the fourth, sixth and seventh floors. The First National and Paralta are already domiciled in this building.

The Motion Picture War Service Association reports that several thousand dollars were realized from the masked ball at the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium. Photoplayers are warm-hearted, generous, fun-loving and spendthrift, bless their hearts! and the building of a five-hundred-room hospital for the care of comrades, to be ready when the need arises and our own boys come back ill or wounded, appealed to them so that the dollars poured into the coffers of the committee.

W. S. Hart has discovered that a picture star's life is almost anything but a primrose path. In making "Shark Monroe" he went with his company up into the high Sierras, where the snow is deep, and from there out on the Pacific, where the water is deeper. A squall nearly wrecked their small craft, and Hart was sorry it didn't, for he found out he is not a good sailor. However, he overcame his anguish before the scenes were shot, so that all is well with the picture, but Hart vows that "never again" will he consent to ride a bucking ocean.

An exposition of the motion picture interests will be held in Madison Square Garden, October 5th to 13th. The moving motive for such a gathering is the purpose of this great industry to render itself 100 per cent. effective in win-the-war undertakings.

Demonstration of all the latest devices in projection will be offered for the consideration of exhibitors, and for the general public there will be a miniature motion picture studio, in which pictures will be made in order that visitors may learn, if they will, a few of the mysteries of the photoplay.

Many stars from West Coast studios will probably be in attendance what time they can spare from their work for the Liberty Loan.

Educational Films Corporation of

METRO HALL PHOTO

Naomi Childers, supporting Ethel Barrymore in the screen presentation of "Lady Frederick." "Yaphank," the Pekinese, is instrumental in bringing about a reconciliation between the estranged sisters.

27 Years the Enemy of Pain

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Manicure File, 50c.; Cuticle Knife, 50c.; Button Hook, 50c. Set of 3, $1.00. All handles guaranteed genuine. Address:
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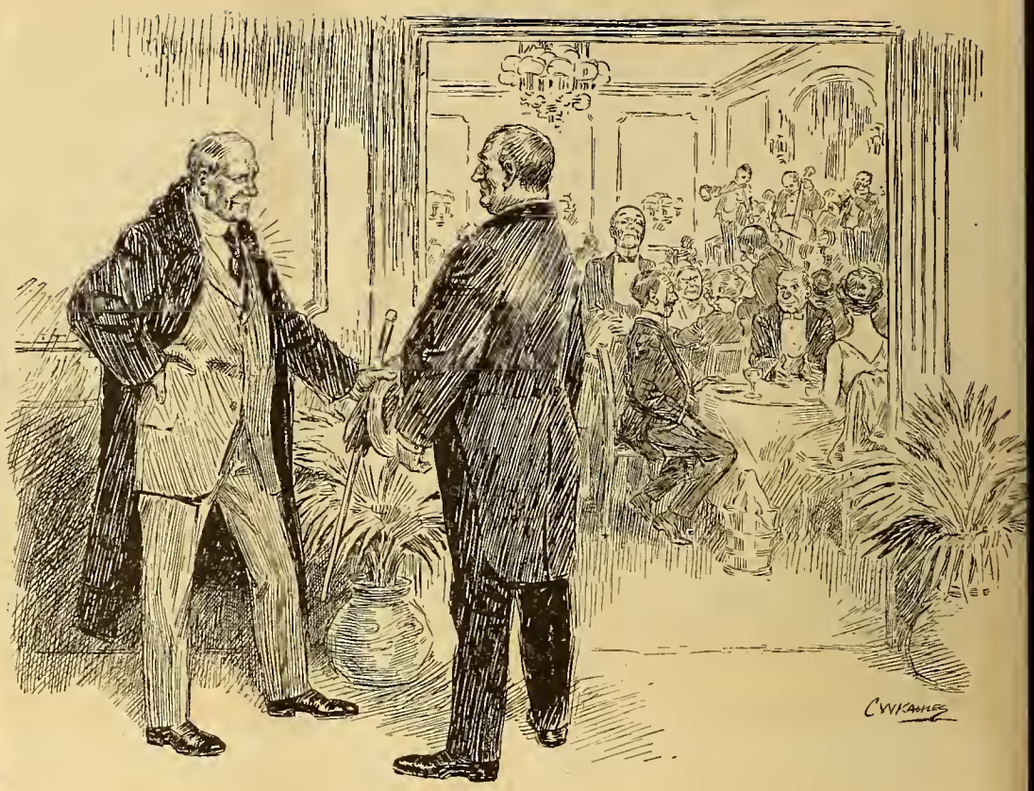

MORE PERILOUS

Friend—*Any innovations in your Uncle Tom's Cabin film?*
Producer—*Oh, yes! Instead of having Eliza escape by crossing the river on the floating ice cakes, we have her escape by crossing Broadway at Forty-second Street.*

America has contracted with E. M. Newman for the release of thirty travel subjects during the next twelve months. The pictures will be booked in first-class moving picture theaters in the United States, Canada, Mexico, South America and all of the European countries, for Newman has visited every habitable part of the globe during his ten years of travel, and his pictures are rare and unusual.

This new departure will in no way interfere with Mr. Newman's regular annual series of Traveltalks. He will travel five months each year in search of new impressions and up-to-date scenes for his many "fellow-travelers," most of whom must do their adventuring by way of the silver sheet.

A new service flag with eleven stars was recently hoisted to the peak over the Rolin studios in Los Angeles. Players and studio workers who have gone to the colors are Herbert Brodie, Naval Reserve; "Slim" Voorhies, Coast Artillery; J. B. Roach, with the 47th Regiment, now "over there"; Walter L. Adams, acrobatic actor, Aviation Corps; "Sandy" Roth, U. S. N.; Clyde Hopkins, now in France with the Signal Corps; Lige Cromley, government school for gasoline engines; Ray Kellerman, now in France with Engineer Corps; Charles Stevenson, Camp Kearney; Joe Matice, U. S. Aviation timber cruiser; Max D. Hamberger, cook at the Presidio.

The Child in Back of You

(*Continued from page 5*)

the big rats eat her up? Could rats really swim like that, mamma? Could they?"

(*Reply incoherent.*)

"But I don't understand. Why didn't the man with the earrings kill her, mamma? Wasn't his knife sharp enough? Mamma! I say, wasn't his knife sharp enough?"

(*Reply apparently unbelievable.*)

"But does she always escape, mamma? Aren't they ever going to kill her?"

(*Reply discouraging.*)

"Why not, mamma?"

Editorial Note.—There are two endings to this. Early movies, it ends around nine o'clock. Late movies, about eleven.

Out of the Mouth of Hell

our boys come, nerve-racked, tense, exhausted by their sleepless vigil and harassed with tragic memories.

Rest they will have, but rest is not re-creation. Mind must relax as well as body. They must forget awhile, must turn their thoughts into their normal course before facing anew the horrors of the first-line trenches.

Courage they have always, but we can put fresh heart into them; we can restore the high spirits of youth and send them singing into the fray.

They Are Fighting for You—Show Your Appreciation

When you give them arms, you give them only the instruments of your own defense; when you give for the wounded, you give only in common humanity; but when you give to the Y. M. C. A., you are extending to the boys the warm hand of gratitude, the last token of your appreciation of what they are doing for you. You are doing this by showing your interest in their welfare.

The Y. M. C. A. furnishes to the boys, not only in its own "huts"—which are often close to the firing line—but in the trenches, the material and intangible comforts which mean much to morale. It furnishes free entertainment back of the lines. It supplies free writing paper and reading matter. It conducts all post exchanges, selling general merchandise without profit. It has charge of and encourages athletics, and conducts a "khaki college" for liberal education. Its religious work is non-sectarian and non-propagandist. It keeps alive in the boys "over there" the life and the spirit of "over here."

GIVE NOW—BEFORE THEIR SACRIFICE IS MADE

YMCA

Seven allied activities, all endorsed by the Government, are combined in the United War Campaign, with the budgets distributed as follows: Y. M. C. A., $100,000,000; Y. W. C. A., $15,000,000; National Catholic War Council (including the work of the Knights of Columbus and special war activities for women), $30,000,000; Jewish Welfare Board, $3,500,000; American Library Association, $3,500,000; War Camp Community Service, $15,000,000; Salvation Army, $3,500,000.

YMCA

Contributed through Division of Advertising — **United States Gov't Committee on Public Information**

ADVERTISING TO VICTORY

This space contributed for the winning of the war by the Publisher of FILM FUN

Piano
Organ
Violin
Guitar
Piccolo
Clarinet
Harp
Saxophone

Cornet
Mandolin
Banjo
Cello
Trombone
Flute
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H. S. Whittmack, New York, writes: "I compliment you on your wonderful system. Did not know one note from another, but in a sbort time have mastered the piano and am now composing music."

Louise Bowles, Epworth, Va., writes: "Received my teacher's certificate. I bighly recommend your school and wouldn't take anything for the belp it has given me."

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Film Fun

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CHRISTMAS

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ON GUARD AGAINST GLOOM

[*Reprinted from letter of May 25 to Committee on Public Information, and incorporated in War Activities Report of National Association of Motion Picture Industry.*]

"The people of the country who are working at high pressure to win the war need some form of recreation, and to a vast number of our people moving pictures are the only form of recreation within their means. The majority of the moving picture theatres of the country have placed themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Government for the furtherance of Liberty Loans, War Savings, and other Government movements, and deserve the thanks of the country for their patriotic attitude."

(Signed) W. G. McADOO, Secretary of the Treasury

The Crystal of Life

THE motion picture is like the magician's crystal. You gaze into it and you see life.

Life alight with gayety and purple with dreams, life astride the champing steed of adventure, life careless of death.

By what test have Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures emerged crowned monarchs in this art?

By the test of the *faithfulness* and *clearness* of their crystal-reflections of life!

By the sheer vitality of their foremost stars —by their sheer *beauty*—by their sheer *charm* —often by their sheer lovableness—by their *LIFE!*

And nowhere else is there such *directing* as in *Paramount* and *Artcraft,* such gorgeous presentation, such superb understanding of the story's artistic atmosphere, such closeness to *life's richest hues!*

In *deed* as well as in *name* are these motion pictures—*Paramount! Artcraft!*

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These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures — and the theatres that show them.

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NEW YORK

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

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NOV 18 1918

VITAGRAPH

Not all thrills are furnished by iron-workers; sometimes a mere wood-worker can provide a few.

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Best Interests of All Motion Picture Art and Artists

DECEMBER—1918

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IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE THEY CAN WEAR THEM WITH?

At Santa Monica, where it's warm, Ethel Lynn dons summer furs with her bathing suit.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

SAUSAGE HAYMAKER has just shown "The Call of the East" in our town. Oh, yes, we know! Cash!

Five-year-old Kathleen Reilly announces her appointment as "official Cupid" for Metro. What's in a name!

Ethel Clayton is appearing in "Stolen Hours." Si Mizzlenigg says they stole his, too, even if it was only a henry.

We have it on the authority of a photoplay magazine that a certain dress goods doll loves to act. Well, then, why doesn't she?

Fred Niblo married Enid Bennett. Then he made his first appearance in the photoplay called "Coals of Fire." Who named it? We don't know.

Jack Winblish is going to write to Elsie Ferguson to find out all about that new breed, "Barbary Sheep." He ain't had much luck with his lately.

Ethel Clayton's first Paramount picture is called "The Girl Who Came Back." Ma says it couldn't have been a hired girl, for she never comes back.

Nazimova—so her clever press agent has discovered—has learned that lizards are very fond of music. Yes, and the lounge lizards prefer it with their meals.

Taylor Holmes computes that the average man in civil life spends one-half his time making money to buy a meal, and the other half in the restaurant waiting for it.

Bill Hart's picture, "The Wolves of the Rail," is showing here now. Jack Winblish says there are no wolves of the rail since the government has took hold of them.

Wm. Russel is appearing in "The Midnight Trail" in our town. Bill Barzackle says he sympathizes with Mr. Russel. He knows all about the midnight trail—he has twins.

Douglas Fairbanks advises all and sundry to "Walk and Save Carfare." Now that the War Industries Board is regulating shoe prices, maybe some of us can afford to try it. Hitherto as a pastime it has been open only to plutocrats.

In "Molly Go Get 'Em" Marguerita Fisher wears a pair of pajamas given to her by a wealthy mandarin of Santa Barbara. The design is a yellow devil-fish in a crimson sea, and they look like a Chinese opera sounds! Let us give thanks that the screen gives us only black and white!

The First National Exhibitors Circuit is after Mary Pickford, offering her a million dollars for a year's contract. A movie magazine says: "First Charlie and now Mary. Who's next?" Well, Betty Dizzledroop, who always recites "Curfew Shall Not Spring To-night" at the Pumpkin Vine School litery, is going to the post office every day.

Now comes another making inquiry: "What's the matter with the movies?" Well, they're paying about $200,000,000 government revenue. They've raised a billion dollars—that's one-sixth of the Fourth Loan. And they've taken over the foreign trade for practically the whole world. So probably the answer ought to be: "The movies are all right!"

Western enthusiasm will have to speed up a bit after this, Bryant Washburn believes. He came to New York early in October to film some scenes of "Venus in the East" which called for that setting, and flags, banners and Liberty Loan posters obscured the sets so he had to abandon the undertaking. A counterfeit Fifth Avenue constructed in the Hollywood studios had to be used.

Gustave von Seyffertitz, of Lasky, has adopted a new name — Clonebaugh — for professional purposes. The notification doesn't say why he wished to make the change. Make your own guess.

In view of the suspension of releases for four weeks, due to influenza, and the reduced production likely to result, Charles Ray is of opinion that "Beans" is likely to be mighty popular for a long time.

His press representative has this to say about the star of a recent Wild West photoplay: "So genuine an actor is he that he does not need the artificial aids of experience." Which may be a good thing, for these Westerners are sometimes resentful when affronted.

WORLD

THE BAWLER OUT

In the "legit" he used to be the call-boy; but in the movies, he has to compete with megaphones, and call-boy is too conservative.

EDITORIAL

Give the Public the Best

REISSUES of old films, reprinted, re-titled and edited, are now shown in the best theaters throughout the country and are proving box-office successes. The warm reception accorded them strengthens our faith that old friends are best and seems to demonstrate that fashions in favorites change very little. FILM FUN has expressed the belief, from time to time, that fewer and better productions would serve the best interests of the industry from every angle. Certain producers have tried this plan, and in every instance it seems to work well.

"Hearts of the World" has had a successful run at Broadway prices from April to November, with no end in sight at this writing. With upward of sixty stars of the first magnitude—according to their salary slips—each working with energy to fulfill his contract to produce eight or more photoplays a year, Art is apt to have a hard time.

The public pays the bills, although it does not always realize that fact, and if the fans will support only good pictures, producers will provide them. This means a considerable change in the prevailing system, but a change is badly needed.

Doubling

THIS may not be a necessary evil, but it has become a well-established practice. It is justly unpopular, however, and two factors which will aid in its annihilation are, first, the burlesques being presented by the comedy companies, which ridicule it unmercifully, and, second, the genuine scorn a real actor feels for the "idol" whose contract stipulates that no hazard goes with his performances. A vast number of capable players from the speaking stage are able and anxious to do good work before the camera, and most of these hold "doubling" and "camera tricks" in contempt. Those most concerned should promote the enactment of legislation that will provide just compensation and for placing the responsibility where it belongs in case of accident. That would seem to be on the shoulders of the hero. Let him play or pay. No man ought to risk his life for a five-dollar wage.

METRO

"What's the use of a six-foot-two leading man, if he can't give you a lift once in a while?" says May Allison.

A National Film Library

"FOR every evil under the sun There is a remedy or there is none." If you have a healthful and lively recollection of your "Mother Goose Tales," you will know the rest of the rhyme and will understand why FILM FUN again comes forward with the suggestion that it is time we had a film library where all productions may be registered, recorded and classified. At present confusion prevails, and much that is good is unavailable. At some not distant day there will be motion pictures in the home, for study and pleasure, just as generally as there are phonographs now. Some provision should be made against the coming of that day. The N. A. M. P. I. is pretty busy, but might establish a bureau if public demand and public support seemed to warrant it. The great hope we have is that all concerned may be aroused to the need. Then the right result will be arrived at.

Bridging the Gap

SIX thousand miles of film are unreeled every month for our fighting men, at home and abroad. That is enough to reach from New York clear across to France and back again. And that is just about what happens. A bridge that can't be blown up is maintained, at all times affording excellent communication. The Y. M. C. A. has the matter in charge, and when mails are delayed or lost, the weekly news reel that tells in pictures how the home folks are standing back of the men in the trenches is an unfailing antidote for "that lonesome feeling." On the testimony of returned soldiers, sailors and marines, the pictures are as essential as their daily rations and as great a comfort as "smokes." The program usually consists of a five-reel feature, a comedy and some up-to-the-minute news pictures.

"Oh, you devils! Well, you've quit doing that now that my boy Harry is over there!"

Selling Goods in Los Angeles

By CHARLOTTE MISH

At Blank's Department Store:

Well, well, Miss Stewart! So glad— What! You ain't Miss Stewart? You ain't Anita Stewart? Why, I can't hardly believe it! Are you positive— Oh, gee! o' course you'd be positive; but, say, it seems queer. I coulda swore you was her. I woulda bet any amount a money on it. Say, *ain't* it queer? You could be her twin sister. Well, well, I'd jest run on all day, but I know you wanta be lookin' at somethin'. Can't I show you this beau-tee-ful—etc., etc.

At Blink's Department Store:

You wanta look at that piece o' goods? Oh, now, honest, Miss Gish, that wouldn't be good enough fer you! By the way, now I'm speakin' of it, which Miss Gish are yuh? I can't never tell you an' your sister apart. Which? You ain't *neither?* Well, you cud knock me down with a breath, I'm that tooken aback! Well, you'll have ter excuse me! Now that I look at you reel close, I see your eyes *is* jest a bit larger an' shinier than theirs is. An' you're younger, too, I guess, but yuh got their style. As I was sayin', this here piece o' goods—etc.

At Blunk's Department Store:

Oh, I know you'll excuse me speakin' to you personal, but I feel as though I knowed you, havin' seen you so often in the pitchures. *What!* You ain't never been in the pitchures? For goodness sakes! Well, now, ain't that strange? If I had your looks, I'd be, believe muh! And then you look so *much* like— Well, what can I show you? I jest *know* you'd *love* this swell imported—etc., etc.

Does it work? Does—it—work? *It does!*

Putting the "Extra" in His Place

By HAROLD SETON

Some of Mary Pickford's "extras" are a trifle too young to have "working papers."

LITTLE Miss Rose was the casting director at a moving picture studio. Her office was on the ground floor, overlooking the yard. She sat in a cage, like a bird. What kind of a bird? Well, let me see. Oh, I know! A parrot! For she kept saying the same thing over and over. "Nothing to-day! Nothing to-day!"

We "extra" people always had to wear our best clothes and our best smiles. We had to create a pleasant impression. We had found that the best clothes and the best smiles did the trick and landed the job. So we hopped off the Fort Lee trolley car and tramped along the unpaved side street, until we arrived at the studio and found ourselves facing little Miss Rose. There were sure to be others there before us, sometimes two or three, sometimes ten or twelve. All day long it was the same thing. If one called at nine, at one or at four, other "extras" were watching and waiting.

"Anything for me, Miss Rose?" we asked her majesty.

"Nothing to-day!" said little Miss Rose.

Then we walked away and went to another studio, and another, and another. The other casting directors were men. Little Miss Rose was unique in her profession. And, instead of being old and ugly, she was young and pretty. We wondered why she wasn't working upstairs in the pictures instead of downstairs in the office. One chap always insisted that when he became a leading man he would demand that little Miss Rose be selected as his leading woman. Which was not very encouraging for little Miss Rose, for we all knew that the man in question would live and die in the mob.

The seats ranged around the walls of the waiting-room were of appropriate design. They were old orchestra chairs, originally intended for an audience to sit in and witness a performance. But no performance I have ever beheld in a real theater was more comic, more tragic or more fascinating than this everyday routine at the Fort Lee studio!

The acting director made out a list of the scenes he would put on the next day, and then Miss Rose had to choose the "extras" needed for these scenes. Sometimes cowboys and Indians were called for, sometimes men and women of fashion, sometimes college boys and college girls, sometimes denizens of the underworld, male and female crooks and criminals.

Jurymen, ambassadors, German soldiers—anything you like at five per day; double pay for duckings.

It is therefore apparent that little Miss Rose had to exercise judgment and discretion. She was an expert on "types," a reader of character. She also remembered faces and names and addresses. Nevertheless, we kept on calling.

"Anything for me, Miss Rose?" asked a girl who tried to look like Mary Pickford. She had Mary Pickford ringlets, but there the resemblance ended. Her face

and figure were all out of focus. But now and then she was permitted to go on, and she was convinced that sooner or later her opportunity would arrive. But she vowed that Mary Pickford was bringing influence to bear so that this counterpart could not secure good engagements.

"Nothing to-day!" said little Miss Rose.

"Anything for me to-day, Miss Rose?" asked a youth who thought he was a "sport," as indeed he was, of a very cheap variety. He was of the hotel-bellboy type, undersized and pasty-faced. His eyes were small and his mouth was large. His hair was long on the top, but short in the back. His clothes were extremely tight-fitting, and there was a belt on his coat, and another on his vest. He wore a rhinestone ring on his finger and a rhinestone pin in his tie. Sometimes he had appeared in "slum" scenes, but he longed to play "dress-suit" parts.

"Nothing to-day!" said little Miss Rose.

"Anything for me to-day, Miss Rose?" asked a woman who wanted to be a "vampire." She was made up ashen white, with black shadows around her eyes and scarlet smears on her lips. Her inky black hair was pulled straight back from her temples. Her eyebrows were shaved to wisps. Her clinging robe was of black satin, and her huge hat was trimmed with paradise plumes. Jet earrings, necklace, bracelets and rings completed the toilet. The woman thought she was "intense" and "exotic." She was merely stupid and common. She was hired occasionally for scenes in barrooms and mining camps.

"Nothing to-day!" said little Miss Rose.

And so they came, and so they went, one after another! While some crowded around Miss Rose's desk, others sat and gossiped. They told of their trials and tribulations. Everybody talked, but nobody listened. People who act in the movies are as self-centered and self-satisfied as people who act on the stage. They suffer from inflammation of the I's. One has only to hang around the waiting-room of a moving picture studio to become convinced of the fact. The great trouble is that the disease is catching!

"Mignonette!" called a loud and vulgar mother to her loud and vulgar offspring. "Mignonette, come and sit by mommer, and don't wear yourself out running round and round the room that way! The little darling is so full of genius and inspiration, she simply can't stay still a minute! She sings and dances and acts all the time! And yet she is absolutely natural and unaffected! Most children get conceited and spoiled by posing before the camera, but not my Mignonette! Only five years old! But she earns her seven-fifty a day, don't you, precious? All the other mommers are jealous of me and my child! They say I dye her hair and my own, too! But I don't pay no attention! I only laugh at them!"

"This life is very hard on us old fellows!" said a veteran, who was labeled "actor" from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He must have been sixty-five or seventy years of age and looked like the late Sir Henry Irving. He had been on the stage most of his life, first playing juveniles, then middle-aged roles, and at last old men. But his memory began to fail, and also his hearing, so he left the stage and turned to the studios, often getting jobs as a juryman or even a judge. If one paid for his lunch, one would be entertained with amusing stories of bygone plays and bygone players. But one such lunch was quite enough. The old boy always told the same tales in the same way.

"Anything for me, Miss Rose?" asked the old man.

(*Continued on page 32*)

Apparently, it is the judgment of the lady "extra" that success is a matter of hosiery.

Something in the Spy Line? Try "Come On In"

1. Ernest practices the manual of arms in office hours until interrupted by his employer, G. Wattan Orphul-Schmell.

2. Ernest enlists—but lacks a few inches. Corrects defect by getting a bump on the head, and is promptly accepted.

The Story in Brief

"Come On In;" sub-title, "The War's Fine." *Emmy Little* (Shirley Mason) and *Ernest Short* (Ernest Truax) are employees of G. Wattan Orphul-Schmell, who does not sympathize with their war enthusiasm. *Ernest* enlists and *Emmy* knits. *Ernest* and a rival for *Emmy's* hand are both members of the same company, and while *Ernest* shows off as a corporal, his rival gets leave of absence and presents himself to *Emmy* as the captor of a whole gang of German spies. But he turns out himself to be a spy, *Ernest's* former employer being another, and it is *Ernest's* proud privilege to make a real Hun round-up for Uncle Sam. *Emmy* marries him? Of course.

3. Ernest's and Emmy's employer (right) is a trusted associate of Count von Bumstuff (center). They plot.

4. Emmy visits camp. Corporal Ernest puts it over his rival by assigning him to "kitchen police."

5. Rival re-establishes himself by showing Emmy his "bag" of German spies. Note strength of string with which bundles are tied.

6. Reels of things happen, all leading to a genuine capture of the spies by Ernest. A single-handed round-up like this is nothing for a movie hero in good training.

Realism in the Films

By LAWTON MACKALL

THERE are certain things which we men have to face. They may be always below the surface, never alluded to in conversation, and yet, however we try to steel ourselves, we cannot but know they are *there*. Even the most intrepid of us, confronted by such sights, can hardly escape being rattled. Lowering our eyes, we betray confusion.

With women, however, it is quite otherwise: they *wear* these disquieting pink bows and similar lingerie accouterments with utter unconcern.

And they are right. In wartime every woman should do what she can toward eliminating the waist; and many of the waists we see nowadays appear to be unnecessary. If they were dispensed with, it would be hard to tell the difference. Further progress in this sort of economy could not fail to command the attention of those in authority.

But even if a woman retain her waist, she can, if properly trained, cultivate under its glass-like transparency a complete hardy garden of rosettes and trellised ribbons.

This movement for the unfolding of womanhood is truly educational. Mankind is learning. Before, we only guessed. There were opaque stretches between insertion and insertion. Now we see clearly. We have learned the mysterious geology of silk strata and caught the quiet harmony of soft cords. We have been schooled in the whole fauna and flora of embroidery. In these philosophic speculations we have gone deeper and deeper, till lost in labyrinths of lace.

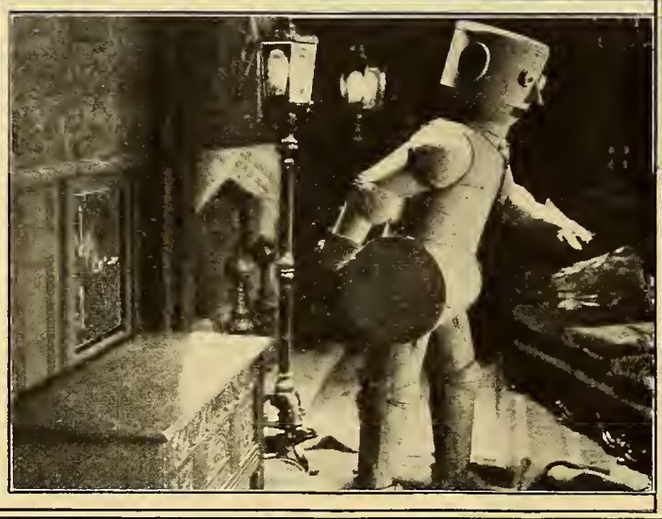
Such object lessons, though brief, may affect a man's career more than four years at college. Yet whatever may be our opinion regarding the economic and educational aspects of these revelations, this much remains certain: *we have to face them.* The question is, What should be our proper attitude toward them? Shall we ignore facts or acclaim them? Is it more tactful to confine one's gaze to the ceiling?

Who can say? The subject bewilders. To unravel it, a man would have need of the keenest vision. Perhaps the most plausible theory is that there exists a sort of tacit understanding between the sexes, whereby it is agreed that latent lingerie is to be seen but not mentioned.

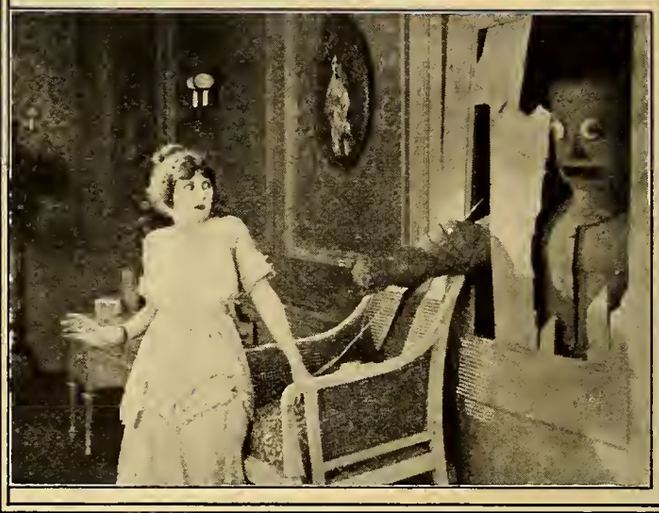
IT HAS COME TO THIS

"Say, Santa, old chap, would you mind going down and coming up again? The other film buckled."

Not a Hardware Department; It's a Mystery



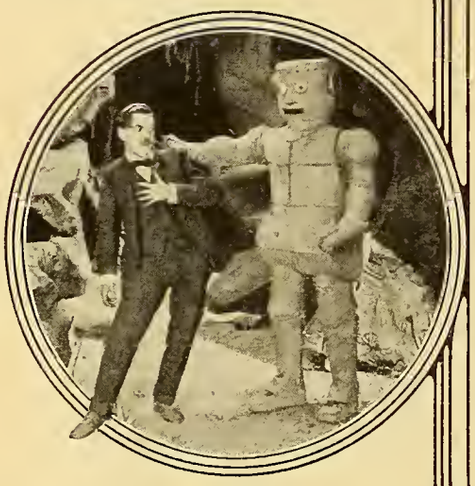
1. "The Great Gray Mystery" wears a boiler and a steam-dome, and has a riveter for a valet.



2. No matter what you may say, this is positively no way to enter a lady's room after dark.

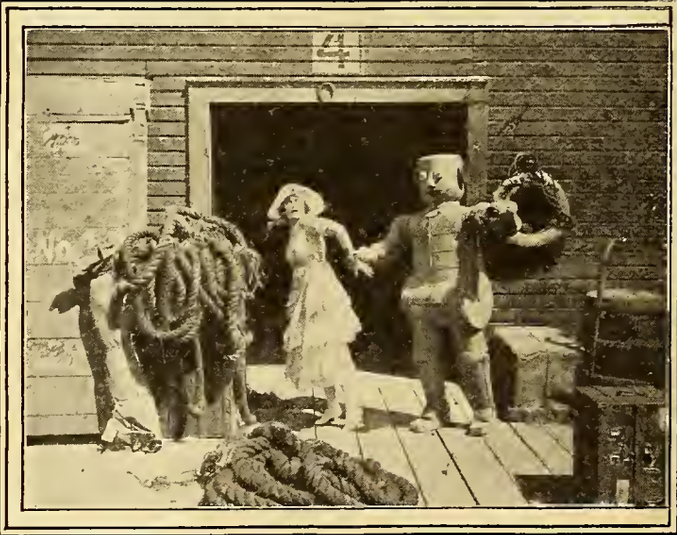
This Is But a Start

Houdini, the man for whom handcuffs have no terrors, is now being filmed in "The Great Gray Mystery." The unraveling of the latter is in episodes, fifteen of them, so nobody knows—yet—what it is all about, probably not even the author. Our pictures were selected with a view to showing a new and notable leading man, one who does not worry about the wave of his hair. He appears to be a combination of Frankenstein and a chafing dish. He is a product of an inventor-scientist whose intentions toward his fellow-men are fiendish. There is a girl, of course, and, naturally, she is "pursued"—very likely you will be able to trail her troubles in some Sunday paper; read them in the ———, see them on the screen.



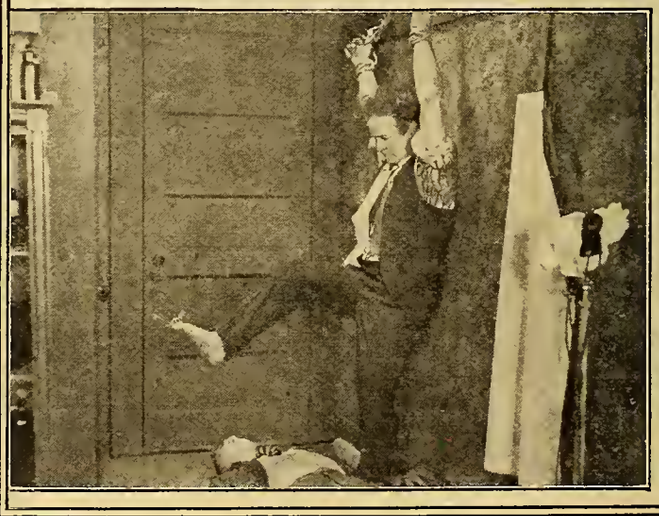
3. Other movie actors may get points from the "Mystery" on facial expression.

4. There are times when he suggests nothing so much as a foot ball captain, coaching.



ROLFE PHO.

5. The hard part of it is that a poor, pursued girl cannot tell by the "Mystery's" looks whether he is really mad or just fooling.



6. And—inasmuch as this is a Houdini show—Houdini himself. Perhaps he holds the key to the Mystery, as well as the door.

The Tribe of Penny Specialists

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Vivian Martin and the dog whose specialty is howling.

"Call the Devil and Tortured Souls at three o'clock" —so read the memorandum on the desk of the casting director at the studio.

"Evidently you haven't renounced the devil and all his works," I told that gentleman severely.

"Oh, this one is such a good little devil!" he deprecated. "I admit his looks are against him, but he's only a Penny Specialist"—

"A—what?" I blinked, for the name was new to me.

"A penny specialist," the director repeated; "an extra person who specializes on some one line of work, and whom we use constantly for that certain type. This man isn't the only one; there is a large tribe of such people, and we call them 'penny specialists' because they don't get big money for the stuff they do."

"And this Devil"—I suggested.

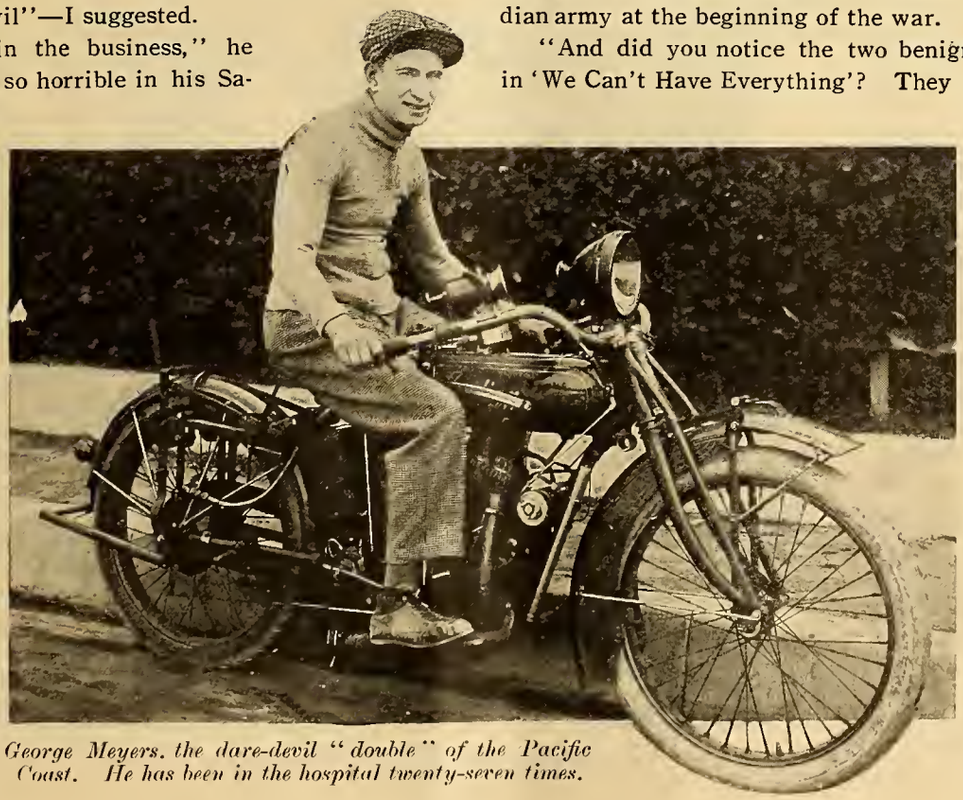
"Is the best in the business," he finished. "He is so horrible in his Satanic make-up that he gives the camera man the fidgets. Did you see him as the Voodoo devil in 'The Sacrifice,' with Fannie Ward? Well, he loves hideous parts like that; gargoyles, demons, bottle imps and hob goblins are his specialty. Cecil Holland is his name."

The director leaned back in his chair and checked off on his fingers some of the more prominent of the P. S. tribe.

"There was 'Pop' Leonard, for instance; he always took English butler parts. He had been Lord Kitchener's valet, and, gee! the things that man could tell! He used to reminisce by the hour — he's dead now, poor chap!

"Another butler you'll see in practically every society film we put on is 'Jay' Underhill. He used to be a butler in real life, I believe, and he's tall and skinny and has a face like a funeral. He knows everything there is to be known about butling, and he takes magazines that keep him informed as to the latest styles in wearing apparel and serving for upper servants. 'Mac' Kinnon used to work opposite him. Mac was short and fat — a typical John Bull; but he joined the Canadian army at the beginning of the war.

"And did you notice the two benignant old preachers in 'We Can't Have Everything'? They are the two most famous 'dominie' specialists in the film world, and they never do anything else. Both have studied the rituals of every creed known to civilization, and they know the proper ceremonies for everything, from a Hebrew marriage to a Chinese funeral. One of them was even asked to take the part of an



George Meyers, the dare-devil "double" of the Pacific Coast. He has been in the hospital twenty-seven times.

Mr. and Mrs. Wee Gee, with wee Wee, who are handy types to have around the studio for Oriental pictures.

Eskimo medicine man, and he never batted an eyelash; had all the props and costumes ready to hand, with the 'business' that went with the part.

"Oh, yes, and the cowboys; don't forget them. They're specialists in wild and woolly riding; they can pick up a hat from the ground while going by full tilt, or yank a maiden from a runaway auto with the same aplomb. The chief of this crew is 'Slim' Cole, an honest-to-goodness cowboy, with all the nerve there is. He specializes in doing things everyone else is afraid to do. If a Fairbanks picture calls for a wild ride across the desert on a motor cycle, with a thirty-foot fall from an embankment—as it did in 'Bound in Morocco'—Slim is on the job with bells; if someone is scheduled to fall down a mine shaft just as the dynamite is ready to explode—that's a Christmas party for him.

"Then there is the little Arabian hunchback, Tufee Fadhalla—called 'George' for short. He has turned his physical handicap into hard cash. He had a part as the *Witch's Son* in 'Sirens of the Sea,' and he was the dwarf jester in 'The King's Fool.'

"And don't overlook the 'specialists' who furnish the studios with animals. One man has a wonderful trick dog, 'Pat; he worked with Vivian Martin in 'Mirandy Smiles,' and he is the only one who can 'howl the dog,' as we call it. He earns his pay by sounding a peculiar high note which makes the little hound bay to the high heavens. And another man furnishes us with the camels we use in Oriental pictures. These ships of the desert refuse to cast anchor and get under way unless he is there, so he is always put in as a camel driver.

"Do you remember the old Southern lawyer in 'The Way of a Man with a Maid,' with Bryant Washburn? Perhaps you remarked that he looked like a Southern colonel. Righto! That's just what he is. He is a gentleman of the old school and only acts in the movies for fun. He was the United States minister to Peru in McKinley's administration, and he has the largest collection of llama rugs in America.

"If you are a connoisseur of types, perhaps you've noticed the high-caste young Hindoo, Rahm Singh, with the complexion of a chocolate drop, who worked with Fairbanks and with Hayakawa? He is in France now, facing German guns instead of American cameras."

"And who is the Japanese valet I see so often with Hayakawa?" I asked.

"George Kuwa," the director replied promptly. "He is a famous comedian in his own country, and perhaps you've noticed how he always manages to get in a bit of humor with the small parts he takes. I always call him

(*Continued on page 30*)

These Hindoos—here shown with Lila Lee—will stage you a small India anywhere in California you like.

Things That Happen With the Movies

When you have taken pains to do a clever bit of acting, wouldn't it make you mad to hear the director say, "No good! Have to do it all over. Film buckled."

When a director tells you to move quick, the best plan is to move quick. Otherwise your predicament may be that of this man in the picture, who is neither here nor there.

Traveling in Hollywood

"I haven't seen you for a month or more. Where have you been?"

"In the Sahara Desert, the war zone, the north pole, the tropics and the Orient."

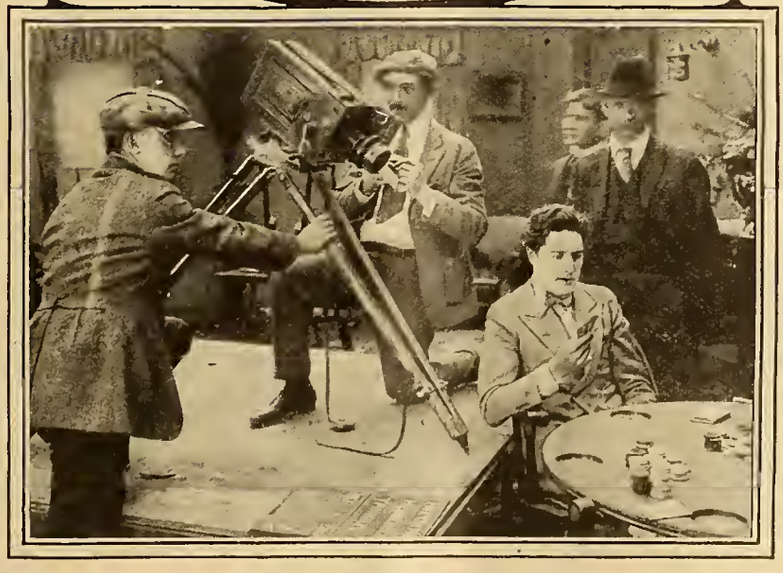
"Trying to kid me?"

"Not at all. You see, I'm a movie actor."

Exempt

He didn't have to go to war, because the authorities thought he was a great cataract surgeon, and hence very essential. He wrote on his questionnaire that he removed bad films from people's eyes. And he was only a Board of Censors man!

"The sun" sends its kindly rays through the prison window.



Elaborate studio device for detecting, unobserved, the value of a poker hand.

Ready, Bill! Action! Picture!

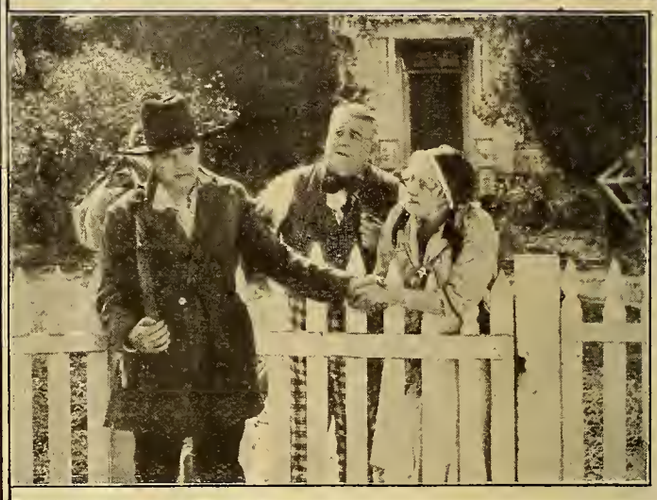
When the Kaiser formally surrenders, of course the moving picture cameras will have to be present. It is sincerely hoped that Wilhelm makes many mistakes or that something goes wrong with the camera, so that the scene will have to be taken over several times.

Apologies to Jack

This is the man that dynamited the dam that caused the flood that swept the villages that contained the hundred thousand actors that were employed in the spectacle that furnished a mere incident in the film that Griffith built.

James Whitcomb Riley's "A Hoosier Romance"

1. For daring to love Patience, John is "fired." Patience promises that she will wait for him—always.



2. His good friends, the Squire and wife, try to cheer John up a bit, but not with notable success.

The Story of the Play

Patience Thompson (Colleen Moore) is the daughter of a tight-fisted Hoosier farmer. *John*, a farmhand (Harry McCoy), loves her and is loved in return, but *Father Thompson* will have none of it and orders *John* off the place. A rich old widower is picked by *Farmer Thompson* as his daughter's husband, despite the efforts of a neighboring squire and his wife to help *John's* cause. The loveless marriage is about to take place when *John* returns, and by a ruse —*Farmer Thompson* and his son-in-law-elect pursue a riderless horse, thinking an elopement on—gets both obstructionists out of the way at once. When the pair return, *Patience* is *Mrs. John*, having been married by the squire.

3. This is Jeff Thompson, a farmer of the old school, and a father whose "will is law."

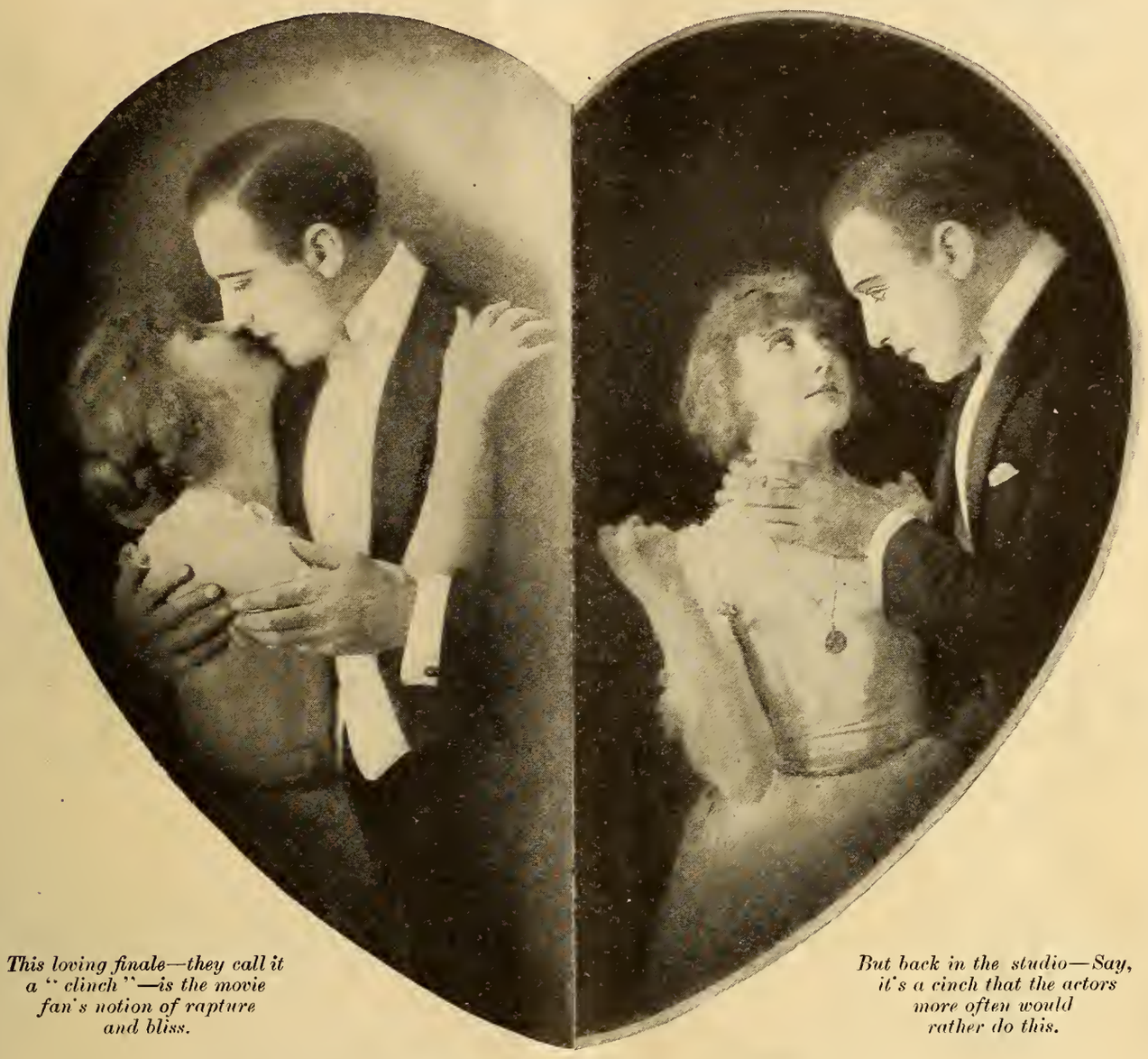
4. Here is the husband he picks for Patience. "She'll marry you —I say so."

5. The day of the wedding. John returns at a critical moment.

6. Father Thompson and son-in-law-elect, rattled by the sham elopement, plan pursuit.

7. While they are gone, the wedding takes place—with John as the bridegroom.

A Peep at the Heart of the Movies



This loving finale—they call it a "clinch"—is the movie fan's notion of rapture and bliss.

But back in the studio—Say, it's a cinch that the actors more often would rather do this.

A Christmas Stunt That Went Astray

THE plump little man with the white beard and the red nose approached the all-powerful movie director.

"I have resisted the temptation for a long time," he began. "It didn't seem consistent with my dignity, it didn't seem sensible at my time of life, and yet—here I am."

"I see you are," answered the all-powerful one; "and now that you are here, what is your name and what can I do for you?"

The fat man's eyes twinkled, and he displayed the merriest dimples imaginable. Reaching into a formidable wallet, he drew forth a card.

"Hah! I thought as much," said the director. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Claus. In what way can we serve you?"

Santa Claus stroked his beard.

"Perhaps I can serve *you.*" he replied. "You have read the poem, 'The Night Before Christmas,' of course. Well, for a long time I've felt that some record should be made of my Christmas Eves beyond the mere record of printed words; in short, that I should do my stunt before the camera. It's quite a stunt, you know, that I do. I drive my reindeer up to the roof of a house, right up from the ground, and it's something you folks ought to have. It has always been considered, though I say it myself, a pretty large-sized sensation."

The all-powerful director smiled condescendingly.

"How tall is the house?" he inquired.

"Oh," replied Mr. Claus, "just an ordinary detached house. About two stories, maybe three. Really, I can't say."

"Plenty of room on the roof after you get there? Plenty of room for both you and the reindeer?"

"Oh, yes; plenty."

"Go back the same way?"

"Oh, yes."

"Just slide off and light on soft snow? That the idea?"

(Continued on page 32)

Movies From Film Fun's Screen

A BOX OF CHRISTMAS CHEER, OR HOW CHRISTMAS CIGARS CAN SOMETIMES BE USEFUL

The Precocious Movie Kid

(*An application to be filled in by the mother*)

NAME—Baby Joyous Marie Jane.

ADDRESS—She lives at home.

AGE—She's a *lot* younger than she looks.

DOES SHE GO TO SCHOOL?—She doesn't need to; she's been around studios and knows everything.

APPEARANCE—Most beautiful child in the world.

COLOR OF EYES—Bluest eyes in the world.

COLOR OF HAIR—Loveliest color in the world.

EXPERIENCE—Cleverest child in the world.

WHAT COMPANIES ACTED WITH?—All of them.

NAME SOME OF THE PARTS—She *was* to have been the lead in "Jack, the Giant Killer," but Cutey Isobel's mother persuaded them to take her child, who is homely as can be, so I wouldn't let Joyous take it, anyhow. She was nearly the lead in another picture, but she had a stomachache, which stopped it, and she has been in other pictures, too. She's another Mary Pickford, and when she grows a bit, she'll take her place, you see— (No more room.)

SALARY—Enough to keep her pa and me comfortable.

EXTRA INFORMATION—She's the cutest child and says the funniest things. Only the other day she said to her pa — (The rest is scratched out by inhuman filing clerk)

A SOFT ANSWER

The large one—*Say! Did you call me a big moving van?*
The little one—*No; I said movie fan.*

FOX

THE PASTRY DRIVE

Katherine Lee is little, but not too little to heave a pie.

Progress of the Serial

In number one the mystery
  Commences to develop;
The hero, smooth to a degree,
  Is called upon for hellup,
And straightway things begin to buzz.
Move lively? Well, I guess it does!

In two they tumble down the cliff;
  In three she is abducted;
In four they would be goners if
  They'd not been well constructed.
Blown up by dynamite in five,
In six they bob up much alive.

And each succeeding episode
  With worser thrills is teeming.
They're killed and rescued a la mode;
  The villain keeps on scheming.
With bated breath the young things tell
Each other: "Gee, that picture's swell!"

—*Ed F. Noble.*

Unusual

"Why do you say that picture acting isn't an art?"

"Because there's so much money in it. The actors and actresses don't starve in attics."

Inspiration

"Now register greed," megaphoned the director.

But the actor failed lamentably. Then someone pressed a key of a cash register in the adjoining set.

And, lo! ne'er was such greed registered.

Cruel

"Did you and your wife go to the opera last night?"

"No; to the movies."

"Then why were you carrying a pair of opera glasses?"

"My wife makes me look at the picture through the big end of the glasses whenever there's a bathing comedy."

A Train Not Under Control of Director McAdoo

1. A preliminary bout: the Hen versus the barnyard millinery. No decision.

2. The Lion starts on his rambles; the porter fancies the smokestack.

3. A passenger, late of the wash-room, becomes acutely alarmed about something.

The Why and Wherefore

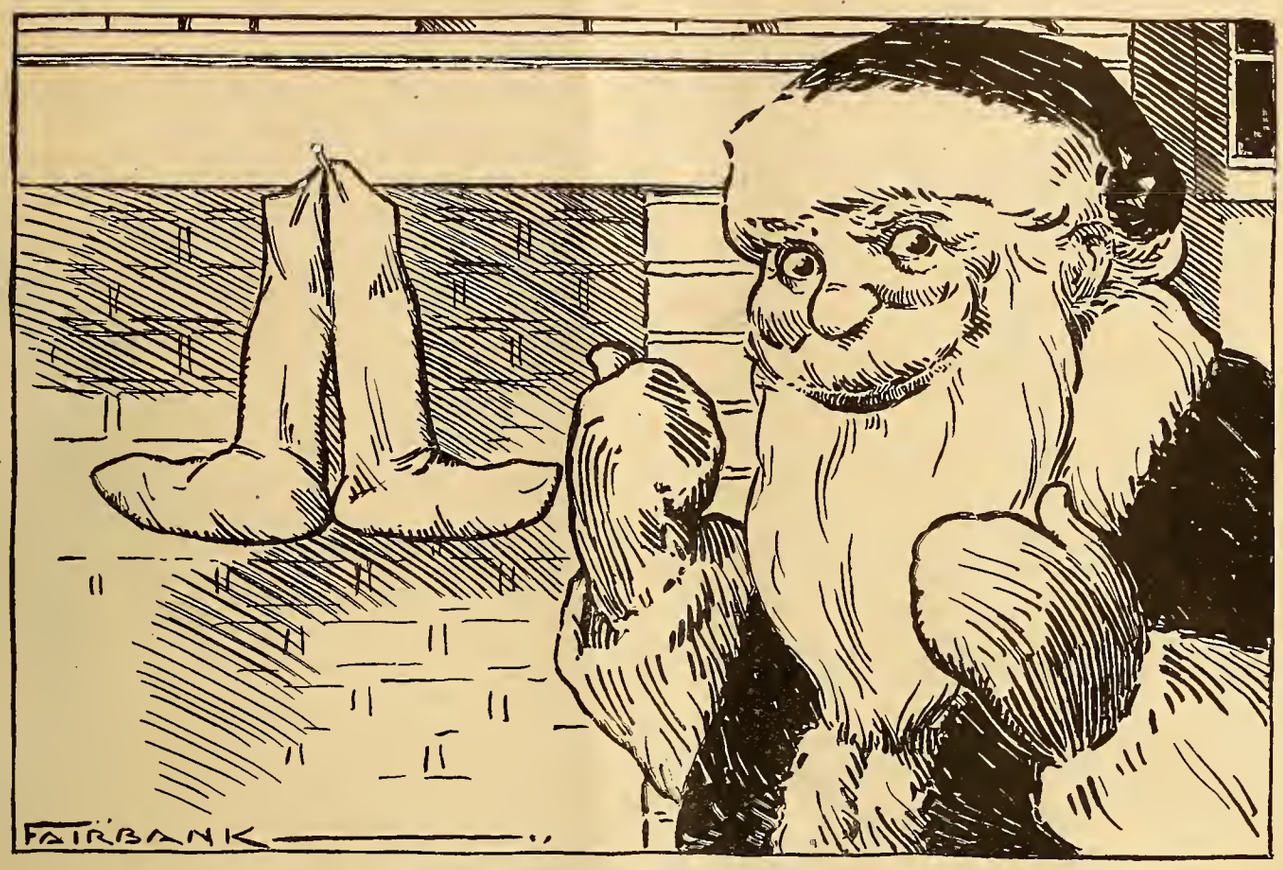
Rash would he be who attempted a coherent synopsis of a Sunshine comedy; all one can hope to do is to shed a few rays of light. "Roaring Lions on the Midnight Express" is staged on a train. That much the title indicates. It is a journey without monotony. Continuity of narrative, however, is prevented by frequent entrance into tunnels; when the train emerges, the pictures are about something else. Among those pretty generally present throughout are the Lions—bored and blase, but real—a horse in a suitcase, a much alive hen and a mysterious passenger whose odd appearance is explained by a startling discovery; he has brought his whole family along for the price of one fare.

4. Very likely it was the lion; lions being unusual in sleeping cars.

FOX

5. Economy is pocket-money; the suitcase of the mysterious passenger contains his horse; the carpet-bag, his son.

6. As for his wife and the rest of the family, the conductor finds them readily, once the shawls are removed.



BY THE EXPRESSION OF THE FEET
Santa Claus—*Ha, Ha! Easy to see who lives here—Charlie Chaplin.*

The Seats of the Mighty

By Mary Graham Bonner

MANY have been the times I have gazed at historical relics. I have also sat in the chairs which George Washington and his Martha have sat in.

I have traveled along the same little local railway line which only has the excuse for being in existence that it carried His Majesty, King George, then the Prince of Wales, to a fishing village in Nova Scotia, where he had a little rest from being a prince. I also had breakfast at the same inn where he had had breakfast, and ate eggs, not because they were the usual breakfast food, but because the erstwhile prince had ordered eggs—though they were not, I am glad to report, eggs laid at the same date.

I have leaned against a cushion which the Duke of Kent leaned against. I have a great-aunt who shook hands with Lincoln. A great-grandmother had the audacity to sit in John Adams's lap, but I have been assured that she was a little girl at the time, and little girls are privileged.

Queen Mary bowed to me once—and to about a thousand or more people at the same time; and I shrieked out something from a window on the twentieth story of a downtown building when Marshall Joffre came to town—it was something awfully nice I said. And he smiled. Of course I am sure it was because of what I said.

So had we all had our moments of pride. And such were the moments I thought which would make anyone proud, until I saw my most modern friend the other day.

"My dear," she said, "don't you love my new studio apartment?"

"I do," I replied; "but just why do you have a studio? You don't need the light for painting or writing or modeling statues."

"I may begin," she said, laughing, "to do something artistic. Isn't it lovely here? Perfectly lovely? And, my dear, such a wonderful thing as I have! Sit on that couch, my dear. Sit on it."

I sat. The couch seemed rather usual, but comfortable enough, and, anyway, I preferred it to the new-old-fashioned chairs.

"You'll never guess to whom that couch belonged," she said.

"Oh, yes, I'm sure I can," I said. "George Washington? General Grant? Theodore Roosevelt? General Pershing?"

To each she shook her head. "You can't guess! I didn't believe you could," she said proudly.

"That couch," she continued, "belonged to none other than Theda Bara—and, my dear, it makes one feel so—well—so like a vampire when one sits on it."

I hadn't felt like a vampire in my brief rest upon the couch, however, but I certainly did feel that the times had changed and that historical figures, poor dears! had been forced to give way before the power of the motion picture actress.

The Lure of the Film

A NATTY young lieutenant came to visit us last night;
We thought we would be entertained with stories of the fight.
He'd been in many battles and had grappled with the foe,
And there were lots of thrilling things of which we ached to know.
We hustled through our dinner, and then gathered round our man;
He cleared his throat, drew up his chair, and here's how he began:

"Well, I see that Douglas Fairbanks is still pulling off his tricks,
And the rough-house, slapstick artists haven't run all out of bricks.
Ham and Bud still keep 'em laughing; Theda Bara makes 'em bawl,"
Said this natty young lieutenant. Oh, the movies gets them all!

I saw old Doctor Sproggins talking earnestly and low
To Professor Cyrus Highdome; what he said I do not know.
But it mu-t have been a line of talk that didn't get across,
And it started Cyrus arguing until his voice grew hoarse.
"My dear colleague," he ended up, "your theory is absurd."
Then Doctor Sproggins raised his voice, and this is what I heard:

"No, I haven't seen Bill Farnum, but, professor, I repeat
That for laugh-producing humor Charlie Chaplin can't be beat.
Miss Pickford may be all you say, but I like Ella Hall";
Thus spoke old Doctor Sproggins. Yes, the movies gets them all!

—*Michael Gross.*

A Magic Vest

"Every time I put this vest on, the telephone rings," said Daniel Gilfether, the distinguished old actor who lends such grace and dignity to Balboa Feature Films.

They were up in the mountains shooting wild stuff for a Gloria Joy play, and while waiting for the baby star to change from finery to rags, Gilfether started a gabfest.

"What's the connection?" asked Director Macdonald.

"I have never been able to figure it out, but I can tell you how it started. I was playing in Chicago when a big haberdashery advertised a sale of fancy vests. I bought five, and, just for my generosity, the clerk gave me one—this one. As you may see, it looks like a cross between a cross-barred cranberry pie and a scrambled rainbow.

"When I returned to the hotel in the evening, I tried on the vests before dinner. I had tried all the rest, posing before my mirror, and had just donned this sartorial cataclysm, when my 'phone rang and the sweetest voice I ever heard said:

"'I like the bright-colored one best. Please wear it for me at dinner. Good-by.'

"I bribed every bellboy, maid and 'phone girl in the place, but couldn't find out the owner of the voice. Did I wear the vest? Well, I guess yes! I would have worn that vest if they had arrested me for murder—and they did nearly—but to no avail. No eyes ogled me except in horror at such display of sartorial degeneracy.

"I walked eighty-five miles through corridors and parlors, lobbies and promenades, but not an eye of beauty regarded me except to flash disdain."

"How'd she see you tryin' 'em on?" inquired Macdonald.

"Search me!" said Gilfether. "But the marvel of it is that every time I put on that vest, my 'phone instantly rings."

TECHNIQUE
Photographer—*When you let go, face the camera.*

ANOTHER VICTIM OF MOVIE-ITIS

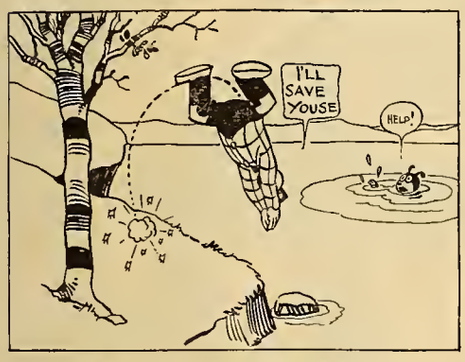
Both Sides

A censor I would hate to be,
Because they're hated so;
A censor I would like to be—
They see what "doesn't go."

A Bold Bad Man

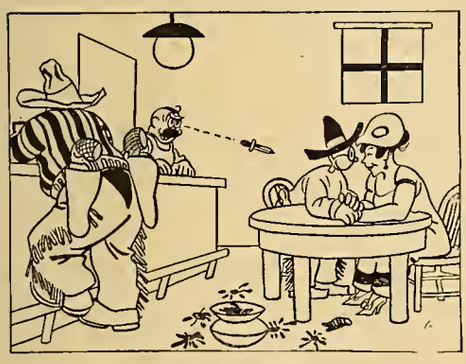
WESTWARD the course of comedy wings its way. Indeed, the Bill Harts and Nate Salisburys and all others who wish us to take our Wild West seriously had better organize a counter-attack, or, first thing they know, an audience will laugh in their most thrilling reel because something in it reminds them of Fatty Arbuckle or Happy Hooligan. Happy is the latest movie star to take Horace Greeley's advice and go West. Accompanying are views which give some slight idea of what he does to and with the West in "A Bold Bad Man." No one is required to "double" for Happy; he does all the hard stunts himself without flinching. The man who made the tomato can famous, with characteristic Hooligan helpfulness rescues a strange bloodhound from a watery grave; that by way of prelude. Later he doffs his tomato can for a sombrero, turning highwayman and holding up a mail coach. (Note the hands-up realism of the horses in picture No. 3.) A pen-and-ink frontier town becomes too warm for him, and he "animates" to the open desert. The sheriff—a Western movie would be Hamlet-minus-Hamlet without a sheriff—pursues him with dogs and a posse, but Hooligan scatters snuff as well as bullets in his getaway, and the posse suffers severe casualties. Hooligan is finally treed, but a violent, snuff-inspired sneeze by a relentless bloodhound, last of the pursuers, shakes Happy loose from his hold and he falls. Then occurs a Bernard Shaw "Androcles and the Lion" finish; the relentless bloodhound recognizes in Hooligan the man who saved him from drowning. (Attention is specially called to the graphic "flashback" in picture No. 9.) Whereupon all ends happily and Hooliganly.

1. Uncle Happy starts his story.

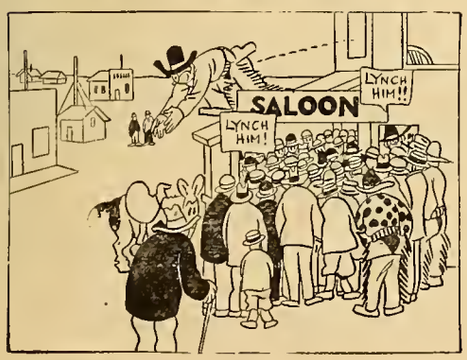


2. Hooligan to the rescue.

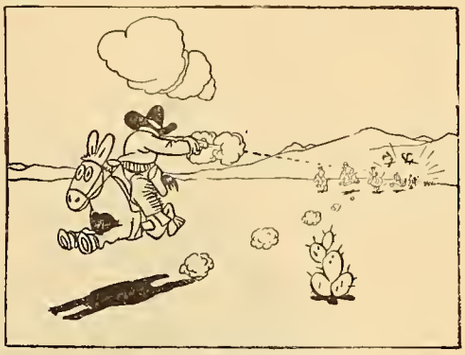
3. Happy turns highwayman.



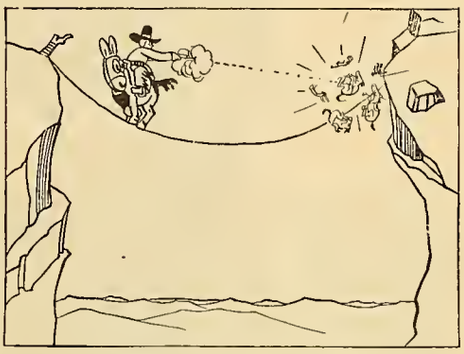
4. The barkeep is jealous.



5. And betrays Happy.

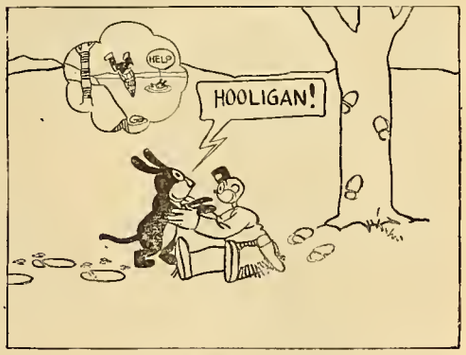


6. The chase in the desert.

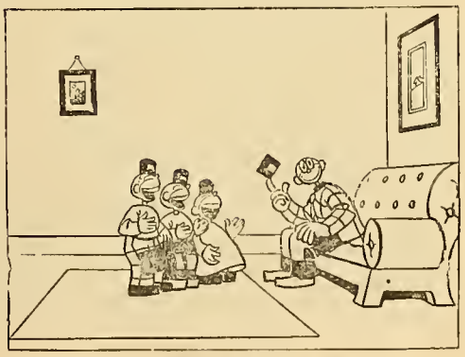


7. Bill Hart please copy.

8. The dot on the sky is Happy.



9. A bloodhound's gratitude.



10. The appreciative audience.

PUTTING IT OVER

The maiden was vexed.

"I know," said she, "that I am not the first girl you loved—you make love so beautifully."

"Oh, I learned that from watching moving pictures," said the quick-thinking young man.

Whereupon the maiden was satisfied.

Requisites

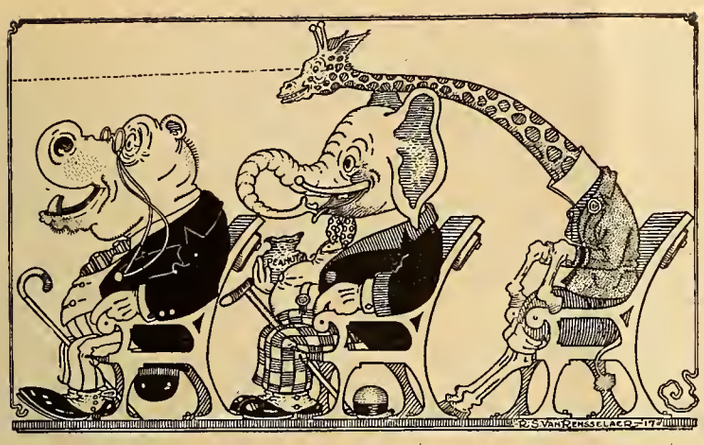
Youth—I want to become a movie actor. How shall I go about it?

Friend—You've first got to buy an automobile and a bungalow in California.

Swelled Up

"Bill is boasting that he has appeared in motion pictures."

"He has. The camera caught him in a crowd watching a parade."



A CLOSE-UP
Gerald Giraffe—*Believe me, a long neck is just the thing for these movie shows!*

"History" and the Screen

THE recent release by a motion picture house of a "historical" film, showing Pershing as the savior of Roosevelt at the battle of San Juan, opens up an inspiring vista of "historic" possibilities. The author of the scenario, we believe, frankly admitted that, as far as he knew, Pershing did not rescue Roosevelt at San Juan, but he staged the rescue in order to make "history" more thrilling.

Now, inasmuch as the screen means more to many people than ever books meant, "history" of this sort is bound to be believed. And inasmuch as "history" may be made much more effective by dropping in characters where they will do the most good—in short, where they will make the best pictures—it would be poor judgment to stop with the Pershing-Roosevelt rescue incident in Cuba. With so many live ones in American annals to choose from, why should participants in "historic" scenes be limited to those who were actually present?

Not even pausing for reply, we submit the following briefest of brief suggestions:

1—Combination film of the Battle of Bunker Hill and Sheridan's Ride. Fighting Phil arrives in time to turn the scale of victory.

2—Combination film of Commodore Perry and General Custer at the Battle of the Big Horn. "We have met the Indians, and they are ours!"

3—Combination film of Israel Putnam and Theodore Roosevelt riding duet down the stone steps at Greenwich, Conn., escaping from the Red Coats.

4—Combination film of the U. S. frigate *Constitution* and Dewey's victorious squadron sinking the *Alabama* in Manila Bay.

5—Combination film of General Grant and Mad Anthony Wayne in a surprise attack on Stony Point and Vicksburg.

6—Combination film of Paul Revere and Barbara Frietchie. Paul takes Barbara on saddle behind him, she flaunting American flag in face of Stonewall Jackson.

That should be enough, we think, for any scenario writer who is possessed of a "historic" temperament.

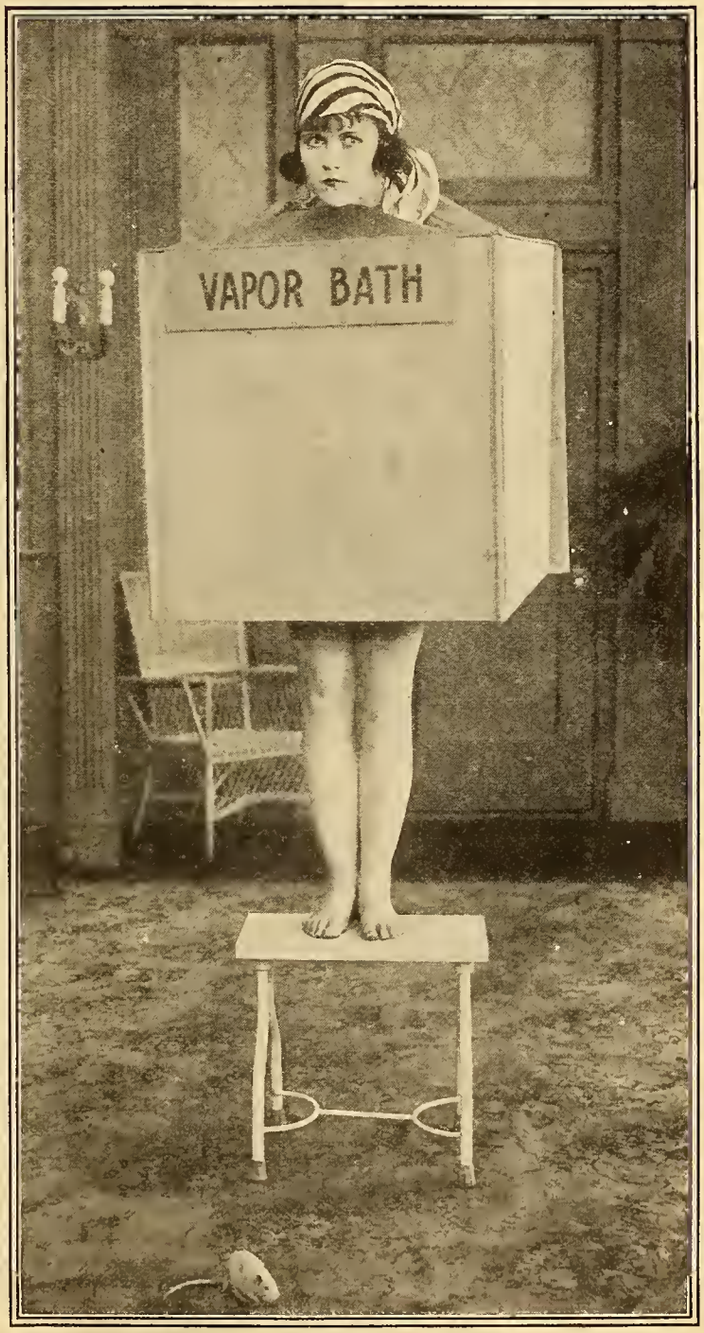
Modern Astronomy

When wife and I were sweethearts,
  It really was amazing
How many blissful hours we spent
  In innocent "star gazing."
But now the modern couple
  Such old time courting bars;
They hie them to the movies,
  And there they gaze at "stars"!

Utopia

The weary director had fallen asleep in his chair. Along came a clumsy "props" and stumbled over his feet.

"You poor boob!" shrieked the director. "You had to wake me up just as I was dreaming that Douglas Fairbanks was begging me for a job!"



THE INTERRUPTED FILM
Enough of a woman to be scared at a mouse, but too much of an actress to take her eyes off the camera.

The Movie Method of Raising Money

DOUG FAIRBANKS, without quite realizing it, may have started a revolution. Not a Bolshevist or a Villista type of revolt, but an upheaval in the hitherto standardized manner of raising money for public uses. In the Liberty Loan drive, Doug flew, paraded and did acrobatic stunts more or less off the ground until he had added six million dollars to the Loan subscriptions. Not only did he raise that much money, but he raised it quick, and gave the public in the bargain a "grand free exhibition" of his talents.

Now this method of raising money should be open to infinite and expansive variety. By engaging the right type of movie stars to tackle their proposition, cities and towns should be able to sell with next to no difficulty any sort of sound municipal security. Put the personality of a screen favorite behind a bond issue, and success is a sure thing.

There are all sorts of alluring possibilities. For example, suppose the city of Buffalo (or New Haven or Chattanooga) wishes to sell bonds to meet the cost of a new water system. And also suppose that it charters Charlie Chaplin to put the sale over. There is an immense crowd following him, and every purchaser of a bond at par receives a hook in the neck from the crook of Charlie's cane, thus becoming locally famous for life.

Other stars have other specialties, each equally serviceable and coin-compelling. Fatty Arbuckle could raise oodles of money by agreeing to hit publicly with a pie each person who came across. Bill Hart could be retained to take it away from 'em at the point of a gun; for a really thumping subscription he might consent to use both guns. Francis X. Bushman has melting eyes and wavy hair which might melt and wave to public advantage. And who would not subscribe for water-main or street-paving bonds if by so doing he might be "vamped" by Theda Bara, right in front of all the neighbors?

Yes, Doug Fairbanks has started something—something which should ease the burdens of those who bear financial responsibility.

—A. H. F.

A Perfect Fit

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Into the movies, sir," she said.
"And why," I asked politely, "do you feel yourself fitted for the movies?"
"Well," she replied, looking Marypickfordian, "I have been thrown from a runaway auto, I have been in three railroad accidents and four hotel fires, I have twice been rescued from drowning, I have been tossed by an angry bull, and I have been trapped in a folding bed,
And so I feel fitted, sir," she said.

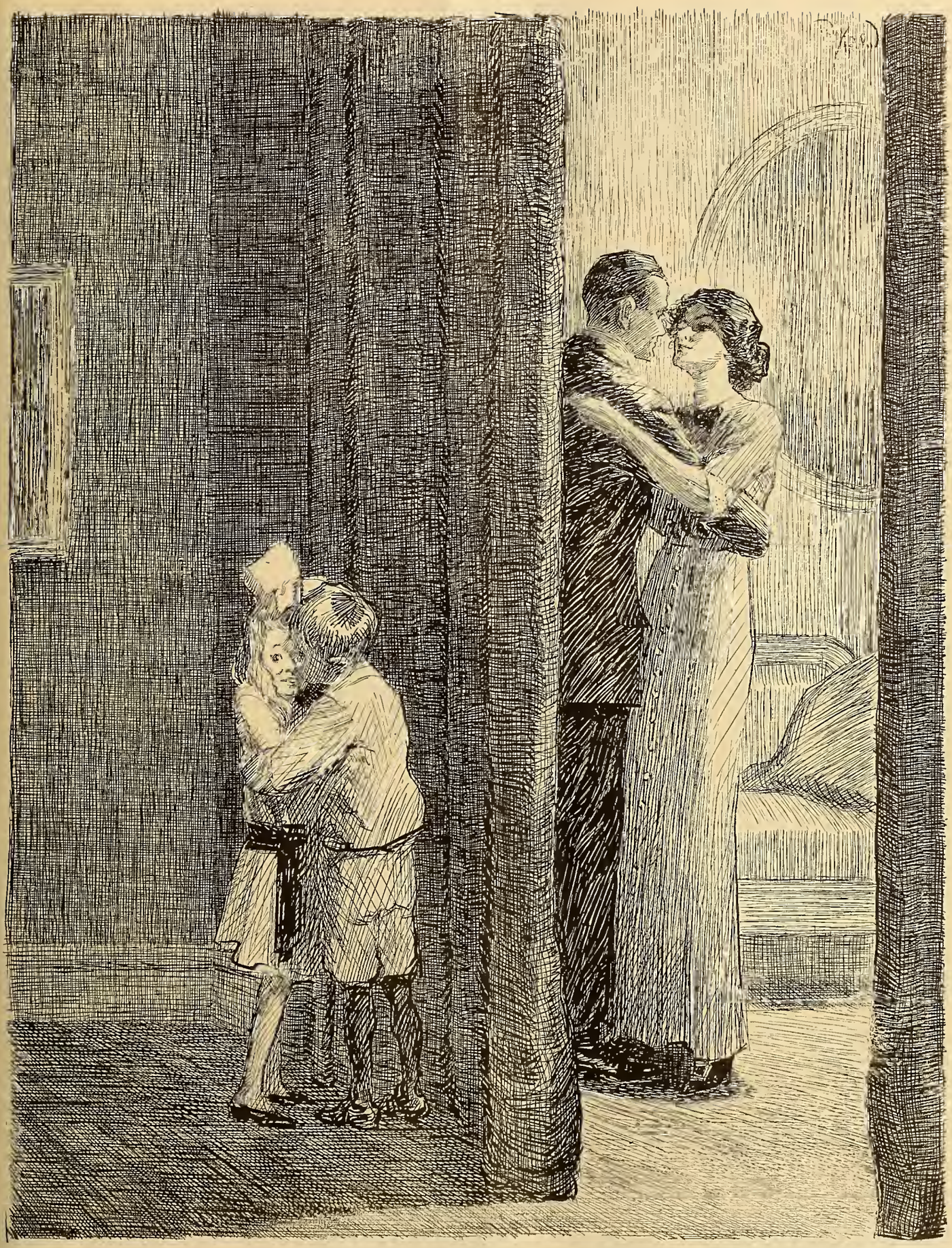
The Movie Business

"I hear your star is demanding another raise."

"Yes; she heard in some way that we are finally making a profit."

A CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION TO THE BIG STORES

As an attraction for the Toy Department, why not engage as floor-walker one whose walking is famous?



THOSE SENTIMENTAL CLOSE-UPS

Showing the subtle influence of a visit to the movies.

IT'S ON THE WAY

Movie Director—*That's right, show surprise. Now get some action—plenty of action!*

Scrambled Brains

EACH motion picture leaves its impression on the brain of the beholder, whether he realizes this fact or not. His perceptions are sharpened or his sensibilities are dulled. Sometimes both these things happen at the same time. Wherefore it would be well for each of us to choose carefully what pictures to see, for they will have an effect on our children and our children's children.

The keen eye that is able to detect technical flaws and faulty construction will not be worth a great deal to the man or woman whose moral nature has been blunted by constant and indulgent contemplation of depravity, perversity and inexcusable meanness. The wise ones among us will rebel against having their brains scrambled in this way. We have the right to demand clean, reasonable photoplays.

Progress

Now they are talking about "movie maniacs." A young man kills a friend "like they did in the movies." How puny and ineffectual the old dime novel, which could do no better than to send boys out West "to shoot Indians"!

Can You Imagine?

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" produced with the following cast?

Topsy.....Pauline Frederick.
Simon Lagree.....Jack Pickford.
Little Eva.....Geraldine Farrar.
Uncle Tom.....Al St. John.

The Virus

Manager—For heaven's sake, what are the property men and wardrobe mistresses striking for?

Director—They want their names on the screen, too.

Scandal

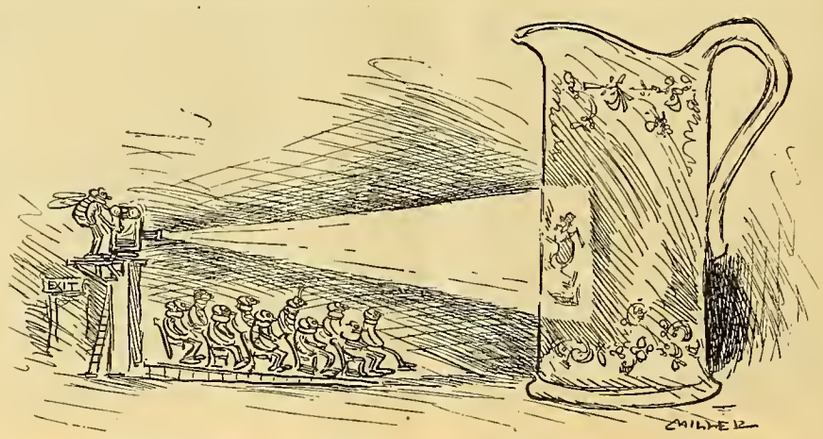
"I hear there's some scandal about that film actress."

"Yes; she's been married five years and hasn't got a divorce yet. Nothing else could cause so much talk."

Impervious

"I put a tack on that fellow's chair, but he hasn't budged."

"That isn't strange. He's used to it. He used to be a movie comedian."



Operator at Bugtown Lyric—*Nothing like one of those porcelain screens for a successful movin' pitcher!*

Save the *Thoughtless* Dollars

"I got the sweetest hat today. And, my dear, of course, I didn't really need it, but—"

* * * *

"What if it is only a few blocks? Here, taxi!"

* * * *

"I know I'd feel a lot better if I ate less, but I simply must have a big order of—"

* * * *

Over there in the Picardy mud, pock-marked with significant craters and "plum-caked" with unspeakable things that once were men, our soldiers can't hear all that some of us are saying. Good that they can't, isn't it? It wouldn't make it any easier to stand firm against those blood-crazed, grey hordes who come on wave after wave because they believe their Kaiser is "God's anointed shepherd of the German people."

* * * *

It isn't that we Americans are a selfish people. We have simply been thoughtless.

Money is needed to win this war—let's give it. So far, we have been asked only to lend—to lend at a good round 4% interest. Turn your THOUGHTLESS dollars into War Savings Stamps.

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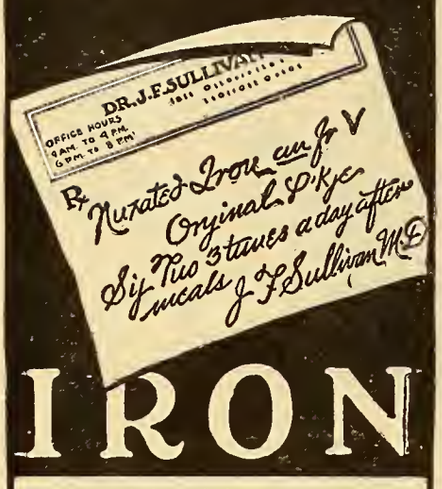

IRON

"Nuxated Iron helps put astonishing strength and energy into the veins of men and bring roses to the cheeks of pale, nervous, run-down women," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.) N. Y. and Westchester County Hospital. "I prescribe it regularly in cases of depleted energy, anaemia and lack of strength and endurance. There is nothing like organic iron--Nuxated Iron--to quickly enrich the blood, make beautiful, healthy women and strong, vigorous, iron men." Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

When there's a flood in the studio, Teddy, the Mack Sennett dog, does the gallant thing in the rescue line.

The Tribe of Penny Specialists

(*Continued from page 13*)

the 'Irish comedian,' and he is never sure whether I'm complimenting him or insulting him.

"The women specialists? Well, to tell the truth, there aren't many; the feminine mind doesn't seem to run in grooves. We have plenty of character women, but few who stick to one certain thing. There is Beatriz Dominguez, the most famous Spanish and Oriental type we have; Dora Rogers, who does colored maids' bits, and Louise Gee, a cunning Oriental person who may be Japanese or Chinese or both."

Just then a fat man appeared at the window, completely blocking the aperture, and asked for work. It seemed that he was starving and had been for the past month.

"What does *he* specialize in?" I asked when he had gone.

"Camouflage mostly," the director replied sourly. "He weighs two hundred pounds if he does an ounce, but he's always on the edge of kicking off by starvation—to hear him tell it."

There are other specialists that no director, however obliging, will tell you about. They are like the rose which is born to blush unseen—and unsung. I refer to the "doubles," those intrepid souls who do the hard work and get the hard knocks, while the stars get the glory. Their specialty is in doing the "thrills" with which the movies abound.

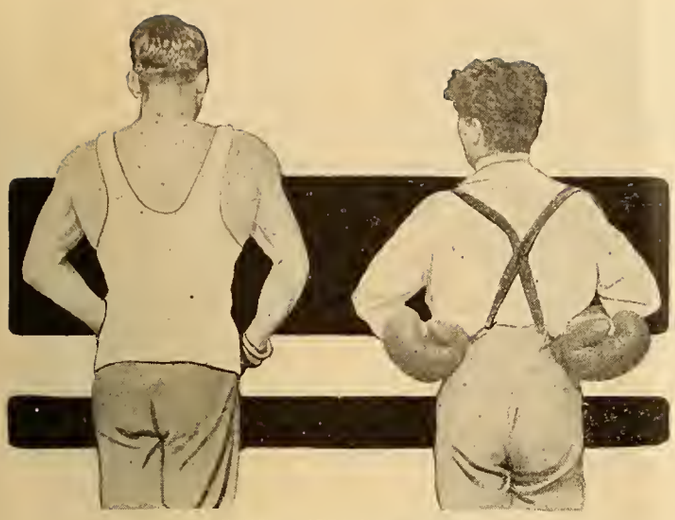
Far be it from me to say for whom these members of the P. S. tribe double, but the next time you see your favorite movie hero dragged at the heels of a wild horse or thrown out of a window, you can bet your war tax that the star is sitting calmly behind the camera, smoking a cigarette, while the director urges the thrill specialist to "make it snappy."

I know one little woman, a bundle of nerve and daring, who makes wild rides for life doubling for various heroines. Her adventures are numerous; she has been thrown from a horse, stepped on by another, all but trampled to death by stampeding cattle, dangled at the end of a rope over a cliff—and has seen the billboards announce the "superb daring of the iron-nerved Dottie Dimples"!

The star had gone no nearer the scene of action than her dressing-room; while her double was riding for life—and five dollars—she was calmly powdering her nose!

The most famous dare-devil double in the business is George Myers, who, before he took to doing thrills for the movies, made his living as a professional motor cyclist.

"Believe me, I get more thrills in this game than I ever had in the other," he assured me earnestly. "I've doubled for a dozen stars, more or less.



DOUG AND CHARLIE
Little known backs of well-known heads.

I've driven over a railroad track, just escaping a train coming at full speed; I've crashed through the top of an automobile on my motor cycle; I've jumped from the roof of one building to another without a net underneath and gotten a broken rib in consequence, and I've hung by my hands from a precipice with a sheer drop of a thousand feet staring up at me. In addition to that, I've done 'comedy skids' with autos on wet streets, driven through real glass windows, and driven off a bank into a lake or river.

"Get hurt? Oh, sure! I'm laid up in the hospital about every third month, but the companies pay my bills, and I'm not dead yet—so I should worry."

Who's Who and Where

"The Golden Chance" is the photoplay in which Anna Case makes her first appearance on the screen. The first half of the action takes place in a mining camp in the West. The last half, in New York, shows the little dance-hall girl transformed into the popular prima donna. It is said the story follows closely the life of Miss Case.

A strong propaganda picture is "Mongrels," the newest Sunshine comedy. The title has reference to a gang of Hun spies, but the story opens with a number of the cleverest dogs that ever trotted before a camera—a fox terrier, a British bulldog, a French poodle, and finally a dachshund. It is said that the Hun dog left the studio lot on crutches.

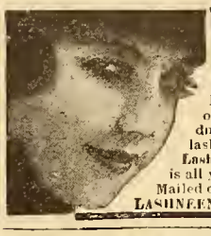
"The Common Cause," a war film produced by J. Stuart Blackton, is scheduled for early release. Appearing in the cast are Marjorie Rambeau, Irene Castle, Julie Arthur, Violet Hemming, Effie Shannon, Charles and Violet Blackton and some score or more equally capable players. The story of the great war told in allegory forms a magnificent setting for a beautiful love drama.

D. W. Griffith seems to have demonstrated that motion pictures can be made which will do as great business as the best plays and at the same prices. Four hundred and twenty-six performances in Greater New York was the record for "Hearts of the World" on October 5th, when it closed a seven months' engagement at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, about 742,000 people having witnessed the play. On that date it moved to the Casino, where a similar run seems not unlikely.

George W. Shepard, head of a big lumbering concern, is said to be back of Screen Craft Photoplay Company, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York, in the filming of six one-reel Chinese comedies, translated by Robert B. Carson, who will direct the making of the pictures.

NATIONAL

Dainty Billie Rhodes who, after two solid years in single-reel comedies, blossoms out as a full-fledged star in a five-real comedy - drama, "The Girl of my Dreams."



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, etc., required by Act of Congress of August 24th, 1912. Film Fun and the Magazine of Fun: Judge's Library & Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1st, 1918.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Reuben P. Sleicher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Film Fun and the Magazine of Fun: Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and the business manager, are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Jessie Niles Burness, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Jessie Niles Burness, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. 2.—That the owner is, and stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock, are: Owner, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders, John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y., Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall St., New York, N. Y 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, are: John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Mary Peckham Sleicher, 710 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y. Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; City Real Estate Company, 176 Broadway, New York, N. Y; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall Street, New York, N. Y 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and securityholders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other that that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. REUBEN P. SLEICHER. (Signature of the Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1918. A. E. ROLLAUER, Notary Public, Queens County No. 962; Certificate filed in New York County No. 201; New York County Register's No. 9165; Commission Expires March 30th, 1919.

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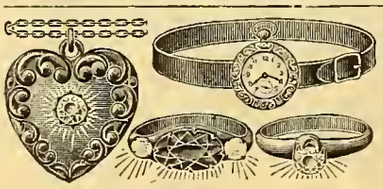

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LE 0 '20

A Christmas Stunt That Went Astray

(*Continued from page 17*)

"Quite so."

The director of movies laughed outright.

"It won't do, Mr. Claus," he said. "It's too tame. If you want to keep your following among the kids, you had better be content to live in their imaginations. Don't show 'em your little trick on the screen. Take it from me who knows, they'd yawn and give you the gee-hee."

Santa Claus looked positively shocked.

"Yes," continued the director, "I mean it. If, now, you could arrange to drive your outfit over a thousand-foot cliff, or through a brick wall, head on; or if you could see your way clear to fall through an open draw, or bridge a canyon with your reindeer and walk across them with your pack on your back—any one of those stunts might make your act worth while. But, as it is, it wouldn't be worth the celluloid in the film, Mr. Claus. You are not offended, I trust?"

Before leaving the studio, never to return, Santa Claus gave motion picture rights to his reindeer, make-up and whiskers to Douglas Fairbanks, and himself retired to the nearest Old Gentlemen's Home.

Putting the "Extra" in His Place

(*Continued from page 9*)

"Yes," said little Miss Rose. "A juryman in a courtroom scene. Be here at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

The old man heaved a sigh, half of gratitude that he was to be employed, and half of resentment that he was merely to be a juryman and not a judge. Then he shuffled away, muttering to himself, and I, superstitiously hoping that the chain of "nothing to-days" had been broken and that a good line of jobs might now open up, stepped forward and smiled my sweetest. Little Miss Rose looked up rather wearily from her slips of paper.

"Anything for me, Miss Rose?" I asked.

Ouch

Director — What makes you think that scenario writer hates you?

Movie comedian—I've just read his latest script.

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Make this a Red Cross Christmas

AMERICA'S second war-time Christmas is almost here. Our thoughts, our interests, our hearts are not in the trivial things now—they are with the boys in France and our war-tried Allies.

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Red Cross Christmas Roll Call, December 16-23

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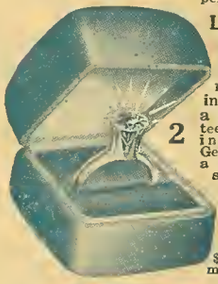

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